Damaged books
physically verified
by B.V.P.& M.C.G.
27/06/2000
Lot No:-36

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018

OLD ENGLAND

AND

38292.

NEW ENGLAND,

IN A SERIES OF VIEWS TAKEN ON THE SPOT.

BY ALFRED BUNN,

AUTHOR OF

"THE STAGE BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

1853.

00038292

CHAPTER IV.

od for body as well as soul—How to
and how to eat it—Curious statistics—
bathing—One advantage of a long
your meal and your landlord—
ching and horse-racing—Strong-
women—Wine and spirits of
collector out of office—
53—72

far West—The Manchester of Old England, and the Manchester of New England—Wondrous statistics—A model factory girl—Baltimore and its monuments—Duc shooting and its delights—Poaching extraordinary—Stree shooting—Origin and anecdote of a bowie-knife—Pretty good specimens of personality—Its consequences—Scene in a law court—Cocktails and coffins—Moving a house, as well as its furniture—Working double tides. 189—208

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Stowe—Uncle Tom's Cabin—More than one "Key" to it—English gullibility out-heroding Herod—The "Sutherland" Manifesto, and "ex-presidential" rejoinder—Pros and cons of Slavery—The white slave, as well as the black one—Dr. Parker—Two sides to every question—"There's no harm in a guinea"—The best mode of getting rid of them away . . . . . 209—239

CHAPTER XI.

Washington—Presidential inauguration, and its scenes—Visitors on the occasion—Election statistics—Advantage of an echo—Duels on the Senate—A Wigwam supper—The Arkansas Gentleman—Colt and his revolvers—

Summons of Indian Chiefs in Council—America's [illegible]er to get England out of a mess—Pharaoh's hosts [illegible]nd Faro's guests—The White House—Something like a President, and some idea of his last levée—"kissing hands and shaking hands—" . . . 250—271

CHAPTER XII.

Travelling, and the various modes of undergoing the process—Steamers and state-rooms—Equality and fraternity—The Thames and the Hudson—The slavery of freedom—Sketch of an American traveller—Some doubts as to which is white or black—Murders by wholesale—How to recover a lost dinner—A short cut down a precipice—Novel form of prayer—A tip into the water—The Good Samaritan medically employed—A nice "look out"—Punctuality the soul of business . . . . 272—293

CHAPTER XIII.

Lake Erie—The British fleet swallowed [illegible]n one mouthful—England's only chance of salvation—Statistics of the Lake country—Lake poetry—The falls of Niagara—What to do when you get to [illegible]—Every joke Sheridan's—Difference between say[illegible] and doing—British and American ground not half a mile [illegible]part—Taking "

A WORD AT STARTING.

What! another book upon America? What! with Lyell, Dickens, Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, Mackay, Lady Stuart Wortley, Marryat, and a host of others, staring you in the face, to have the effrontery to add to their excellencies, or absurdities (as a jury of readers may determine), and, not satisfied with writing, venture to publish what you have written! "Certainly, Sir," say we, in the concise and determined language of Amer[illegible]se. A very few word[illegible] what we are goi[illegible]

Every r[illegible] his head may [illegible]ring now-a-days, when be no mi[illegible]ke, is, "Yes, Sir—*ee*."

see as far as his fellow; but he may take a different view of things coming within the scope of his observation. We are not bound to accept the *ipse dixit* of any one for a fact, when it is recollected that prejudice, ignorance, doubt, or intention, may have warped and misdirected his judgment. If we had implicitly believed one half of what we have read upon the subject, we should either never have visited America, or have speedily returned from it in disgust. If our aim were rather to criticise the commentary of others than to place a reliance on our own, we might possibly detect a series of misstatements, equally unjust in their fabrication, as dangerous in their tendency. There is nothing after all like judging for oneself, even if the conclusions you arrive at subject you from others to the same degree of severe condemnation you may have extended to them. We do not all see with the same eyes, or think with the same mind; and it is lucky [redacted] hat we do not.

We [redacted] but to write any history (natural or unnatural); nor any especial geography, topography, or other [redacted]y; nor on psychology, biology, or any other [redacted]gy; nor on the stratum or substratum of an empire, and their con

ponent qualities. Our purpose is to hook you by the button-hole, and have a cozy chat with you over many things which you have not seen, and many more you ought to see; to "take a drink, stranger," with you, and over it make you laugh at matters that made us laugh—in short, to have neither more nor less than a colloquy about the sayings and doings of a great land, in which none can take a more absorbing interest than the people of the great land from which we write. There are plenty of other writers, and far better, to tell you of the exact circumference of any city, or the circumvallation of any fort; of what peculiar brick *this* is built of, or the extraordinary granite *that* is composed of; of primeval caves and coeval forests, where untamed beasts and wild Indians once held savage companionship. We may make reference to wondrous places, where the wonder is peculiarly apparent; and we shall talk of great men, where we can extract any amusement out of their greatness; but we must eschew the duties of [illegible] historian, the rigid inquirer, and the [illegible] student, not aspiring, as a mighty hard ex[illegible]s himself,

"To ha[illegible]ere the original is dust,
A d——d, and future, and worse bust."

Should we be detected indulging in any particular style, we should prefer the accusation of being as easy in our writing as if we were conversing; and while bearing in mind the sound advice of Polonius, to be "familiar, but by no means vulgar," we shall aim at the accomplishment of the one, and endeavour to avoid any commission of the other, as far as in us lies.

We, therefore, meet, good stranger, on very fair terms. You know what you have to expect, because we have told you what we are going to give you; and if, having honestly read through these pages, you can honestly say you do not regret having entered upon the undertaking, our ends will be mutually accomplished.

A work we published some years since, entitled "The Stage both Before and Behind the Curtain," obtained, we may say, without any nonsensical swagger, a more than ordinary success; an event which led to its being pirated in America, and published, as soon as possible after its publication in London. Having yet the courtesy of being placed, as a free [illegible]r, on the books of the New York Society Library immediately on our arrival, in the first page of its catalogue we opened, we

found the said work duly registered, as printed by Messrs. Lea and Blanchard of Philadelphia, and sold for them by Mr. A. Hart, of the same place, at the charge of a dollar, we believe—the price in this country having been £1 11*s.* 6*d.* This is putting your finger in another man's pie, to a pretty good purpose; for the said cheap edition had a rapid sale, is entirely out of print, nor could we procure a copy of it for love or money. It must be apparent to any one that such a state of things as this ought not to exist; and that, as international copyright treaties have been concluded upon and exchanged between England and France, similar treaties should at once be established between the only two countries on earth whose mother tongue is the same. The product of some men's brains may not, to be sure, be worth much; but at all events, it must be worth something, when people are to be found who think it of sufficient importance to, filch it, and realize a profit out of what they cannot honestly have any kind of interest in, and certainly no right to.*

* The practice is universal—that is, where the work is considered one that will pay for the expense of pirating—and though it has been enforced in the case of many a worthier son of

The attention of the American Government and the people generally has been directed to this subject; and it was hoped that a treaty, drawn up and executed between the representatives of the two countries, would have been sanctioned by the late Congress, previous to its dissolution; an expectation warmly indulged in by Mr. Crampton, the British Minister, and Mr. Everett, at that time the American Secretary of State—with both of whom we had the honour of conferring at Washington, after the treaty had been submitted to the Senate. In addition to public opinion at large, the matter has been gravely considered by all principal transatlantic publishers, gentlemen of high talent and high standing, and (just before the late transfer of any discussion hereon to the next session, in December) by a leading one, Mr. Putnam, of New York, who

Sparta" than ourselves, we only speak *for* ourselves. We were introduced to Messrs. Hall and Son, music-sellers, in Broadway, and perceiving their counters strewn with American copies of almost every ballad we have been guilty of writing, we inquired, in a half-jocular tone, whose permission they had for doing all that. Upon which one of the firm replied, "Oh, we live in a country where it is not necessary to ask any one's permission but our own."

announced, at full length, through the columns of the press, his entire approval of the measure.*

The outcry that has been made about the supposititious ruin it would inflict upon the paper-mills, type-foundries, printing-offices, "binderies," &c., which so plentifully contribute to the manufacture of books there, as here, was a case of unadulterated fudge—a true specimen of that venerable proverb, "great cry and little wool;" for any dog in office, however obtuse the lining of his skull may be, can frame a clause whereby protection may be extended to every man, woman, and child engaged in such operations. The treaty, slightly modified perhaps, will very probably pass during the next session of Congress; but, as it too frequently happens that while the grass is growing the steed is starving, we have taken the liberty of procuring the animal some provender, for consumption during the interregnum.

Being a resident, for some time, in the southern district of New York city, we were enabled to avail ourselves of an Act of Congress, which secures to such resident (c[redacted]ht in the United States, of any w[redacted] publish or sell:

and we beg to subjoin a true and faithful transcript thereof, for the benefit of all "land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves—we mean *pirates*," and of ourselves in particular:

"Southern District of New York, S.S.

"**Be it Remembered**, That, on the thirtieth day of May, Anno Domini 1853, Alfred Bunn, of the said district, hath deposited in this Office the title of a book,

"the title of which is in the words following, To wit:

"'OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND, in a series of Views taken on the Spot.' By Alfred Bunn, Author of 'The Stage, Before and Behind the Curtain;' and other works, the right whereof he claims, as Author and Proprietor, in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled 'An Act to amend the several acts respecting Copyrights.'

UNITED STATES DISTRICT SEAL.

[redacted] W. MORTON,
Southern District of
ew York.

"N.B. A copy of the above work must be deposited in this office, within three months from the publication hereof, to secure the Copyright."

There, transatlantic gentlemen booksellers and publishers, the murder is out! Read us, and approve us according as the milk of human kindness may flow in your veins; if you have none, why cut us up root and branch. Print us, if you will; do anything but *publish* what you print; or, as Billy Lackaday says of falling between two stools, "you *may*" between those of printing and publishing, "happen to break the small of your back!"

OLD ENGLAND

AND

NEW ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

AMERICA'S ACCOUNT OF ITS OWN GREATNESS—GENERAL ACQUIESCENCE THEREIN—IMPORTANCE OF A TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—STRANGE NOTIONS OF THAT UNDERTAKING—THE BEST WAY TO COMBAT THEM—GEORGIAN LUGGAGE—A WONDERFUL TABLE-CLOTH—MONOTONY, AND SOME PEOPLE'S NOTIONS OF IT—GENERAL EXPLANATION.

"GREAT Country, Sir!" and "We are a great people!" is the standard extract from an American's vocabulary. There can be no question of the truth of this, his hourly, daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, annual expression, but it would

be equally true, if he left other people to say what he is for ever saying himself. We yield to no man in a proper estimate of our own country; but only bigots or fools ever deny the greatness of others; and not coming, we hope, within the pale of either denomination, it will be our object and desire to do the utmost justice to the delightful land we have recently returned from, without being prejudiced or swayed by the opinions of another. Though self-praise is no recommendation it is much more agreeable after all to listen to it from the lips of a genuine patriot, than to hear the unblushing tirade which malcontents are for ever issuing against the nation that gave them birth. In this point of view, we admire the heartiness with which an American lauds everything belonging to himself and his soil. He will hear of no disparagement, he will admit of no inequality; and he very naturally calculates that what he is for ever asserting, and dinning into the ears of the whole world, it is more than probable the whole world will at last believe to be true.

There can be no doubt that England does not know enough of America; indeed, it would not be very far from the mark to say that she knows nothing; and her natural desire to know more is

too frequently thwarted by the distorted representation, the foolish undervaluation, and the ungrateful detraction of many, who think the surest way to gratify their countrymen's taste and predilections, is either to deny the excellencies, or to turn into ridicule the peculiarities, of a rival empire. This is a task which self-importance too often delights to labour on, and it arises out of that weakest of all weaknesses, vanity. It is the verification of a valuable line in Apollo's famous song of "Pray Goody," wherein he says—

"Remember when the *judgment's* weak, the *prejudice* is strong;"

and to that score must it principally be laid down. A better state of things is, however, beginning to manifest itself, the differences so long existing are now softening down, and the bad feeling they created is rapidly dying away in the distance. We begin to understand one another, and consequently to like one another as parent and offspring should, were there no other cause for such proper agreement; and the more we see of each other, the firmer will the bonds of that amity become. Steam navigation* has done more to bring about such an im-

* The importance of the respective vessels belonging to the Cunard (British) and the Collins (American) lines, requires some-

portant state of things than all the diatribes on either view of the question that have ever been written. It has established a confidence too long withheld on both sides, and has materially silenced the conflict of opinion. A voyage across the Atlantic was even recently considered something

thing more than a passing observation. There are no finer ships that sail the seas, nor are any abler commanders than theirs to be found. Their rank is a passport into the best society on either shore, their nautical skill gives confidence to the timid, and "assurance doubly sure" to the trusting, while their urbanity imparts real gratification to all. Let it not be forgotten that into their hands are committed matters affecting the destiny of the two greatest empires in the world; to their protection are handed over the lives of thousands of their fellow-creatures, and dependent upon their conduct are the joys of happy hearts, or the sorrows of aching and breaking ones. Only those who have watched the bearing of these noble mariners in hours of difficulty and danger, where the weak of spirit become paralyzed, and the stout of heart quail, can fully appreciate the firmness and energy with which their sternest duty is fulfilled. While we have the pleasure of being acquainted with several of these distinguished gentlemen, we feel certain of giving no offence to the whole body by selecting one we intimately know, because we can offer no eulogy upon him that we have not heard expressed in better language, and with equal feeling, from their own lips. We allude to Captain Harrison—as good a fellow, and as good a seaman, as ever held command—in whose splendid ship, the 'Africa,' we have crossed the Atlantic twice, in ten days and a half, each time.

tantamount to a national undertaking, and the preparations for entering upon it, after mature deliberation, were of the most complex and alarming character. Additional life assurance was the first thing determined upon, and that was rapidly followed up by extensive purchases of every personal comfort imaginable. A cartload of packages were filled with extraordinary suits of wearing apparel, adapted to every change of climate; triplicate sets of everything were in instant requisition, and luggage enough for a regiment of soldiers was the allotment of an individual traveller.* But all these false notions have been abandoned, for people have found out that every production of the one country is to be met with in the other, and surplusage has been given up altogether.

We take it for granted that, after the thousand

* A knowledge of the exact necessaries requisite for a transatlantic trip is a very important point to arrive at. An Englishman's investment is, naturally enough, ridiculed in America, where a small quantity of travelling equipage goes a great way. In Georgia, especially, the baggage considered essential for a journey of any distance, consists of a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs; and when we asked a native of that State how he managed about a shirt, "Why, look here, I can't spare the time to wait while they're a cleaning on it; and if I could, it's almost as cheap to buy a new 'un, as it is to pay for the washing of an old 'un."

and one descriptions of "the note preparative" for a sea voyage, and of the various incidents passing during its period, with which every scribbler crams his page at the expense of his reader's patience, any additional contribution to the standard stock would be voted inflictive; and we will therefore dismiss the matter by just submitting a doggrel account of "confusion worse confounded," which we witnessed on leaving Liverpool:

Hundreds rushing up the gangway,
And sailors rushing down,
Swearing oaths in every slang way,
Breaking one man's luggage, and another fellow's crown!
"Come, bustle there, you lubber,"
Said the officer on watch;
"Give your hands and legs a turn,
Or I'll make in both a notch,
And you'll jump like Indian-rubber
From the forc'sle to the stern!"
"Take care of my portmanteau,"
Says a gentleman in black.
"Take care yourself." "I can't—oh!"
"Then you'd better, Sir, go back."
"That old girl's boxes, hoist here
In the luggage-hold, below."
"Throw overboard those oysters,
For stunk a week ago!
The eggs and fish the cook give—
To all the fruit a look give—

On the ice the butter lay,
Or it all will melt away—
D—— that box! you've broke my toe!"
Thus spoke the mate. A little maiden
Both with bile and grief o'erladen,
Said: "An accident befel me
As I left the shore, do tell me,
My bonnet-box fell overboard,
And is it now in safety, and where, Sir, is it stored?"
—"In the locker for lost property, where ev'ry feller owns his."
"Will you tell me where that locker is?" "Why, Miss, it's Davy Jones's."
"Here's a chap that's sick already—
Pour him out a glass of liquor,
And if then he can't walk steady,
Why he'll be a d—d deal sicker
Before Holyhead's in sight,
Or he pass the Skerries light."
"Go to h—!" "Ay, ay, Sir, going.
Then, with chests and cases stowing,
Lots of blasts—the blast, too, blowing—
Friends on shore once more appearing,
Some gentle eye a tear in,
At which hardened hearts will scoff!
Some with hope, and some with fear, inspired—
Hark! a brace of guns are fired—
We are off!

And off we were, sure enough. We do not purpose making you sick, gentle reader, with any

account of other people being so, or giving you any minute description of the supposed monotony of a sea voyage. We say "supposed," because the general impression inclines to that way of thinking, but to us it appeared quite the reverse. Should the *voyageur* have such weather as we had, reading and writing furnish ample employment, which can be relieved by any simple game of chance or science that may be agreed upon. For those who patronise gastronomy, it is enough to say that the vessels of either line can boast of an excellent *cuisine*, and that what between breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper (if you choose to order it), the cloth is scarcely ever off the table;* and as for wines and spirits, there is abundance in all conscience, and if they are not particularly good, there is no question about their being particularly dear, especially when it is borne in mind that they pay no duty. To us there is no more imposing sight than the performance of divine service on shipboard, and the assemblage thereat of as many of a hardy crew as can be spared from duty, dressed in their best, and listen-

* When Charles Mathews (I mean the block himself, and not the chip of it) was asked to give some account of what he saw on his voyage to America, he said, that all he *did* see was a table-cloth, which reached from Liverpool to New York!

ing with modest devotion to the law of their Maker. Monotony! Why the meridian observation, the heaving of the lead, the calculation of the ship's progress, the magical effect of the boatswain's whistle, the occasional signaling of passing ships, the evening pastimes of the sailors, and the sometime visit of the stormy petrel, as the vessel sails by its imaginary habitation, have no possible connection with Monotony! And the aforesaid petrels? Did you ever meet with these lines upon them?

"Whither come they, and where do they go?
—Their Maker, and they, alone can know!
Where doth the mother build her nest?
Under the wave? or upon its breast?
A thousand miles, or it may be more,
Are they sporting now from the nearest shore
Yet they flutter with wings as restless and free
And under the sunlight hold revelrie,
As a gentle linnet on hawthorn-tree.
Mystic stranger! that leavest no track
Whether thy course lie onward, or back,
Tell us the tidings which thou dost bring,
As thou sailest by with such rapid wing?
Whether of human joy or woe?
Whence dost thou come, and where dost thou go?
—Thou, and thy Maker, alone can know!—

Monotony! Can there be the slightest semblance

to such a phrase in gazing upon the huge bodies of whales sporting in their own mighty element, and sending up fountains of water from their mammoth nostrils, as they stream through the unfathomable depths they dwell in? The mind becomes very soon associated with scenes and subjects like these, and you at last begin to think no more of a shoal of whales, than you would of a shoal of mackerel. Monotony! Oh! is it nothing to gaze for the first time on a colossal iceberg, with a brilliant sun shining upon it, and imparting to it all the appearance of a fairy palace,

"Set in the silver sea."

We grant you, it is much better to see it at a distance (the one we saw was about three miles off); but it is astonishing what a change it affects in the atmosphere during the period you are passing nearest to it. No, no, there is no monotony with those who think, and feel, and marvel, and worship, where there is ample opportunity for the indulgence of every scope of human thought.

Well, that's over, and we are now in the United States of America, the boasted soil of freedom, and the abused soil of slavery, the wonder of the world at large, and of itself in particular, the refuge of the

best and the worst of mankind—in short, one mighty link in the chain which binds together the universe. We repeat that it is foreign to our purpose to enter upon any minute history of this marvellous country, or upon the essential qualifications of character which distinguish its people—a task that has been accomplished from time to time by abler pens than our own; our aim is rather to point out peculiarity, habit, and system, where it can be done with possible advantage to ourselves, and without discourtesy to others, and where observation may be turned into amusement. We are not going over any beaten track, for the marvellous growth of the place, the enlargement of idea, the rapidity of invention, the earnestness of action, is such, that no sooner has one publication gone fairly through the press, than food presents itself for the composition and issue of another. We shall hope to raise a laugh out of the most humorous body of people in Christendom, but most certainly shall not do it at their expense; and grieved indeed should we be if, at the termination of our travail, we could be accused of sporting with the *amour propre*, or wounding the feelings, of a single inhabitant of the broad lands of Columbia.

The title we have given to these unpretending

volumes will sufficiently speak for itself; for while we shall supply the reader, who is bold enough to wade through their pages, with a sufficient quantity of general matter, our attention will be more especially directed to an examination of New England, from which so much of the actual greatness of America has sprung, and which constitutes so much of it at the present hour. It is the cradle in which, when an infant, the giant was nursed; and due notice must therefore be taken of mother and child.

We mean no disrespect to the miraculous city of New York, when we say that it gives by no means a fair representation of a genuine American capital; at least one-third of its vast population is the spawn of other lands, for to every three natives you have at least one foreigner—the predominance of those sons of immigration being Irish and German. The census of New York, if strictly scrutinized, would be found to consist of human contributions from every part of the habitable globe, who tend very much to disfigure the genuine character of the natives. This is not so much the case in any other State of the Union, though we by no means wish it to be inferred that every portion of it is not, to a certain extent, so inflicted. In New England, it is clearly less discernible; and the genuine American

character is nowhere so conspicuous as in the peculiar realm of Yankeeism. We are perfectly well aware that a New Yorker would feel himself regularly insulted if you were to designate him as a Yankee, and so would a Yankee if you were to call him anything else—but this aim at distinction is foreign to the purpose.

We shall talk about New York, and other parts of the States, as much as from time to time may appear necessary, and just as much as we like. In the meanwhile, we shall direct our immediate attention to New England. It seems almost part and parcel of Old England; and as they better understand each other than nearly all other portions of the great Republic, there can be no possible objection to its holding the first position—the *place d'honneur*, if any such there be—in these our perambulating observations. Some, perhaps, will think that we are too laudatory in our opinions—that we have allowed personal attention to take precedence of national examination, and that we are all altogether cautious, instead of being critical. Nonsense! We can praise without the slightest appearance of servility, or any fear of our eulogium being open to the charge of truckling. We can hold up other people, without letting down ourselves. Vainglory

and idle boasting are poor substitutes for truth and justice—those alone we fight for, wherever they are to be met with. Proper reliance is far better than injudicious confidence—that alone we stand by. We shall speak of men and things as we have found them, and only hope we shall encounter the same condition of both, wherever the compass may direct our course; but read on, reader, and judge for yourself.

CHAPTER II.

BOSTON—ITS IMPORTANCE—ITS GENERAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER—PURITANISM AND REPUBLICANISM—BUNKER HILL WIT—THE PILGRIM STONE—DOWN EAST—IRISHMEN AT A PREMIUM—SLEIGHING—JEWS VERSUS YANKEES—A GAME SUPPER—ANECDOTE OF A ONE-HORSE CUTTER—A NEW SPECIES OF CROP.

In entering into an examination of the general feature which New England presents to the observer, and of the peculiarities connected therewith, it is best to begin at the fountain-head; and as Boston is its metropolis, and one of the most important places in the States, we cannot do better than make that our starting-post. It is as delightful a city to gaze upon, and as delightful an one to live in, as any beneath the blue canopy that encircles

all. It has more the appearance of the best of English towns than any we have visited, and its inhabitants follow the fashion of their locality, and are more like ourselves in character than any others. It is unnecessary to state that Boston was the land-mark of the earliest display of Puritanism which was imported by the Pilgrims, and of the Republicanism which followed that importation; and we question whether, from the first moment a footstep was imprinted on Plymouth Rock* to the

* The Pilgrim Stone, or Forefather's Rock, like many other relics of antiquity, is rather the worse for wear; and when we visited Plymouth, it seemed to us to betray strong symptoms of gradual disappearance. We presume it is generally known that the forefathers of America left Plymouth in Old England, and landed at Plymouth in New England, in 1620. A recent controversy has arisen in Southampton as to that town being the one from which the Pilgrims finally departed—which is not the case. On their return from Leyden they touched at Southampton, thence proceeded to Plymouth, and from that port they bade adieu to their native land. They issued on arrival their famous manifesto (which is the first of American Constitutions) on board the 'Mayflower,' on the 11th of November, 1620, as will be seen by this copy of it, and in the following month landed on the rock aforesaid:

"In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord King James, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland

present hour, the spirit of either inspiration is much abated or altered.

We have not space to descant on the exact remaining quantity of the aforesaid rock, nor on its partial removal to Pilgrim Hall, nor on all the associations connected therewith, nor on the enchanting locality of Burying Hill,

> "The hill of hallowed brow,
> Where the pilgrim sleepeth now,"

nor to indulge in those feelings which so highly and honourably excite the American's bosom upon this subduing topic; but if the corroding hand of

King, defender of the faith, &c., having undertaken for the glory of God, and the advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our King and Country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together in a civil body politick, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the end aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony. In witness whereof, we have hereunder subscribed our names. Cape Cod, 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King James of England, France, and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, A.D. 1620."

time should ever pulverise the last *morceau* of this renowned stone, the memory of the spot it first was trod on will live for ever in these few lines by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:

The weary pilgrim slumbers,
His resting-place unknown—
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,
The dust was o'er him thrown:
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf
Along the sod were blown,
His mound has melted into earth,
His memory lives alone.

So let it live, unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Springs where their tears were shed
Or raining in the summer's wind
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The place where once they bled!

Yes, when the frowning bulwarks
That guard this holy strand
Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
In beds of sparkling sand;
While in the waste of ocean
One hoary rock shall stand,
Be this its latest legend—
Here was THE PILGRIM'S LAND!

The general character of New England is, to a very great extent, embodied in the people of Boston, the constitution of either of the six States differing in reality very little. They may each have some extra form of internal government, some fluctuating code of bye-laws, or some local distinction; but the system, social and civil, is the same. The best society of Boston is highly refined, and every class of its society is highly intellectual—indeed, the latter qualification is one of the grand ingredients of an American's constitution—one of the great secrets of his success in life, and of the standing of his country in the scale of nations. A fool is a rare fellow to find in most parts of the Union; for the small urchin, from the earliest dawn of reason, would think his family and himself for ever disgraced, if the badge of a blockhead could be fixed upon his brow. They are a reading public: from the daily literature on a newsvender's counter, to the thoughtful volumes of the scholar's study, nothing escapes their attention; and to such a pitch is this determination to acquire knowledge carried, that the coachman who drives you to hear a lecture will pay his money to go in and attend its delivery. It is a perseverance of the highest character, and most honourable to the energies of a nation.

Boston is, in fact, the Athens of America, and its own institutions, with the institutions and Lyceums of other parts of New England, stand out as literary land-marks, which seem to draw a vast line of distinction between those and other States of the Union. Though a seaport, and a most extensive emporium of commerce, the city always possesses a tranquil, genteel, and unpretending aspect—somewhat bordering even upon primitiveness — and though as forward in the march of advance as any of its neighbours, it is remote in all respects from that principle of *go-a-headism* which distinguishes some—especially New York. You may parade the streets of Boston without being run over by a flight of omnibus, hack, or car, at every step you take, and without the fear of a house falling *on* you, or a sewer falling *in* with you, as you musingly thread your way. Coachmen and carmen rein up as they approach a crossing, to let pedestrians pass over unsmashed;* and indeed civility and propriety are distinguishable features, in gentle and simple. The inhabitants of Boston are a strictly religious

* We were within an inch of being annihilated at a corner street in Broadway, New York, and on asking the drayman why he did not knock us down at once, he replied: "Well, I guess I should if you'd a-staid there a minute longer."

community, there being no less than ninety-seven churches and chapels, wherein some ministers of eminent learning and piety fulfil the duties of their respective creeds.

On our first attendance at Divine service, we were struck for the moment with the natural, but peculiar, substitution in the form of prayer in our ritual of "The President of the United States" in lieu of "Queen Victoria," as it hath been our wont to hear; and moreover with such pronunciation as *doo* for dew, of *dooties* for duties, of *booty* for beauty, and so on. There is generally at Episcopal churches a collection after worship, the clergy here having no tithings—no "one pig out of ten," and the like. The collectors pass a velvet bag into each pew, and then hand the bags to one of the three officiating priests (between whom the various portions of the service and its ceremonies are performed), to which the congregation most cheerfully contribute. Their charity is co-extensive with their wealth, and they never allow the ancient principle of its beginning at home to enter their minds. Then the ladies of New England, standing as they do pre-eminent in beauty, vie for pre-eminence in mental acquirements with their lordly possessors. We are quite aware that if you stroll down Washington Street, Baltimore,

from three to five on a bright sunny day, and on the right side of that street, you will gaze upon some of the sweetest faces out of which eyes have ever shone; but still we cannot deny the pervading charm of those who light up the halls and the hill-sides of New England, for ever reminding us of

> "Woman, oh, woman! whose heart and whose soul
> Are the pulse and the life of each path we pursue;
> Whether sunned in the tropics, or chilled in the pole,
> If woman be there, there is happiness too!"

Taken altogether, "Down East"*, is a rare part of creation, and where one might with infinite satisfaction (or at least with as much satisfaction as attends such ceremony) repose the final collection of one's bones.

As long as the present tide of immigration rolls on, Boston will be subject, like all other parts of America, to a vast increase in its census, from foreign arrivals, especially from that lively spot, facetiously termed "The Emerald Isle;" and oppressed as it is by an incubus which cannot, we

* The best way to define, for English comprehension, this common phrase, is to observe, that when you are in New York the people call Boston "down East;" and when you are in Boston they call "down East" the remotest part of Maine; and when you reach Maine, "down East" is nowhere.

fear, be thrown off, the best precautions are taken, to prevent some of the evils attendant thereon taking too deep a root. The numberless daughters of Erin who arrive there *enceinte*, or who become so very soon after they arrive, bestow upon the charities of the community a population for whom there is no possible hope of any provision—shirtless, shoeless, and foodless, is the prospect before every new-born breathing urchin. To stem this torrent of misery, and to prevent, as far as possible, too great a portion of it being visited on the already inflicted native, in one district alone, half-a-dozen gentlemen have clubbed together and established a school, where they personally superintend the education of poor Irish children situated as described. We were present at an examination of them by a friend whose day of tuition it was, and certainly a more ragged troop were never collected together from the gutters, alleys, lanes, or hovels where wretchedness is wont to reside; but we saw the utmost attention paid to the improvement of their minds, and were led to understand that, according to merit, ultimate provision was made for their bodies. We shall have a word or two more to say, by-and-bye, upon the subject of Irish-Americanism. We do not deny that there are to be found English.

Scotch, Welsh, Germans, Jews (no, not Jews!)* who have forsaken their own banners, and have sworn allegiance to that of the Stars and Stripes, but the preponderance to an awful extent is—Irish! as we shall see hereafter.

The environs of Boston are not to be surpassed in beauty; and nowhere will you behold a wider or a more picturesque display of mansion, villa, cottage, and cabin, than that which studs the whole landscape. The fanciful structure of wooden houses in their painted garb of green, white and yellow; the rich foliage clustering around them, the lofty eminences on which they stand, and the verdant trees amongst which they lie embosomed, impart an air of indescribable loveliness to the whole surrounding scene; while the drives, and the roads through which they serpentine, are equal to all elsewhere, and may, in some places, vie with the best in Old England. The view is here and there relieved by the appearance of some monument, lifting its head in air, commemorative of events that have passed

* We were remarking to a gentleman, who was affording us much pleasant and general information, how few Jews one met in New England; and asking if he could assign any reason, he replied: "Oh yes, the reason is, that no Jew on earth is a match for a Yankee."

on the spot, and are endeared either to the national or the mistaken feelings of those who erected them. Conspicuous amongst these is the column erected on Bunker's Hill, to bring to native recollection one side of the question connected with the struggles the Yankees there made for emancipation and independence. The other side of that question is, naturally enough, taken no notice of; and as every one knows the best thing to do, when he goes to Rome, it is superfluous to say that we followed the olden maxim.*

In these vicinities are some excellent *restaurants*, and few suburban localities can boast of better cheer than Roxburg, Brighton and Cambridge. If the reader should chance to visit these places in winter, as well as summer, and be an eye-witness to one of those American pastimes called "Sleighing," he

* We cannot, however, withhold an anecdote told us, respecting this one-sided view of things. An American, with a sufficient quantity of national pride, without any great quantity of politeness, in pointing out this monument, said: "That is to commemorate our licking you Britishers;" and when the Englishman rejoined, "Well, and what about White Plains?" the Yankee replied, "Oh, that's a battle in which we took no kind o' interest!" *Anglicè*, because that is one of the places where the Britishers

will behold a carnival unequalled by any in America, and equalled by few elsewhere. It may be called the great equestrian feature of New England; for although its trotting-matches, cart-drives, and other trials of quadruped quality, are equally exciting and peculiar, yet nothing can be compared to its sleighing. The nearest approach with us to anything of the kind, and quite as singular of its sort, is the annual event of Epsom Races—at the celebration of which every animal, from a race-horse to a jackass, harnessed to every species of vehicle, from swell drags to

"Carts with two and twenty in 'em,"

struggle with their fellows for pre-eminence in speed and paraphernalia. The gaiety of the carriages, the caparison of the horses, the hilarity of the company, their natural tendency towards the good things of this life, with the fullest determination to assail them—the high-road race, the side-road inn, the strife and the shout, the victory and the defeat, designate each of these national diversions—rendered, to be sure, singularly different, while so strikingly similar in all other respects, by the different period of the year selected for celebration—the one in the old country, when spring has

put forth all her blossoms, when the green grass is rising, the trees are bursting, and their young tenants warbling the sweetest of all human music—and the other, in the new country, when the whole land is cased in snow, when every town is *ice*-olated, when the trees are leafless and the birds have emigrated to sunnier lands to issue forth their carols. In every other point of view, the same animus pervades the scene.

A sleigh of first-rate pretension (such as are "Cleopatra's Galley," and the "Mayflower,") is a remarkably beautiful "turn-out." The build resembles that of a galley, rising at the stern to give elevation to the seats which, in the largest "craft," can accommodate from thirty-five to forty persons. The interior is lined with black bear-skins, while quantities of party-coloured rugs and wrappers are provided for the general warmth of the person. The driver is elevated at the prow of this vessel, and drives six, eight, or even twelve horses in hand, according to arrangement, the charge varying from thirty to forty dollars (from £6 to £8) per day. Parties club together to this amount, and then invite their friends, embracing a due proportion of that sex, without which the world were

"A world without a sun."

In the vicinity of Boston (and New York as well) are some of the most famous resorts for enjoying "every luxury of the season," especially game, which gives to these places the same degree of repute and enticement that white-bait gives to Greenwich and Blackwall. Here is a bill of fare for one of those remarkable *réunions* to which we had the honour of an invite, being sleighed out of town and into it again, in a splendid "team and six." Nineteen different kinds of game, for a supper party, are somewhat startling items in the routine of worldly provision!

TAFT'S HOTEL, WEST ROXBURY.

GAME SUPPER FOR TWENTY GENTLEMEN.

January 14, 1853.

BILL OF FARE.

ROAST.

1. Wild turkey, from Illinois.
2. Wild goose.
3. Canvas-back ducks.
4. Red-head ducks.
5. Black ducks.
6. Grey ducks.
7. Black-head ducks, from Virginia.

8. Brant, from Delaware.
9. Blue-bill widgeon.
10. Sprig-tail ducks, from Georgia.
11. Mallard duck, from North Carolina.
12. Blue-wing teal.
13. Green-wing teal.
14. Widgeon teal.
15. Grouse, from Illinois.
16. Quails, larded.
17. Partridges, larded.
18. Spruce partridges, from Canada.
19. Venison with grape and currant jelly.

PUDDINGS.

Custard. Bread.

PASTRY.

Meat pies. Squash pies.
Apple pies. Lemon pies.

ICE CREAMS.

Sherbet, Lemon, Vanilla.
Calf's-foot Jelly, Blanc Mange.

DESSERT.

Grapes, Pears, Apples, Raisins, Dry Fruit.

COFFEE.

A goodly repast; wanting, in this instance, but that one grand essential,

"The light that lies
In woman's eyes."

The horses, if the weather be unusually severe, have scarlet cloths under their harness; and either round the girth, or on the head, or on the saddle, have a string of bells,* which, in addition to the merry note they impart, are ordered by the State, to prevent, by their sound, any accident that might arise from the noiseless approach of the carriages; for at the height of the sleighing season any conveyance on wheels would be a perfect curiosity. The appearance of one of these mammoth machines, propelled by a team of high-bred and valuable horses, gliding over the surface of the ground to the accompaniment of their tinkling bells, the beauty of the women in their rich apparel, the hilarity of the men breaking out through their muffled forms, and the gaudy decoration of the whole, is quite exciting. Cold must the heart be, and prejudiced the mind, that would not pronounce this to be one of the most joyous scenes of public amusement which any nation can boast of.

Accidents are of very rare occurrence; the only one we heard of, was that which happened to a

* Or, as they express it, the horses have bells *on* their sides, and the men have bells *on* their side

gentleman, allied to a principal actor in a bloody tragedy of recent notoriety, who was thrown out of his sleigh,* and whose horse made off at full speed with his master's vehicle. As soon as the reverend man had emerged from the snow-drift in which he had been deposited, and had partially recovered from the shock his system had sustained, he proceeded in search of his property; and meeting a stranger, he inquired if he had seen a horse and sleigh. "Well, not an entire one," said the other; "but I saw the balance of 'em go down the precipice yonder, and they're both in —— by this time, I guess; so you're on the right side of the hedge, for once in your life."

If it were not for fear of prolixity, we could give a succinct account of the ice-cutting at Freshpond hereabouts, and in several other parts of New England, and of all the machinery and manœuvre connected therewith, for the procuration of an article of luxury, which has become almost a matter of necessity—at all events, a *sine quâ non*, to every civilized table—but content ourselves by observing that the "ice-*crop*" (as it is drolly called) of

* Humorously termed "a one-horse cutter."

the past winter proved to be a fair average one.

Of a verity, these things are marvellous and amusing, and there are plenty more of the same kind to follow.

CHAPTER III.

INSTITUTIONS AND LYCEUMS OF NEW ENGLAND—THEIR CHARACTER AND THEIR ADVANTAGES—A HOUSE OF PRAYER TURNED INTO A DEN OF THIEVES—LAUGHING FORBIDDEN—THE LAITY MISTAKEN FOR THE CLERGY—A MEXICAN'S SKULL TURNED TO A GOOD ACCOUNT—MORE JOKERS THAN SIR THOMAS MORE AND ANNE BOLEYN—LIBRARIES AND BOOKS—AN EVENING WITH LONGFELLOW, AT ONE OF THE HOMES OF THE AMERICAN POETS—"THE DAY IS DONE."

THE literary character of the New England community constitutes its main distinction from many other States, and gives it a very enviable position in a foreigner's estimate of America. It is the fashion to class Boston, the chief town in it, under the denomination of the "City of Notions;" but we respectfully suggest that it would be quite as

well if those who bestow the title would carry out its import at home. Her notions are based upon those principles of right and sound sense which learning delights in establishing. The State of Massachusetts has given birth to many eminent men of departed days, and at this moment can claim, as its offspring, or its resident people, Longfellow, Lowell, Sprague, Hawthorn, Whipple, Emerson, Holmes, and a long list of others, whose mental acquirements reflect upon it the highest honour and renown. Its seats of learning, and its various institutions, Lyceums, and literary associations, claim the eulogy of every tongue, and require, in some measure, especial notice. Having been intimately mixed up with many of these establishments, not only a feeling of gratitude, but a strong impulse of observation, induce us to devote a page or two to this particular matter.

There is no country that can boast, either in number, in character, or in position, of such institutions for the acquirement of universal knowledge, as those which are already established, to say nothing of those in course of establishment, throughout the whole extent of New England. In the States constituting this part of North America, there is scarcely a village that has not some insti-

tute for the delivery of lectures, the formation of a library, and the study of various acquirements; while in all their cities and large towns there are at least two and sometimes three.* Lecturing is the prevailing pursuit of the public at large, and has become so popular, that places of ordinary amusement are comparatively deserted. It is strong evidence of a correct taste, and possesses a powerful influence in the manner in which it operates, more especially on the middle classes of society. We must not be understood to infer that the literary institutions of New England possess a very striking advantage over those of our own country which are in active operation; but still they have peculiarities and carry out in their intentions and in the fulfilment of those intentions, precepts that are well worth following, as well as benefits that are worth bestowing. A brief outline of their constitution may not be altogether without interest.

The principal institution in Massachusetts, from which so many others derive their form of government, and by whose system they are chiefly regulated, is "The Mercantile Library Association," of

* We have been told there are upwards of three hundred in the six States.

Boston, whose members comprise, to the number of something like 2300, most of the young *employés* in that city. Its funds have been very largely contributed to by personages of such consequence as the Lawrences, Appletons, Sturgis's, Cushings, Shaws, &c.; but its annual resources spring from the contributions of the whole body. Its affairs are directed by committees selected from that body, the representatives of which are mostly under twenty-five years of age. An extensive library of some 13,600 volumes, a reading-room, with above one hundred of the popular journals (weekly and semi-weekly) and magazines of the day, the most of them sent gratuitously, a saloon for recitation, and other official apartments, constitute the household establishment; while for their course of lectures they have rented the recently-erected Music Hall (owing to the increased number of their contributors), in which we had the honour of lecturing before upwards of 3000 auditors. They have an annual income of more than 7500 dollars, besides funded property to the amount of 19,250 dollars, and have been enabled to give this past season a double course of lectures, for which they paid a handsome remuneration to various professors. The smaller establishments of smaller towns

are based upon this one, and mostly take date from its proceedings; in fact, as the substantial endorsement of a bill renders it negotiable, so does the *prestige* of the Mercantile Library Association in Boston give a lecturer his passport to all others. It is more surprising in remote and comparatively insignificant places, than in a crowded city like this, to examine the character and the position of the various parties who compose the body corporate of Lyceums, and who contribute to their upholding. The principal people in such places form a certain class of supporters, but the mechanic and the operative are the chief ones; and it is a matter of wonderment, gratifying in the highest degree, to witness the youthful workman, the overtired artisan, the worn-out factory girl, and others of the labouring community, rushing from their busy scene of labour, the moment the toil of the day is over, into the hot atmosphere of a crowded lecture-room—the body at work at five in the morning, and then the mind setting to work at eight in the evening.

"Going to lecture," is the next important duty to "going to church;" and he who seeks to impart information, must be well read (or, as they more mercantilely express it, well "posted up") in what

he talks about, or he will find many amongst his hearers who can correct him, and put him to rights. Not only is the emolument they give their lecturers liberal, but they pay every reasonable expense from the moment of your leaving home until your return to it; and in many instances you are most hospitably entertained at the residence of some principal member, or the secretary of the Lyceum where you lecture, instead of going to a comfortless hotel. Their attention in this respect is unique and highly complimentary, to which we should be doing deep injustice if we did not say, that in the mental and corporeal enjoyment thereof we have passed many a delightful hour.

In several localities, the institutions are not wealthy enough to erect a hall of their own, and in that case, churches are their general resort. It seems almost sacrilegious, on the first blush of the thing (and indeed it struck us most forcefully), that a building erected for the worship of the living God, should be polluted by any other proceeding taking place in such sanctuary; and that from its pulpit, whence the doctrines of Holy Writ alone should emanate, matter profane, however learned, should be delivered. These odd notions may be the result of habit or prejudice; but as habit, especially

if it be a bad one, should be abandoned, and prejudice should never be indulged in, we followed with the stream; and the repugnance we felt, and the objections we made, were over-ruled on being informed that, apart from the performance of divine service, the churches were used for all public occasions—town's meetings, concerts, orations, political *réunions,* and the like, being invariably held in them;* and it did not, therefore, become us to object to follow in the path where that ablest of essayists and lecturers, Edwin Whipple, and many of his eminent countrymen, had led the way.

Our first attempt in a semi-clerical character was in the good town of Chelsea, some three miles distant from Boston, to which we were conveyed in

* The first verse of an epigram (stuck upon the doors of Drury Lane Theatre on an oratorio evening in the days of the olden time) may not be inappropriately applied to these proceedings:

Good reader, if you've time to spare,
Turn o'er St. Matthew's leaves,
You'll find that once a house of prayer
Became a den of thieves!

But now the times are altered quite,
Oh, reformation rare,
This modern den of thieves to-night
Becomes a house of prayer!

a carriage, under convoy of a sober-sided gentleman, whose demureness of manner savoured very strongly of puritanical inspirations. As we journeyed along, he took occasion to say, that, having heard us lecture the preceding evening in Boston, it was as well to let us know at once, though he himself laughed "some," yet they never laughed down at Chelsea. We naturally inquired how they got on without such a pleasant companion, in life's rough journey, as a hearty laugh. "Don't know—can't say nothin' about that, I guess, but they don't laugh down at Chelsea," said he. "Odd folks," thought we; but we made our way to the dais beneath the pulpit,* and took (for the first time from such a spot) a full survey of a full congregation. Directly under our very nose were seated a body of youths and their lasses. "*They* must laugh," thought we, and resolving to make an experiment, we ventured upon the smallest and quietest of all possible jokes. The consequence

* Just as we were entering the church, our guide whispered in our ear: "Where would you like to do it, on the floor, or up in the pulpit?" Our first impression was to ejaculate: "Do WHAT?" but considering the sanctity of the place, and suddenly catching what we supposed to be his meaning, we replied, *sotto voce*: "On the floor!"

was a suppressed laugh, which, upon our embarking in another bit of fun, emerged into a titter, and ended, on our making a further appeal to their risible faculties, in a downright roar!

The good Samaritan accompanied us home, and before we parted, we ventured to observe; "Why, friend, we understood you to say that they never laughed down at Chelsea." To which he replied: "Well, can't understand it, no how; but won't our pastor 'give 'em all fits,' next Sunday!"

The pious man could go into Boston, like a stray sheep, and have a good laugh by himself, when freed from the observation of his brethren; but denied even the existence of such a propensity, when he returned once again into the flock.

It is but natural to suppose that matters arise out of these meetings, which partake rather of a humorous than a serious character, and set at defiance all legitimate association with the spot wherein they take place—a curious instance of which we were, in some measure, a party to. The tenets of the Rev. Theodore Parker, though a gentleman of high literary attainments, are objectionable to a great portion of the thinking world; and in some institutions those objections are carried so far,

that the directors will not engage him as a lecturer. At Manchester, in New Hampshire, this repugnance was so strong, that it was with great difficulty a vote was carried for the engagement of his services. When the day came for the delivery of his lecture, he was so indisposed as to be unable to give it; and the Committee, not wishing to disappoint the public altogether, telegraphed to us, inquiring if we were free, and if we would accept their proffered stipend, whereupon—

"Obedient Yamen,
Answered 'Amen,'
And did
As he was bid."

We reached Manchester too late for any general notification of the change in man and matter being made, and consequently some portion of the audience were really ignorant that they were not listening to the very party whose precepts they came, with much reluctance, to hear—that is, in the hope of their tenacity being removed, but in the fear of its being confirmed. We proceeded, and were fortunate enough to elicit throughout incessant laughter; but at the termination of our lecture, an individual of a very rigid party (be-

lieving he had listened to the Rev. Mr. Parker, instead of the *ir*-reverend Mr. Bunn), said to his fellow of a somewhat wavering party: "*Now*, my friend, are you convinced? Here is a man ascending the pulpit, and, instead of delivering pure and unmixed matter for the hearers' spiritual advantage, throws the congregation into horse-laughter, by talking about Shakespeare and the players."

This is a round-about, toss-about world, and if its sayings and doings of every day could but be chronicled, what irresistible fun we should be in the enjoyment of. We have a great predilection for a joke, inasmuch as the ordinary avocations of life are, generally speaking, sufficiently serious to render anything approaching to the comic quite a relief. We have found this feeling prevalent amongst the most reflective members of these institutions, before whom men of the deepest research and most extensive acquirements week after week appear and lecture. Discourses upon astronomy and physiognomy, on theology and psychology, on gas, chemistry, freedom and slavery, together with other abstract questions, are certainly edifying and most important matters to dilate upon; but after the first half-hour of the speaker's application (par-

ticularly if he should read, rather than indulge in extemporaneous delivery, and occasionally chance to turn over two leaves at a time), the hearer's attention becomes "divided in its allegiance," and some question arises as to the exact possibility of keeping his eyes open. It is then that some humorous wanderer, some retailer of the jokes of others, if he can make none of his own, some arch wag may spy an opening, and dropping in between an harangue on the alleged evils of primogeniture, or the undoubted consequences of electricity, produce for the nonce a perfectly spasmodic effect.

What reflections does not such a slight event as *this* lead one into! We were "holding forth" at Newbury Port; and being in want of a skull (at that moment of as much import to us as our own), that we might deliver Shakespeare's wondrous apostrophe from "Hamlet," we were accommodated therewith by a medical gentleman, connected with the Lyceum. We had not proceeded beyond the opening sentence,

"Why might not this be the skull of a lawyer?"

when we received a very satisfactory answer to the query—for directly under our eye was a gash some

five inches in length; and turning round the said skull to git rid of the "unreal mockery," we put our finger into a hole made expressly to order by one of the biggest of imaginable bullets. It was pretty clear that the original owner of this property had been a soldier, instead of a lawyer; and on inquiring into the matter, the worthy doctor told us that the said proprietor had been sabred and riddled in the Mexican war; that he himself had had his head scraped and cleaned, and that he brought it home as a contribution to his laboratory. The idea of a man, one side of whose skull had been turned into a sword-sheath, and the other into a bullet-mould, with the inside of that skull having been scooped out on the battle-field, and the outside been peeled off in a porridge-pot, being addressed for one moment as a lawyer, did seem to us the acme of human absurdity.

The poor Mexican little thought when he poked his prominent forehead, and flattened nose into the scene, "where the thickest of war's tempests lowered," that the *os frontis* of the one, or the cartilage of the other, would ever have become the subject of Shakesperian dissertation.

Religion and learning are the pillars which sustain the State of Massachusetts, and of its prin-

cipal city, Boston; and in proportion as a nation must decay which is not supported by these mighty props, so must it rise and flourish in the world when it can boast of their wondrous influence. The Lyceums to which we have herein made a pardonable, but by no means as copious a reference as we could wish, have been called into existence by the doctrines which religion and learning respectively inculcate, and by their precepts are integrally maintained.*

We have already alluded to the statistics of their

* If Sir Thomas More joked upon the scaffold, and Anne Boleyn on her way to it, we may be forgiven, while talking of the sublime, for mentioning anything that touches on the ridiculous. It is the fashion in some of these Lyceums for the President, during his tenure of office, to announce the name of the lecturer for the evening to the assembled audience, and this was the result of his so doing on one occasion. After giving "a copy of his mind" to some urchins, who, however intellectually disposed, now and then indulged in cracking nuts and jokes at the expense of the more sober part of the meeting, he said, in a subdued tone, "Brethren, the lecture of this evening will be delivered by Arthur Bunn of London," and down he sat by my side, inquiring if that were right. I merely whispered; "It is of no moment, but my name is Alfred!" Upon which he jumped up, and to my perfect amazement, returned to the charge, and bellowed out; "Oh! the gentleman says his name is Alfred!" We are ashamed to admit having been indecorous enough to burst out laughing.

Church, and will simply mention those connected with their literature, by observing that while in the New England States there are published four hundred and twenty-four daily, weekly, monthly, and other periodical newspapers, in the city of Boston, alone, there are one hundred and twenty-one! The thirst of the people after knowledge may be further traced to the fact of there being in this cited part of the Union (New England), five State libraries, forty-two social libraries, fourteen college libraries, forty-one students' libraries, twenty-one academical and professional school libraries, sixteen scientific and historical society libraries, and seven hundred and ninety-one public school libraries,—which, collectively, contain the large number of seven hundred and forty-one thousand, nine hundred and seventy books!

If we consider the vast importance to which this early colony has risen, and the influence it exercises over other States of the Federal Union—remembering, at the same time, the contracted limit of its territory, and the consequent paucity of its inhabitants—it is unquestionably owing to these guiding-stars of her existence that so much greatness has been obtained. Uncle Sam (*Anglicè*, America) has many a bright feather in his plume,

but not one more brilliant than that which has been contributed to it by the six States of New England.

It would be an unpardonable omission if, in speaking of the literary character of America in general, and of New England in particular, an especial reference were not made to Professor Longfellow, one of the most delightful writers of any age, or of any country, and whose genius reflects such high renown upon his native land. We cannot be suspected of intending the slightest disrespect, in making this selection, to the poetical eminence of any other State, and, above all others, to the world-renowned representative of verse and prose in New York city, Mr. W. C. Bryant, to whom we had the pleasure of being introduced; but we saw more of Mr. Longfellow; we sojourned some length of time amongst his own immediate friends, and found him in every sense of the term,

"The poet of all circles, and the idol of his own."

We are charmed with his style of composition, with the mind and the music of every line, and the peculiar melody of thought running through them; and all that we had fancied of the bard, we instantly

recognised in the man. We had letters of introduction to him, and went out to his residence at Cambridge (a short distance from Boston) to deliver them. It is delightfully situated, in a quiet locality, commanding an extensive view; and in addition to the beauty of the position, it has the farther charm of having been the residence of General Washington, when he was ordered to join the Army of the North. Whether the local attraction of a lovely landscape, or the patriotic interest associated with the place, prompted the poet's selection, it is not necessary to inquire; but those who wish to form a perfect idea of so distinguished a spot, should refer to a work recently published, entitled "The Homes of the American Poets." The private room of Washington, and the boudoir of his lady, remain in the same state as when they were tenanted by them, and the house itself has, we believe, undergone but slight alteration.

In answer to our ringing the bell, the door was opened by the Poet himself; and we had barely got out of our mouth the first words of the very necessary inquiry, "Is Professor Long—" when we stopped short, observing that it was almost unnecessary to make the inquiry, for we felt assured, from the

fidelity of the prints we had seen, that we stood in his very presence. He admitted the fact, and welcomed us in. We told him our name; and that our sole object in visiting him was to do homage at the shrine of genius. He appeared extremely flattered, and gave us a cordial welcome, as a public character whom he had long heard of. Our conversation then became general, inclining chiefly to literature and the drama. Though he had been three times to Europe, he has spent comparatively little time in England, his more favourite resort having been Les Pays Bas, his love of which is plainly demonstrated in his poems. He dwelt with peculiar delight on the somewhat primitive character of that part of the Continent, his partiality to which he carried out by selecting for his inn at Bruges the unpretending one of "La Fleur de Blé," from the mere simplicity of its name. He has a library of some very choice books; and amongst other literary treasures he seemed to prize, was a duodecimo edition of the Italian and French drama—each of them in three volumes—which had evidently been the property of Garrick, from the fact of his coat of arms, with his well-known signature, being prefixed to the leaf facing the

title-page. He picked them up on a book-stall in New York, for a mere trifle; and the only wonder is, how they ever found their way across the Atlantic.

On joining the evening's repast, to which his courtesy had invited us, we found Mrs. Longfellow presiding over its hospitality—a delightful lady, without reserve, yet without the slightest approach to forwardness—elegant in her manner, without the least alloy of affectation—gentle, unostentatious, and kind—a wife worthy of such a poet, the brightest and boldest flight of whose captivating fancy could not be better employed than in hymning her praise; for a more incomparable lady, as far as our limited means of observation extended, it has never been our good fortune to gaze upon, or to read of. We can call to mind no recollection of a more thoroughly delightful evening, during which intellect and sociability vied with each other to give welcome to a perfect stranger. Any one should become a better and a wiser man, after passing an evening with Longfellow; and if we gained nothing thereby, it can only be attributed to inherent stupidity. We left him, however, in the conviction that we had progressed somewhat in each respect; and with a mind wrapped up in enthusiasm, and a body in a great-coat, we

returned to Boston, musing on "The Day is Done," and that brilliant termination of it:

> "And our nights shall be made of music,
> And the cares which infest the day
> Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away."

CHAPTER IV.

AMERICAN HOTELS—FOOD FOR BODY AS WELL AS SOUL—HOW TO GET A GOOD DINNER, AND HOW TO EAT IT—CURIOUS STATISTICS—SHIRT WASHING AND BATHING—ONE ADVANTAGE OF A LONG BEARD—HOW TO TAKE IN YOUR MEAL AND YOUR LANDLORD—MAINE LIQUOR LAW—PREACHING AND HORSE RACING — STRONG-MINDED AND STRONG-BODIED WOMEN—WINE AND SPIRITS OF DIVINE ORIGIN—HOW TO TURN A COLLECTOR OUT OF OFFICE—LORD COKE'S PRIVATE OPINION.

We are told, on the highest authority, that man cannot live by bread alone; at the same time, it is pretty clear he cannot live without it, and it behoves us, therefore, to tell him where he can get any quantity of it, with other things to match, in the land of which we are treating.

Having dilated upon the wondrous manner in which the people of New England, and indeed of most

other States, provide for the improvement of the mind, we feel bound, for consistency sake, to show the reader how they manage to take care of the body. It is utterly impossible for those who have not visited the hotels of America, to form any idea of the scale upon which they are conducted. They are carried on upon one principle throughout the Union, varying only according to the extent and convenience of the population, and the size of the establishment.

The Americans live more out of their private houses than in them—families, as well as individuals, "boarding" at all the principal hotels. The general charge for board and lodging (supposing you dwell in the house) is two dollars a day; for which you have a comfortable bed-room, and as much to eat as you please, paying extra for anything you drink beyond tea or water; and also for the washing of your apparel, baths, fires, and meals in your bed-room, &c. This is, per annum, about £146 of our money, which will sound a heavy item to English ears; but it must be borne in mind that the living is of the most varied and *recherché* quality, and dealt out with an unsparing hand. The tables are covered from six in the morning until twelve at night, being continually supplied with clean cloths, finger-napkins, plate, glass, &c.

You have, moreover, the use of large reception-rooms, and the still more important one of a reading-room, where the principal papers of the town you reside in, and of the Union, are filed. Your own apartment is plentifully supplied with linen, water, soap, lamp and candles, and the attendance is prompt and profuse. Of course, we must be understood to speak of the leading hotels in the leading cities; in many others, service is below par, and civility at an alarming discount. Having lived for some time at one of, if not *the*, best in the whole Republic, "The Revere House," Boston, we cannot do better than furnish the reader and the rover with the "statistics" of this wondrous dwelling-house—*par excellence*, the model hotel of the country—whereby he may form a tolerable notion of similar habitations. Let us begin by submitting a general bill of fare, placed by the side of every one at the dinner-table — a *fac-simile* of the one whose contents we made an attack upon, the first time we sat there. The variation of dishes from day to day depends upon the fancy of the *chef de cuisine*, and the provision which happens to be in season; the cooking is in the best style of that potential art, and the wines as fine as wines can be, if rated *only* by their several prices!

REVERE HOUSE.

BILL OF FARE.

SOUP.

Chowder.

FISH.

Baked Cod Fish, Claret Sauce.

BOILED.

Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce.
Turkey and Oysters.
Chickens and Pork.
Corned Beef and Cabbage.
Ham.
Tongue.

COLD DISHES.

Boiled Ham and Tongue, Pressed Corn Beef.
Boned Turkey.

SIDE DISHES.

Mutton Cutlets, Madeira Sauce.
Fillet of Beef, with Olives.
Blanquette of Veal.
Escaloped Oysters.
Macaroni, Baked.
Ducks, with Turnips.
Chickens, à la jardinière.
Tripe, à la Maître d'Hôtel.
Calf's Liver, à l'Italienne.
Lobsters, Anchovy.
Currie of Chicken.
Pig's Feet, Piquante Sauce.
Rice Croquetter
Hominy.

ROAST.

Beef.	Chickens.
Ham, Champagne Sauce.	Turkey.
Leg of Mutton.	Geese.
Veal.	Ducks.

PUDDING AND PASTRY.

Cabinet Pudding.

Apple Pies.	Squash Pies.	Quince Pies.
Damson Meringues.	Jelly Puffs.	Macaroons.

DESSERT.

Lemon Ice Cream.

Apples.	Almonds.	Raisins.	English Walnuts.

Breakfast, half-past Seven to Ten; Dinner, Ladies' Ordinary, half-past Two; Gentlemen's Ordinary, half-past Two; Tea, from Six to Nine; Supper, from Nine to Twelve.

SUNDAY—Breakfast at Eight; Dinner at half-past One; Tea at half-past Five; Supper, Nine to Ten.

Gentlemen having friends to dine, will please to give notice at the office. Meals sent to rooms will be charged extra. Early Dinners served in Ladies' Ordinary from One to Two only. Persons wishing early Dinner will please notify the office.

Children occupying seats at the table will be charged full price. Dinner for children and nurses from One to half-past One.

The entire management of Revere House, and all such houses, is conducted by clerks, under the direction of the proprietor, who occupy an office,

conspicuously situated, from which every instruction throughout the establishment is issued, and whose orders are carried out by a whole army of servants. There is an appendage to this office of a remarkable character called an "Annunciator," invented, we believe, by Jackson, of New York city, whereby all the bell-pulls of the house are brought within one focus. It is entirely under the control of the clerks, who, when the label that covers the number of any room falls and displays that number, announce it to any waiters in attendance, who fly off to answer the bell.

Thus, the bell of any room having been rung, the label over it falls down and discovers the number, and as soon as the room is answered, the clerk has a private "pull," which instantly *re*covers that number. It is a vast improvement upon the old-fashioned mode of having all the bells hung in the hall, with a number attached to each—the noise attendant upon which in a large hotel being literally insufferable.

If any one should open his eyes on perusing this recited "bill of fare," in the same degree he would open his mouth in partaking of a due portion of its contents, to what extent will he not open them when he examines this compendium of the average

weekly consumption, whereby such a series of breakfasts, dinners, teas, and suppers, are served up, through a daily routine of nearly eighteen hours?

AVERAGE WEEKLY CONSUMPTION AT REVERE HOUSE, BOSTON.

Beef	2,000 lbs.
Mutton and Lamb	1,500 „
Veal	400 „
Pork	300 „
Fish	400 „
Poultry	2,000 „
Game	500 „
Hams	350
Tongues	100
Tripe	50 lbs.
Oysters	100 gals.
Vegetables	21 brls.
Fruits	6 „
Rough Ice	6 tons.
Milk	800 gals.
Flour	14 brls.
Coals	8 tons.
Oil	20 gals.
Candles	1 case.
Gas	$200
Water	65,000 gals.
Chocolate	10 lbs.
Cocoa	10 „
Tea	40 „
Coffee	150 „

Eggs	500 doz.
Butter	1,000 lbs.
Macaroni	20 „
Vermicelli	4 „
Sugar	1,200 „
Tapioca	4 „
Sago	3 „
Rice	200 „
Salt	1 brl.
Salad Oil	4 gals.
Mustard	1 case.
Cayenne	4 lbs.
Sauces	30 gals.
Vinegar	8 „
Pepper	3 lbs.
Starch	150 „
Soap	300 „

Here is "food for the convent" with a vengeance; and having shown the quantity demolished, let us see who are the demolishers.

GUESTS.*—There are about 450 daily boarders in the summer, and 215 in the winter months.

CLERKS.—Four in the office, and two at the bar.

* One of the most distinguishing features of these American dinners is the hasty manner in which, contrary to all refined notions, they are disposed of. A worthy fellow sits down, attacks in rapid succession everything he can lay his hands on, or find room for in his mouth; masticates, or else swallows without mastication, all he fancies; and by the time well-regulated appe-

HOUSE-KEEPER.—One.

STEWARD.—One.

WAITERS.—Sixty. In this house they are white men—chiefly Irish, with a slight interlarding of Scotch and Germans, very few English, and no Americans; the latter would rather want bread than *serve* to gain it, they having especial notions of freedom and equality! The darkies are the best waiters, but the biggest thieves; the Irish the worst, and the most insolent. There can be no sight more laughable than to see a whole troop of these niggers, under the command of a head one, (who marshals them every morning, and whose "word of command" is a whistle,) strutting about in a semi-military manner, and with dishes in one hand and knives and forks in the other, making as pompous a parade as if they were going through the manual and platoon exercise. The pay of these people is about fifteen dollars a month, and of one thing you may be sure—they live on the fat of the land.

tites have only got as far as the soup, and while what he has eaten is sticking in his throat, he darts out as if life and death depended upon some appointment he has to keep. This system of bolting a meal, without digesting it, is one of the causes of those incessant attacks of dyspepsia, to which the Americans are subject; spitting, on which we shall elsewhere dilate, is another.

CHAMBER-MAIDS.—Twelve: all we were ever attended upon by—Irish.

CONFECTIONER.—One, in whose department the almost incredible quantity of seven tons of preserves are annually made.

COOKS.—Eight.

KITCHEN-MAIDS.—Nine.

SCULLIONS.—Five.

BAKERS.—Two. Every species of bread and pastry is baked in the house.

IRONING-MAIDS.—Ten.

WASHER-WOMEN.—Eight.

The whole of the washing,* starching, ironing, mangling, &c., of the establishment, and its guests, is done in the house.

CARPENTER.—One.

BOOTS.—(Black as the liquid they use). Four.

KNIFE-CLEANERS.—Two.

LAMP-MEN.—Three.

PORTERS.—Four.

ENGINE-MEN.—Two.

* With such rapidity is this done, that it frequently happens a gentleman orders a bath, and before the process of ablution is gone through, his dirty shirt is brought to him, washed, ironed, and completely "got up," the time occupied in such operation being less than twenty-five minutes!

With all these mouths to feed, a sufficient quantity of broken victuals is still left to produce, sold at a mere song, the weekly sum of seventy-five dollars. We obtained all this astounding information at the fountain-head, where the parties candidly admitted they could not really give any reliable account of the quantity of table-cloths, sheets, pillow-cases, towels, dinner-napkins, doyleys, blankets, &c.; nor of china, crockery, plate, glass, hardware, &c., with the weight of which the shelves of the building literally groaned. In addition to the refectories, which are of vast dimensions, there are thirty-seven parlours, and nine drawing-rooms. There is the usual bar for "taking a drink," and obtaining a cigar; and there is the all-important barber's shop,* without which an American's comfort would be altogether incomplete. We do not pretend to fathom any other person's ideas of the marvellous,

* Very few Americans, comparatively speaking, shave themselves (though in Wall Street, New York, they shave other people in good style); consequently to every hotel, and even to their larger steam-boats, a hairdresser's shop is attached. In that of the St. Nicholas Hotel (recently opened in New York at an expense scarcely to be believed), it is no uncommon sight to see some twenty gentlemen at a time under the tonsor's hand, and others washing, brushing, and perfuming themselves, in all the glory of Eastern luxury. In these extraordinary emporiums, such is the run of business, that they could furnish ample occupation for the mother

but for ourselves, we were perfectly flabbergasted when the foregoing statistics of this mighty caravansary were first submitted to our observation.

It is quite astonishing how so much order and regularity is maintained in such an immense establishment; and though the proprietors do now and then get "taken in and done for,"* yet instances of that kind are not of frequent occurrence.

of the famous Nan Clarges (afterwards Duchess of Albemarle) and the four other women barbers, of whom the old ballad says—

"Did you ever hear the like,
Or ever hear the same,
Of five women barbers,
That lived in Drury Lane?"

On asking an American why his countrymen generally wore so much hair, he replied, "Why, if we should happen to tell a lie, it's as well not to tell *a barefaced one.*"

* Mr. Stetson, the well-known and esteemed proprietor of the Astor House, told us that a fellow came one day and took apartments at his hotel, where his style of living was profuse, his manner pleasant, and his air quite patronizing. As, however, no symptoms of payment manifested themselves, the waiter had orders to apply for the amount of his bill: he might as well have asked him to swallow at one mouthful the various items in it. At last, Stetson himself went to demand it, and perceiving by the eulogistic manner in which he spoke of everything, that he meant to pay for nothing, Stetson said: "Well, I see how it is; and if you'll go and play this trick at the 'American Hotel,' I'll forgive you the whole account." Upon which, the varlet coolly and instantly replied, "Oh, I've been there, and they sent me here!"

Perhaps this is the most fitting place for alluding to a question which, though immediately connected with establishments such as we have herein referred to, is one that affects, in a most serious manner, the entire community of the United States—the Maine Liquor Law.

The idea of America calling itself a free country has rather a comical sound with it; for to us it seems that, not only are its people slaves to themselves, but incessantly slaves to one another. We are not going to bore the peruser of our *en passant* remarks, by going into the original introduction of this notorious enactment—our desire is to take a transient glance at the consequences it seeks to prevent, and those to which it actually leads. It is neither more nor less than an attempt to carry out, *vi et armis*, the hitherto peaceful precepts of temperance professors. If it were simply a determination entered into by a whole community to put a stop to the disgraceful dealings of low retail spirit-stores, which, like the gin-shops of London, lead to premature decay while living, and become

"A sore decayer of your whoreson dead body,"

we should go heart and soul into the necessity of its adoption; but this enactment is neither more

nor less than a direct attack on the liberty of the subject—another branch of that general line of business which the saints of New England carry on with such puritanical success. The idea of one body of the people presuming to dictate to the other what they are to drink, and what they are not to drink, seems to us about the broadest farce ever yet acted. It is just as reasonable that they should lay down a law for the control of any other taste or habit; and while they are about it, they might, with equal propriety, insist upon the prohibition of beef, and the exclusive substitution of mutton.

The reformers of the day, to whom ordinary notions are offensive, might just as well regulate apparel as appetite; and thus, according to the stringency of their ideas, compel the victims of their policy to go about without raiment as well as without rum. The preachers against, instead of the practisers of, the *ars bibendi*, are the principal gainers after all; for it is almost impossible to believe what vast contributions are made to the one to enable them to persecute the other. In Washington alone, we saw no less than eight of these fellows holding forth at the corners of as many different streets, habited as sanctifiedly as a head of lank hair, hanging down like straight candles (eight to the

pound), a white "tie," a full suit of sables, with demure manners to match, can make a person possibly appear.* They spouted by the hour, amidst the yells and derision of the mob; and all this scene passing on the day we are commanded to keep holy! If their efforts could put down the vice of intemperance in the better, as well as in the lower classes, of life—could empty the overburthened cellars of the high born and the rich, at the same time they assault the scanty vaults of struggling poverty, and break down every barrier of distinction, there would be at least the quality of consistency in their actions, fruitless though the attempt might be; but, as things stand, the prohibition is tyranny of African refinement, and *esclavage* of Siberian savageness. Private families, as private families ought to do, may imbibe any quantity of wines and spirituous liquors they think proper; clubs may do the same; in fact, "society" at large may

* A gentleman told us that he heard one of these *Mawworms* (pointing to him) farther down South, thus address his congregation: "Beloved brethren, this is to give notice, there'll be some horse-racing after Divine Service t'other side of the water, and tickets can be had of the deacon, down in the vestry-room; price fifty cents!!!"

act upon Shakspeare's definition of Venetian immorality—

> " Their best conscience
> Is, not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown !"

But the poor man, striving to increase his pauper's meal by the sale to others of what perchance he never touches himself; or the jaded labourer strengthening his frame, after a day of hard toil, by a glass of innocuous spirit, is hauled up before the tribunal of justice, and prosecuted with all the malignity of party.

If book-making were our object, by filling these pages with paragraphs and advertisements, after the fashion of those temperance and pious couple, Professor and Mrs. Stowe, we could transfer from the newspapers some hundred instances;* but the following, being a remarkably simple mode of proceeding, will do duty for all the rest. It is headed " strong-minded," but we imagine the fitter title would be, "strong-bodied."

* One mode which these tartuffes have of exemplifying their arguments, is that Government land costs on an average one dollar an acre, and champagne two dollars a bottle; and thus, by laying in his wine instead of laying out his grounds, many a man has died landless, and swallowed a fertile township, trees, quarries and all.

"STRONG-MINDED WOMEN MOVEMENT.—The Cleveland 'Herald' says on Tuesday evening, that 'some thirty strong-minded women,' of Ashland County, Ohio, *well backed by gentlemen,* proceeded to the grocery of Anthony Jacobs, and asked him to discontinue the sale of liquor and the use of a 'bagatelle' board, which had enticed many of the youth and some of the married men from their homes. He refused, and the ladies chopped his 'bagatelle' table into kindling wood, and emptied his liquors. They then visited another grocery and a tavern, both of which capitulated. Mrs. Witz, better known as 'Mother Younkers,' was obstinate, and the 'spigots were pulled from her whiskey barrels.' She had no bagatelle for them to lay hands on, and so they retreated in good order."

Let us turn for a moment to the consequences too frequently resulting from a fear of the enforcement of this arbitrary law, or from a firm determination to resist it. Every species of evasion that can be invented is naturally resorted to. "Houses," headed, "Depôt of French Millinery," "Gallery of Art," and so on, are nothing else than decoys to wine-stores in some remote part of the building, and thousands have been introduced, under the specious announcement of "fancy articles for sale,"

to the more fanciful varieties of spirituous liquors and compounds. But a deeper sin lies at the door of those prohibitors than any of mere mundane commission. Upon the principle laid down that the Devil himself can quote Scripture when it happens to answer his purpose, parties are not wanting to bring into their arguments the law of Moses, whereby they seek to prove that "strong drink," denounced by man, was countenanced by his Maker. Whoever will turn to the 14th chapter of Deuteronomy, will find these words at the verses indicated:

"23rd. Thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God, in the place which He shall choose to place His name there, the tithe of thy corn, *of thy wine*, and of thine oil, and the firstlings of thy herds, and of thy flocks.

"24th. And if the way be too long for thee, so that thou art not able to carry it, or the place be too far from thee,

"25th. Then shalt thou turn it into money, and bind up that money in thine hand.

"26th. And thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, or for *wine*, or for *strong drink*, or for WHATSOEVER thy soul desireth; and thou shalt eat

there before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice, thou, and thine household."

This profane ribaldry is carried to a still greater pitch than this; for they tell you the following anecdote: A temperance preacher was detected coming out of a liquor-store, and he only escaped lynching by a promise to denounce from the pulpit the very law he had hitherto upheld there. He exposed its hollowness in this simple specimen of the facetious: "On mature reflection and further reading, my brethren, I am prepared to prove that the Maine Liquor Law is contrary in purpose to the edicts of Sacred Writ; and that instead of drinking being prohibited by some of our inspired writers, it was not only indulged in, but miracles were wrought by such indulgence—for Samuel himself used the horn,* and David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling."†

There is no end, on the one hand to the shameful measures which this law calls into operation, nor on the other hand, to the absurdities to which it gives rise.‡ A temperance gentleman was re-

* Samuel, chap. xvi, v. 13.

† "Gin-sling," an American drink. I Samuel, chap. xvii, v. 50.

‡ Spirits are, in many places, allowed to be kept solely for

cently appointed collector of one of the ports, and not exactly knowing his duties, he asked information of his predecessor.

"Why," replied he, "amongst other things, you have to brand with your name every cask of spirits passing through the Custom House."

"What," replied the uninitiated, "have my pure name appear on some two thousand barrels of brandy, rum, and whiskey, in all the various towns where I am known to be a temperance man?"

"Yes," was the rejoinder; "and what's more, you must, according to law, taste every barrel before you put your name on it."

"What," ejaculated the son of sober sorrow, "take a drink out of two thousand pipes of spirits! I'll go, and resign the appointment!" This was exactly what the explainer wished him to do.

It may be law, but it is oppression in the highest degree; and, as Lord Coke says in his "Commentary on Magna Charta," "That is the worst oppression which is done under the colour of justice."

medicinal purposes; and, consequently, in towns where such licence is granted, there are more sick people, requiring medicine every half-hour, than in all the strictly sober communities put together!

CHAPTER V.

NEW YORK — INDIAN SUMMER — SOMETHING MORE THAN A NIBBLE; A REGULAR BITE—SOME IDEA OF EMIGRATION—AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BOSTON—BRIDALS, AND THEIR CHAMBERS—DEFERENCE TO WOMAN — TARGET-MEN AND THEIR TARGETS—THE KERBSTONE RANGERS—OYSTER SALOONS—"A DREAM AT SEA"—A GOOD SIZED CEMETERY—PLANK ROADS—PUBLIC MOURNING, AND PUBLIC MONUMENTS — A VERY DIRTY ACCOUNT — AN ELECTION — LEVIATHAN STEAMER—A BLACK SWAN—A DUTCH LADY—TWO SORTS OF HUSBANDRY — SHAKERS — RIGHTS OF WOMEN — PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT—THE PRESS OF AMERICA—HORSES AND HORSEMANSHIP—PATRIOTISM—GO-A-HEADISM.

THE visitor to America is always strongly urged to land in New York, because all the marvels of the country are said to burst upon his observation at once. By the same course of argument, any one

writing upon America would be expected to begin his remarks with New York. We have adopted a very different line of procedure, and opened our campaign with the fourth city of the Union, in point of population, from the fact of New England being, in our belief, the source from which the actual glory of the whole Republic has emanated, and of Boston being the focus from which the importance of New England has radiated.

However, as we have already stated, it being our intention to go far beyond the confines of those primitive States, as inclination or occupation may direct, we find ourselves now, not only in the most wondrous city of the Western World, but, excepting only London and Paris, the most wondrous one on the surface of the earth—New York, or Manhattan Island, Gotham, or any other *alias* by which the place may be designated. Its harbour, extending from Sandy Hook to the Narrows, a distance of eighteen miles, is as fine as can be conceived; while the bay, a distance of about eight miles more up to the city, is, we presume we are safe in saying, the finest in the world. The saying of "see Naples and then die," may, with even greater justice, be applied to the bay of New York; but whether the revision of that saying, "see Naples and you *will* die," as

applicable to its dirt, heat, plague, flies, &c., can be borne out with reference to sundry drawbacks in the city of New York, remains to be inquired into presently.

We were informed that we had arrived at the most favourable period for beholding the mingled beauties of the surrounding scene—when summer, though on the retreat, had not thrown off the richness of her garb, nor had the slightest approach to winter deprived its hues of their bright colouring; when the feverish heat of July and August had partially subsided, and the balmy air of September and October had come to relieve its intensity; when the trees had not strewn the plains with their leaves, but were reflecting their variegated tints in the waters flowing beneath them; when the winds were in their caves, the sun-light up in heaven by day, and the moon sailing along in her silver galley by night; in short, what is termed the Indian Summer. All true enough. We could dilate upon this vast magnificence unto the end of the chapter; but we have foresworn whatever might turn out wearisome detail, or be deemed unnecessary recapitulation; and, therefore, perch ourselves at once in New York city. What a vast emporium of wholesale commerce, of retail business, of universal

bustle! Flags flying in every direction—streamers with their owners' trade or calling printed on them, floating out of windows, or waving from one side to the other of every street; flights of omnibus, hack, and car, sailing through broad thoroughfares; lofty stores, rich shops, crowded cellars, choking up every "block;" huge hotels, restaurants, coffee-houses, oyster-saloons, here, there, and everywhere; man in every variety of costume, and woman in the loveliest of all costumes—her own native beauty—parading every promenade, and the grandest of their dwellings ensconced behind verdant trees, forming countless avenues, and ranging between the stately mansions* of Union Square,

* Upon this point, the Hon. J. A. Dix made the following remarks in a lecture he delivered before the Historical Society; but that will not stop the rage for building: "Nothing can be more unwise than the erection of costly buildings, which can only be maintained by princely fortunes. At the death of the head of the family, and the division of its property, no one of the children, as a general rule, has enough to support the establishment, and it passes into other hands. Nothing can be more cruel to children than to bring them up with expectations which cannot be fulfilled, and with habits of life they are compelled to abandon. The parent, for the sake of a few years' ostentation, invests a large portion of his estate in a splendid dwelling, with the certainty that his death will be a signal for the expulsion of his children from it. Nothing

"up town," and the shaving-saloons of Wall Street, "down town," where the yearly interest on a cent a-day is hourly calculated with the greatest nicety, and where a dollar is the only deity; warehouses *above* disgorging their contents into magazines *below*, and then replenishing them from the forests of shipping lying all around, glimpses of which can be caught from various side streets branching from main ones; telegraph posts, high up in air at every corner, and their wires roving about the city, by walls and chimneys, over out-houses, through trees; pavements broken and unbroken, strewn over with bales, chests, barrels, casks, cans, &c., obstructing the way of all foot passengers; houses undergoing the process of being built up, and others that of being pulled down, in every direction; troops of militia, and of target-men, preceded by sonorous bands, marching and counter-marching through all open spaces; fire-bells incessantly going, and engines going at their call; inhabitants of every

can be more inconsiderate, if it be done without reflection, or more unfeeling, if it be done with a full view of the inevitable consequences. Look for the splendid mansions of thirty years ago, and see what has become of them. Scarcely one remains in the family by which it was constructed. They are boarding-houses, or places of public exhibition, or the workshops of fashion."

nation to be found in every crevice, smoking, chewing, and spitting, according to their respective propensities;—these, amongst other peculiarities, distinguish one of the gayest and most extraordinary places under the sky.

Before, however, telling you anything more about New York, let us give you a piece of advice. If you should happen to arrive here at the delightful period we did—by many degrees the pleasantest time *to* arrive,—every night you retire to rest, be sure to have a broad net suspended from the cornices of your bed, so as entirely to cover in your person; after which, as Othello says, "put out the light, and then—" for if you do not, you will find yourself in the morning eaten up by mosquitoes (whom the candle has attracted to your room), and presenting the appearance of your having been either pelted with black currants, or suddenly seized with the measles.

Not only *is* there no end to New York, but there never will *be;* for though you may think yourself pretty well out of it by the time you get up to eighteen and twenty streets, yet, if (as was the case with us) a friend should drive you to High Bridge—that stupendous aqueduct across the Haerlem River, through which the Croton Water is conveyed from Westchester County to New York—you will read,

a little before you turn out of the main road, marked up in legible letters, 157th Street; and the only sure way to calculate the probable eventual extent of the city, is to understand that Manhattan Island from the Battery at the southern point, to King's Bridge at the northern extremity, is thirteen miles in length, and it is intended to build upon every inch of it!

New York is less of a downright American city than any other we sojourned in, from the fact of its being so thickly populated with foreigners, as we observed in a previous chapter, and on which fact it is necessary to speak further. Within three days of the last month (May), the tide of emigration flowed into this port with wondrous rapidity, 9,132 human beings having arrived in thirty-one vessels. But look over the list of ships and passengers, and you can pretty well guess what part of the wide world the rovers chiefly came from. At this rate, "Ould Ireland" will be very shortly decimated:

1853.	VESSEL'S NAME.	WHERE FROM.	NO. OF PASSENGERS.
May 28.	—Hannah Kerr	Londonderry	141
„	James Wright	Liverpool	445
„	Figaro	Bremen	101
„	Mary Morris	Glasgow	200

1853.	VESSEL'S NAME.	WHERE FROM.	NO. OF PASSENGERS.
May 29th.	Isaac Webb	Liverpool	720
„	Admiral	Havre	370
„	London	London	440
„	Commerce	Liverpool	616
„	Ariel	do.	592
„	Premier	Newport, Wales	12
„	Roger Stewart	Antwerp	41
„	Rhein	Hamburg	190
„	Cosmo	Bristol	141
„	Leander	Bremen	119
„	Ebenezer	Norway	85
30th.	Union	Liverpool	231
„	Mercury	Havre	538
„	Liberty	do.	272
„	Caroline	do.	584
„	J. G. Costar	do.	403
„	Agnes Leeds	Liverpool	297
„	Western Empire	do.	807
„	Equator	do.	304
„	Copernicus	Hamburg	209
„	Patria	do.	202
„	Adonis	Greenock	277
„	Hansa	Hamburg	211
„	Copernicus	Bremen	230
„	Oceanus	do.	135
„	Sophie	do.	130
„	Lawrence Forestal	Waterford	89
Total number of Passengers			9,132
Total number of Vessels			31

The people of the Empire City, the title given to New York, or which New York gives to itself, are not behind the rest of the world in thinking a great deal of themselves—most certainly they have good reason for indulging in such thoughts—and they naturally lord it over all they come in contact with. To this mode of self-estimation, and asserted superiority, Boston, particularly, does not feel disposed to give way; and incessant fun arises out of their mutual disparagements. Their argument is stoutly maintained, that New York may be a fine city, but Boston is a capital one; that the clipper ships of the one may be faster, but those of the other are surer; that if Gotham has most of the China trade, Boston claims a greater part of the East Indian and Russian commerce; in short, that the 'Newtown Pippin' may be very good, but the Boston 'Nonsuch' is equally so; and, in order to bring the matter to a proper conclusion, if New York has more business, Boston has more brains. This is the style of discussion amongst themselves; but if a luckless foreigner should interfere, and assert that his own particular country has this or the other advantage over those it traffics with, all their aim at individual superiority is abandoned, and they unite their powers of undervaluation, directing

them against the unhappy wretch who has dared to deny that America is the greatest country under the sun! Some people would take umbrage at this. Take umbrage at what? If you do not believe all that you hear people say, you can laugh at it; and that's the best thing you *can* do after all.

Where shall we take you, reader, by way of a beginning? To the hotels? be it so. But as we have already given you an analysis of them—especially the monster establishments—and maintain what we have said, there is very little to be added upon the subject. The olden partiality for the 'Astor House' still exists, and the 'Irving House' keeps up the notoriety it obtained by the visits of Jenny Lind, Kossuth, and their respective suites; and the 'Metropolitan' has made an attempt to eclipse both, in which it might have succeeded, as far as "monstrosity" is concerned, had not the 'St. Nicholas' suddenly started into existence, and in some respects outstripped them all.

Any detail of its pretensions would be misplaced here, and we therefore bestow only a passing word on the peculiar feature which, at starting, brought such shoals of people to gaze at its marble halls. A room, called a bridal-chamber (originally introduced, we understood, in the huge steam-boats of

various rivers), has been fitted up in the most luxurious and fascinating manner at the aforesaid 'St. Nicholas.' Upholstery cannot be more expensively or more tastefully carried out; the entire articles of bed furniture (save and except a lace counterpane of Valenciennes lace, said to have cost six hundred francs!) of window-curtains, chair and toilet covers, &c., being made of rich white satin, and the walls of the room fluted with the same, while the China ware is delicately coloured, and ornamented in burnished gold. To the beauty or expense of these apartments, whether on land or water, there can be no possible objection; but we protest in the most emphatic manner against the apparent purpose to which they are devoted. The cheek of a brazen woman might be lighted up on her being ushered into such a sumptuous apartment, at the very outset of her bridal tour; but that of a modest one would be diffused with blushes at the bare idea of being gazed upon by any eye save that of the partner of her heart. The coarse joke, the impudent inquiry, the vulgar inuendo, or any species of ribaldry, are revolting substitutes for the dignity, the respect, the delicacy and sanctity that ought to be maintained on such solemn and interesting occasions.

If there be one feature more striking than another in American character, it is the boundless attention they pay to woman; she is with them as she should be with all—supreme; they are the creatures of her will; they of course rise when she enters or leaves a room, but they carry such proper ceremony still farther by vacating all the seats of a public conveyance into which she may come, until she has chosen that which she may prefer.* No attention is considered too great to pay her; and she is the only ruler to whom he bows with the amplest submission. It does appear, therefore, to us a very gross violation of his well-earned and established fame for such delicate attention and such scrupulousness, to make a sort of public display of that event over which the veil of purest whiteness should be thrown, and the chastest words, made up of whispers, should be breathed. It does not

* It is vastly funny to see, now and then, an old girl claiming those attentions peculiarly due to the young one. We lately saw a venerable personage sail into a railway car, with as many bandboxes as she could pull in after her. She cast her eye over every seat, and fixing upon one to her mind, turned out the gentleman by whom it was occupied; and, depositing herself on one half of the settee, distributed her goods over the other, and enjoyed her *otium cum dignitate*, alone!

matter so much in cases where the mind can be so vulgarised as to select "shipboard" as the scene for speaking nuptial vows; but in an elegant hotel, where chaste minds associate, and pure thoughts alone should be exchanged, we think the matter gross in the extreme; and one which it behoves the citizens of America to forbid any further entertainment of.

The *fanfare* you hear now in the streets is sent out into the air by the instruments belonging to some particular body of target-men, who have been out for hours amusing themselves with the practice of ball-firing, in which most of them excel in a high degree; and they invariably march into town with colours flying, bands playing, and the target swung aloft to show how it has been perforated. We have been told, however, that, on occasions when the corps have had a bad day's sport, the commanding officer has been heard to say: "Now, boys, this won't do, no how; the target must be hit; so go-a-head; walk in pace after pace until you well riddle it, and then as you go home, none but yourselves can tell at what distance you hit it!" This, in sporting phraseology, is "marking down" to some purpose. These sharp-shooters have, we are told, at one time belonged to that warlike body called

The Kerbstone Rangers, who, until they are sufficiently exercised to fall into rank in the street and carry muskets, undergo drilling on the outer edge of the pavement, and practise with mops instead of more dangerous weapons. These and other events keep the whole city alive from almost cockcrow to sundown.

You should go into the oyster-saloons, those under-ground receiving-houses, established, and to use an American phrase "in full blast" (*Anglicè*, having a great run of business), in whatever place an oyster can be obtained. In New York, their number is legion. They are fitted up after the fashion of Vauxhall, with the pleasant addition of curtains to enclose you in your box. And here you will meet judges, generals, colonels, majors, parsons, and captains, partaking of "Shrewsberries" of the rarest quality; you may meet other folks besides, assisting at a similar operation—no matter. A first-rate American oyster is as big as a cheese-plate, and half a dozen are enough for a dinner; they are served up in various ways, on the half shell, stewed, fried in batter, roasted, converted into soup, and so forth; eaten sometimes, from their size, by instalments; but however cooked, or however demolished, there is no denying their excellence. The traffic in

them, at New York, is a formidable item in the year's commerce.

But you have yet a thousand things to gaze upon, and a thousand places to go to, if you want to know anything about New York, and its environs. Go out of the one into the other, and drive through Greenwood Cemetery,* taking yourself, carriage and horses in the gigantic ferry-boat which will land you at Brooklyn. A lovelier spot of hill, dale, and water cannot be imagined: and before you leave it, do not forget to visit the monument of Charlotte Canda, whose premature and sad death broke more hearts than one. Neither should you fail to drive by the graves of those referred to in the great bard's great line,

"Whom the Gods love die young,"

where you will behold the tombstones of children borne early to a brighter and happier sphere; and, resting on the small tumuli beneath which their brittle bones are buried, the very toys they were

* Nearly as extensive as those in the neighbourhood of London, clumped together. We inquired whether it was for the final resting place of the New York, or Brooklyn people, and the answer was: "Well, I guess it's for the whole tarnation, G—d d——n world; it's quite large enough."

wont to play with, and on which it may be supposed their little affections rested. The idea may be ridiculed by the heartless and the cold, but the sight created in us a feeling of great regard and sympathy.

While you are in Long Island, drive by Newton and Flushing, the only parts of a most infernal road that are rendered passable by being planked —not, understand, a wooden pavement like the detestable ones laid down one day and taken up the next, in some of *our* leading thoroughfares—but a high road with long planks lying at full length each side of it (the centre unplanked!) which there would be no means of crossing "in winter and rough weather," but for such odd method of mending one's ways. Flushing Bay, opening out upon the East River, its banks studded with all kinds of habitations, and its trees tinted with every variety of foliage, are so surpassingly beautiful, that the sight will repay you, even if in driving you should have your very liver jerked into your mouth. It would delight you more, could you sail over its bosom in such a gallant yacht as the 'Dream,' in which we had "once upon a time" a long and delightful sail; but that dream became a sad reality, for she now lies under the wave, instead of

floating on it, having been run into by a far larger craft.

Could you have done, or could you do this, you would perhaps do another thing we did—always admitting that you would do it far better—that is, at the request of a charming *voyageuse* in that yacht, venture to inscribe, in a few lines, a dedication to "Flora's Album," a title the fair lady had given to her collection of poesie. Here they are; and all we have to say is, not "go and do thou *likewise*," but go and do a hundred times better, which will be no very difficult task to accomplish :

FLORA'S ALBUM.

DEDICATED TO MARY C. S——R.

The chaplet of Flora! 'tis really quite charming,
As all of that goddess's chaplets must be;
But wreath'd with its flowers, there'd be no great harm in
The matter, if one or two more we could see!

There are plenty of roses, but still I doubt whether
In the tints of each varied and exquisite streak,
If the sweetness of all were united together
'Twould equal the modest one lighting your cheek.

Oh, where is the heliotrope, whose erasure
Herefrom, must be set down to envy alone?
And the hare-bell? but she, perchance, feared that the azure
Of *her* eye would have to contend with *your own?*

Where is the fuchsia the vernal wind blows on,
Drooping in beauty, and graceful in fall?
The violet, lovely as any that grows on
The wild banks of nature, and sweeter than all?

I miss the verbena—in perfume they rank it
As fragrant as any bright child of the sun—
But 'tis clear they each fear'd to sit down at a banquet
Where the essence of *all* would be centred in *one!*

Yet if, not the charm of the wreath to endanger,
The *ne m'oubliez pas* could be added thereto,
It might, now and then, cause you to think of a stranger
Who will think with respectful devotion of you.

Go back and dine, if you can,* with one of the merchant princes, resident here in "Upper Ten," halls† as gorgeous as those of our first nobility, and

* We were, on one occasion, favoured with an invitation to dinner, and with great difficulty decyphered the letter. On mentioning this to our host, he said: "Why, look here, I write three different hands—one that I can read myself, another that my friends can just read, and one that no soul alive can read."

† In admitting, as we fully do, the enlargement of idea, the grandeur of design, and the munificence of expenditure, which characterize America, especially for so young a country, it must not be forgotten that she has had opportunities without end of gleaning from the old country, and other European lands, all they possess of the great and the glorious, and of adding thereto her own conceptions.

you will be received there, as you will find yourself received everywhere, with the utmost hospitality. You will be sumptuously entertained, having been cordially welcomed, and if you don't like to smoke, why don't do it, but do not object to other people smoking; because, in the first place, it would be bad manners, and moreover it would not prevent their smoking. No, Sir, no national prejudices wherever you go, if you please, and you will get on all the better for it, you may be certain.

Considering how backward the progress of art must be where so few years, comparatively speaking, can have been devoted to its cultivation, it is astonishing to what extent its protection is carried out, and how highly it is patronised. The national spirit directs this taste; for their love of country allows no great man to depart from amongst them, without erecting a honourable tribute to his memory —a lesson the mother country ought to learn, especially as respects the literary men of her dominion, who are mostly monumentless. Look alone at Edinburgh, not to mention other parts of Scotland, where you may gaze in one street alone on the colossal monument to Scott, and the scarcely less one to Burns; while England suffers the mighty bard

"Who was not of an age, but for all time,"

to be without any record of his greatness but his works—enough, in all conscience; but the nation had no hand in *them*. (We pass over, of course, the family monument at Stratford-on-Avon, and the cenotaph in Westminster Abbey). We ought to wipe away what, in the opinion of every foreigner, is a matter of such deep reproach. "Washington Monuments" are as plentiful all over the States as blackberries; and they are now finishing one in Washington itself to surpass all others extant—being raised by the contributions, in money and material, of every part of the Union. We cannot say much for their latest undertaking in art, the Crystal Palace. Though not a national affair, and cried down, as it well may be, by the better judges in the community, yet we have heard many patriots of New York descant upon its wonders, and end their colloquy by saying: "From all we hear, it will lick the British one in Hyde Park into fits." When we saw it, the end of May, just thirty days after it *ought* to have opened, it looked at the distance, from the dome downwards, like a very large rat trap!

The form of mourning for the death of an eminent man is very striking. The outward signs of sable sorrow for the demise of Henry Clay had,

on our arrival, scarcely been removed, when they were replaced by others for that of Daniel Webster; the window-frames, columns, doors, the halls and entries of every house, being literally cased in black. In public buildings such decorum was more strictly preserved, even up to the very ceilings; while prints and busts of the deceased were exhibited in most shops and private dwellings, enveloped in the most dismal of jet crape.

If we were to dilate upon all the real greatness of this city, and on all the vast things it has done, and, of course, means to do, we could tell you of its institutions, its clubs—especially that most agreeable one at Hoboken, "The Yacht Club," materially made so by the Presidency and contributions of Commodore Stevens, who brought that famous craft the 'America,' to the Isle of Wight—its billiard-rooms, some of them with sixteen tables in them, its mass of shipping, its wharfage, its churches, its charities, its places of amusement, with that greatest of all amusement—its swagger—in fact, its everything, we should set you to sleep; not from want of material to write upon, but from want of ability to write as we could wish.

Having, however, shown you the bright side of the question, turn we over to the darker one. New

York is one of the dirtiest places we were ever in, and while there are numerous reasons why it should be so, there is not one why the evil should not be remedied. We can perfectly understand that, as in their most populous and broad thoroughfares they demolish a house a day, and cover the streets with mountains of bricks and hills of mortar for the purpose of replacing them—that, as the said streets are not very familiar with water, and are trampled over by horses and conveyances of every kind, every minute, from daylight until midnight,—that, as there is one continuous volume of smoke, and one ceaseless flow of saliva distributed freely and incessantly in every "location,"—that, as foundries, smithies, and workshops of every kind of manufacture are ceaselessly in operation, there must be no small quantity of mud when it rains, and of clouded dust when it don't. But making every possible allowance for such an inroad of filth, one could never be prepared for it in its fullest extent. One tells you the sewers are badly managed, another that the streets are negligently watered, a third that they are never watered at all; this one, that the ashes are thrown out into those streets, t'other one that the manure is never swept off them—and so on to the end of the song.

We cannot determine whether all this be the case, or not—we can only speak as to the dirt of the place, about which there can be no possible mistake; and having mentioned this subject to a gentleman at table, he came to the conclusion that "if it *were* a dirty place, it ought *not* to be"—an argument he maintained by presenting us with the following copy of a very amusing report of the office, of cleaning streets, for the past year, 1852; to which we have only to add, if, with all this purifying, it is still so dirty, what in Heaven's name would it be, if it were not purified at all?

	DOLLARS.	CENTS.
The Appropriation was	289,000	30
Expended	288,917	11
Balance	82	89
Cleaning streets	229,129	09
Lighting, &c.	25,447	41
Ward Inspectors	8,108	00
Lime, as per resolution	1,879	70
Making and repairing dumping boards	1,616	01
Removing incumbrances	3,100	00
Hard and tin ware	801	88
Corporation yard	262	50
Assistant clerk	600	00
Carried over	270,944	59

	DOLLARS.	CENTS.
Brought over	270,944	59
Advertising, manure-inspectors, ticket-men, helpers on heaps, sharpening picks and forks, building ticket offices at the foot of Roosevelt, Stanton and Jefferson Streets, &c., contingencies, &c. .	17,972	82
Balance	82	89
Total	289,000	30
Returned to the City Chamberlain . . .	30,077	90
Net expense of cleaning city . . .	258,222	40

The amount of dirt, garbage and ashes removed from the city is 597,807 loads, as follows:

WARDS.	TOTAL NO. OF LOADS OF DIRT CARTED.	TOTAL NO. OF LOADS OF ASHES REMOVED.	TOTAL NO. OF LOADS OF ASHES & DIRT REMOVED.
1	8,974	17,652	26,626
2	7,700	14,667	22,367
3	13,298	24,389	37,687
4	12,480	17,901	30,381
5	9,536	27,371	36,907
6	11,833	28,931	40,764
7	4,287	23,330	27,617
8	8,292	22,450	30,744
9	1,505	26,414	27,919
10	3,664	16,303	19,967
11	16,400	17,086	33,486
13	1,504	15,465	16,969
14	20,721	19,299	40,020
15	8,243	15,146	23,389
16	21,995	21,715	43,710

WARDS.	TOTAL NO. OF LOADS OF DIRT CARTED.	TOTAL NO. OF LOADS OF ASHES REMOVED.	TOTAL NO. OF LOADS OF ASHES & DIRT REMOVED.
17	26,759	23,337	50,096
18	31,573	18,459	50,032
19	3,335	3,374	6,709
20	20,933	11,484	32,417
Total .	. 233,032	364,775	597,807
Manure			180,323 loads.

Think of this, reader! Five hundred and ninety-seven thousand, eight hundred and seven loads of dirt and ashes, and one hundred and eighty thousand, three hundred and twenty-three loads of manure! and the city still undeniably dirty! The only way thoroughly to cleanse the land,

"And purge it to a sound and pristine health,"

would be to make the Aldermen and the Honourable Board of Common Council take off their coats, and set to work in earnest themselves!

One of the most remarkable occasions on which we were witnesses to the city and its inhabitants "kicking up a dust," more than we ever believed there was in it, and which, for the time being, all the waters of the Croton River could not allay, was this. We happened to be in New York at the

period of the Presidential election, and the scene was one of vast excitement. Business might be said to be at a stand-still, warehouses and stores had turned their proprietors into the streets, and counting-houses had sent forth their clerks into all the hotels and betting saloons of the city, that could find room for them. The telegraph wires, which are in tolerable requisition at all times, now seemed to be almost on fire, being brought incessantly into action as fast as hands could keep them so. To such an extent is "the electric chain" thrown about the whole land of the republic, that very shortly after the closing of polls in its remotest districts, the state of them was made known at this great scene of attraction, and the result was instantly dispatched by the local wires of every office, from one end of the town unto the other. The bettings of dollars, hats, oyster suppers, cocktails, brandy smashes, and all kinds of wearables, eatables and drinkables, was diverting in the extreme; and

"When evening her mantle had flung o'er the scene,"

Tammany Hall, the veriest hotbed of democracy that can be conceived, presented an appearance which threatened at one time to become the personifica-

tion of battle, murder, and sudden death. And now comes one great peculiarity of the American character. There is no force of action, no violence of language, they will not adopt in the heat of political controversy. They will sacrifice means, time, health, to the furtherance of the given object; but once decided, whether in accordance with their own notions or not, they cease to give the subject a second consideration, and faithfully, nay scrupulously, obey the law of the land, when it once becomes such, despite their aversion, their predilection, or their judgment. "Down with your dust," it is pretty evident, is the best way to pay your bets, and also to clean your streets.

Little as we know of this marvellous part of the world, we have a chance of knowing a great deal more, should a project now entertained, be ever brought to bear. We were presented with the engraving of a leviathan steamer, which it is proposed to build, for doing duty between New York and Liverpool. She is to have sixteen chimneys, and to be of 5000 horse power; to be able to carry 3000 passengers! and to make the passage in five days, the *minimum* speed being twenty-five miles, and the *maximum* thirty miles per hour. The next thing we shall hear of will be that of passen-

gers being blown in a gale of wind, or shot by a flash of lightning, across the Atlantic, and then time and space will both be satisfied. Puck tells Oberon that

"He will throw a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,"

and it would seem that America has given Puck a very good engagement.

It must not be supposed by our entering into no particular account of the various and numerous public establishments with which this city abounds, that we are unacquainted with them; on the contrary, we have examined most of them, as is our practice to do wherever we happen to sojourn. We do not profess to be historians, but rather, to use the language of our almost inspired Master, "the abstract and brief chronicle of the times," to blend instruction and amusement together, wherever we can find there's a chance of uniting them. We have met with this combination even in places of public worship, from the Dutch Reformed* down to the

* We were told, at one of these religious meetings, of an old Dutch lady who went about groaning all day long, deeming her soul to be in considerable jeopardy; and on the minister inquiring with much concern into the cause of her trouble, she told him "that she couldn't pray in English, and she was afraid the Lord didn't understand Dutch."

Shakers* Unreformed, and in institutions of the gravest character. The lectures given in them, and in other halls, permit now and then of a similar construction being placed upon them; so much so, that we may be pardoned for dropping a remark or two. Having lectured for some considerable time in many parts of the Union, we cannot of course object to comment being made upon us in the same degree (more or less, as it is thought proper) that we make it on others. One day we visited Metropolitan Hall to hear the lady calling herself "The Black Swan," (recently arrived in "our own little village"), partly impelled to the adventure by a schoolboy's recollection of Ovid's line,

"Rara avis in terris, *nigro*que simillima *cygno*,"

and partly by the singular announcement of "No coloured person will be admitted." Having heard,

* There are two places by the name of Lebanon, in one of which agriculture is followed up with great success; and the other inhabited by a religious sect called "Shakers," where marriage is strictly forbidden—which that gave rise to the following epigram:

"One Lebanon on husbandry so thrives,
That acres by the thousand now are ploughed there;
Another Lebanon as well contrives,
To live, though *husbandry* is not allowed there!"

from the earliest moment we could hear and understand anything, that "a cat may look at a king," the idea of one nigger not being allowed to look at another, did strike us as the height of all human—impudence?—no, let us say, drollery. We did hear that the delicate distinction between "blackey" on the stage, and "blackey" in the audience, ended by a place being set apart in the gallery of this huge assembly room for the especial accommodation of the people of Africa, who might desire to listen to the strains of one of their sisterhood.

We visited the same hall, the following day, to hear Miss Lucy Neale (Stone, we beg the lady's pardon) assert the rights of woman, and a very fine flourish she made of it. The doctrines which this lady preaches are become all the rage in America; and since Mrs. Bloomer put into force the old proverb of "women wearing the b——s," they are more followed up and acted upon than ever. The simple apparel (in which, by the way, Miss Stone was habited) did not at all satisfy her views of men and things—she seemed bent upon going, what is elegantly termed, "the whole hog!" Having graduated, herself, from Oberlin College, Ohio, she demanded equal educational facilities for

her whole sex, to prevent their being disqualified, from want of scholastic acquirements, for fulfilling the duties of any avocation of life they might think proper to select. She insisted upon their right to vote, in all governmental and local matters—considering women far better judges in most cases than men. She had no idea of allowing any one on earth to legislate for *her*, nor any gentleman she might marry taking care of her property, and disposing of it in payment of his debts, or in an allowance to his mistress—"certainly not," said she; and in short, she seemed bent upon carrying out petticoat government in its most extensive form. If a husband chose to carry on a *liaison*, to gamble, to drink, to race, to bet, and so on, she could not possibly understand why a wife should not be allowed to pursue the same game, if she thought fit to do either one or all; and in claiming these privileges for her own particular pleasure, she did not appear, while reversing the established order of things, to care a fig about public opinion. As one of the rankest disciples of Mary Wollstoncroft, it is only to be hoped that, in the event of her finding any matrimonially disposed gentleman, bold enough to "undertake" her, she will not, at the most trying moment of a woman's

life, act upon that lady's notion, which terminated hers, by becoming *sage-femme* to herself!

It now becomes a necessary duty to speak of as important a feature as there is in the whole character of America, and consequently a very leading one in that of New York—we allude to its Press. A newspaper, there, is the most serious of all daily considerations, inasmuch as no one can do without *that*, but any one can do without his breakfast: *ergo*, the first thing a man does is to see what he has to read, and the second, what he can get to eat. A newspaper constitutes the very breath of Jonathan's nostrils: it is the guide of his opinion, the furtherance of all his views—and its influence therefore over him is incredible. There are nearly three thousand papers of one description or another in the United States, which circulate, according to authoritative statistics, upwards of four hundred and twenty millions of copies per annum! Every hotel and coffee-house, down to the lowest *cabaret* in town or country, takes in one or two. They are sold at all corners of the streets—hawked from door to door—displayed upon public stalls—paraded through every railway station directly the cars stop —cried about on the decks of every steamer, and

trumpeted forth from pillar to post. Stroll through the streets, and you will see the urchin who sells them, often detain his customer until he has finished his column. Go into the markets: the butcher cuts open his paper before he cuts up his pork—the fishmonger digests "the leading article" before he troubles himself about selling any other article—and the greengrocer looks through the market pages before he thinks of regulating his own prices.

It is no uncommon thing for persons, on entering a railway-carriage, to stuff their pockets with half-a-dozen different journals, some members of their family preferring this, and others that. In quality of paper and style of printing, they are one and all inferior to ours; but then, they are for the most part infinitely cheaper—the papers of largest circulation, such as the "New York Herald," the "Philadelphia and Baltimore Sun," the "Boston Times," and some others, being only one penny or one halfpenny each! And yet, at this small charge, their columns contain some of the ablest articles which can be, or at least usually are, written in periodical publications. In point of station, we believe it is conceded on all hands, that the "New York Herald" takes the lead; but in making this statement, we are only echoing the opinion we gathered on

the spot, for learning it. Certain it is, that, in places the most remote from the Empire City, the very instant the mail delivery takes place, that newspaper is proclaimed for sale in any corner where two or three cents are to be collected. Its morning and evening circulation is about 55,000, and if any other does top it in circulation, none other possesses its extraordinary ascendancy over the public mind. It has been gravely asserted by many of her own people, and such assertions have been published at the hands of foreigners, that the Press of America is venal to the last degree. Let her own people fight their own battles; but we think it ill becomes the stranger, who sets foot upon her shore, to promulgate affirmations so utterly at variance with truth.

Having experienced the courtesies of the American Press to a degree of indulgence, which, while beyond our merit, it is likewise beyond our powers to duly acknowledge, it may be thought that our observations smack rather of gratitude than truth; but it is not so—for, notwithstanding that we feel deeply indebted for the favours we received, we would compromise the one rather than sacrifice the other. We do not deny that we have had under our perusal occasional articles of scurrility and injustice, but

they have rarely emanated from an American's pen, and have been traced to the venom of some expatriated foreigner, who, having left his own country for his country's good, has never done good to any country he has visited.

We were invited to the Press Club of New York, which we found composed of gentlemen of high education, great acquirements, and polished manners. We were received by "hands with hearts in them," and have seldom sat down to a more *recherché* entertainment—it was a *réunion* of proprietor, editor, and general writer, between whom matters of learning and research, wit and repartee, were exchanged—imparting alike information and amusement. Institutions of a similar character would confer honour upon any intellectual country in the world, and be the means of connecting together, by the electric link of mind, those whose profession it is to direct, to instruct, and to please their fellow-passengers in the journey of life.

What more would you like to know about Gotham, the wonder of America, and, we may as well add, of the wide world? If you would like to know something about its places of amusement, or of Peter Barnum, the showman, and factotum of so many of them, turn to the chapter devoted thereto.

Are you curious in equestrian and vehicular matters? Well, the trotting-horses of America are as superior to all others, as are the race-horses of England; but their carriages will bear no comparison with ours. We had seen them here and disliked them—we saw more of them there, and disliked them more. They seem made on purpose to be run away in, and if the animal that whirls them along is not held extra tight in hand, they *will* run away. There is no such personage as a graceful "whip"— one to whom driving is a pleasure, not a labour, in whose hands the ribbons are held so lightly, and yet firmly, that the slightest motion of a finger will guide the most dashing animal. An American "dragsman" holds a rein in each hand (his whip stuck in by his side), and appears to pull at his horse much harder than his horse pulls at the carriage. It has all the appearance of a "bolt," especially as they invariably go at a slapping pace. At the same time, they have singular control over their animal by word of mouth—inasmuch as "go alang" from a gentleman, or the abbreviated "g'lang" from a cabman, will set them off, as the sort of plaintive tone in which they say "oh, ho!" will stop them. Their stables are laid down with planks, instead of being

paved as ours are—which, from becoming saturated must very speedily rot; and then, instead of the familiar sign of "horses taken into bait and stand at livery," you may read stuck up, "boarding-house for horses," as if they were a set of human beings; by which it would seem, the horses and their stables are both *boarded*.

Like other places of importance, New York has derived valuable assistance in the formation of her public institutions by the munificence of her *millionaires*—men who have sprung literally from nothing, but with the true feelings of patriots have devoted a vast portion of their means to improve the city in which they have amassed those means. John Jacob Astor stands in the same relation to New York as Stephen Girard does to Philadelphia: his magnificent gift and endowment of the Astor Library is unsurpassed by the benefaction of any country.

Such is a very rough and condensed outline of this remarkable locality, with the delights of which the reader will suppose us to have fallen head over ears in love. Not a bit of it: we would not live in New York if "board and lodging" were given us gratis; it is too dirty, too noisy, too "go-a-headish" to suit our quieter taste. But

to say that we do not look upon it with admiration and astonishment, that we do not admit its fullest importance, and that we do not dearly regard the many bright spirits and noble hearts who welcomed us on its shores, would be to dip our pen in falsehood, and steep our heart in ingratitude.

CHAPTER VI.

SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS—THEIR EXTENT AND THEIR EXPOSURE—VISIT OF HIS MOTHER'S SPIRIT TO THE AUTHOR — THE SPIRIT MOVETH TABLES AND CHAIRS, AS WELL AS ITSELF —SPIRITS TURN BANKERS, AND GET A RAP ON THEIR OWN KNUCKLES—BATTLE, MURDER, AND SUDDEN DEATH EXEMPLIFIED—NEW MARRIAGE CODE—SINGULAR ADVANTAGE OF BECOMING A MEDIUM—A NOBLEMAN'S INEXPRESSIBLES.

WE are about to devote a page or two to one of the most extraordinary delusions that any country or any age has yet been visited by—surpassing in its extent, and unfortunately in its influence, all preceding inflictions that have, thus far in the lapse of ages, been heaped upon mankind. It is, in the conclusion which a very able writer* upon the

* Rev. H. Mattison.

subject has arrived at, the grand climax of sooth-saying, astrology, witchcraft, phrenology, psychology, clairvoyance, Fourierism, Millerism, Mormonism, fanaticism, and all other isms, impositions and superstitions that ever have been, or that probably ever will be. Its foundation was laid in the State of New York, and therefore while we are in the neighbourhood, we may as well introduce the subject here.

There is scarcely a community of any importance throughout the United States, in which the principle, or rather traffic, of Spiritual Rappings is not carried on, in the most flourishing of all possible conditions; and as, like other profitable commodity, it has at length been imported into Great Britain, a brief notice of it is unavoidable. We are not going to enter upon the subject minutely—its character having been rigidly examined and successfully laid open by several writers of distinction, as well as the baneful consequences arising out of its exercise. Ridicule is a weapon that sooner or later brings all pretension, all error, all crime, to its proper level: castigation of the bitterest and the sharpest nature may effect much, but a joke or two (whether based upon fiction or fact matters little) will do infinitely more good. As it is our intention to give this

new creed the benefit of our profoundest contempt, and the fullest extent of our jocularity, we will enter upon the undertaking, in the first instance, as regularly as possible.

During a sojourn last winter at Boston, a city tolerably well infested with professors of this black art, we were invited to spend an evening under the hospitable roof of Colonel Mitchell; and we had not long assembled, before it was proposed, amongst other amusements, to send for a "medium," and see if we could possibly have a communication, of some sort or kind, with the spirits of another world —a species of friendly chit-chat between the past and present—a meeting for the purpose of what worldlings call "comparing notes," and of seeing in which sphere, and on which side, the balance of comfort lay. Almost any quantity of readers we may be so fortunate as to meet with, will be anxious to know the precise definition of the term "medium," and so we give it, in both a spiritual and substantial sense.

The first members of this body corporate were two young ladies of the name of Fox, resident in the city of Rochester, in the State of New York; and since the miraculous increase of their family, the *he*-tribe of creation have considerably

swelled the list.* They pronounce themselves to have been selected as a means whereby manifestation from those who are no more may pass with the living, and who profess to be literally purveyors of gossip between the quick and the dead. At the meeting referred to, an interesting young woman entered the drawing-room, accompanied by her husband, who always attends to the dollar department, while his wife superintends the less substantial part

* Amongst the most remarkable members of this fraternity may be mentioned: Brittan, editor of the "Telegraph" and "Shekinah," papers devoted to mental and spiritual science; the Rev. Charles Hammond, author of the "Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine," Charles Partridge, publisher of the aforesaid papers; R. P. Ambler, author of the "Spiritual Teacher;" J. M. Spear, author of "Messages from the Superior State;" A. J. Davis, author of the "Great Harmonia;" J. Post, author of "Voices from the Spirit World;" A. W. Hoar, author of "The Bible as a Book;" Mr. Winchester, editor of the "Mountain Cave Journal;" Adin Ballou, in the Universalist preaching business, and at present a Fourierite one; Jacob Harshman, author of "Love and Wisdom from the Spirit World;" W. Boyton, author of "Spirit Unfoldings;" and S. C. Hewitt, editor of the "New Era;" not forgetting Mr. Furney, the Cincinnati Lecturer, the most famous dealers in spirits, and every possible compound of atheism, deism, heresy, false doctrine, profanation, abomination, corruption, pollution—in short, of every species of the most daring infidelity that printed paper has ever imparted.

of the business. On taking our seats round a respectably-sized table, we were invited to put ourselves, through the influence of the "medium," in communication with any departed relative or friend, and we accordingly asked leave to indulge in a few interrogations respecting our much-beloved mother, deceased. The medium presented us with a card, on one side of which were the letters of the alphabet, printed at random and not following in succession; and on the other, figures running from No. 1 onwards; and being informed that the spirit of our departed parent was present, we asked the following pertinent questions, being led to understand that when the spirit meant to imply "yes," we should hear *three* raps, and when "no" was to be the word of command, we should only hear *one*. Armed with the card already alluded to in one hand, and with a pencil in the other, we went to work in downright earnest:

MR. BUNN, (*addressing the spirit.*)—Can you tell me what was my mother's name?

SPIRIT.—Yes! (*id est,* three raps.)

MR. BUNN, (*passing the pencil slowly over the tops of the letters.*) — When we come to the letters forming the name, rap three times.—And accordingly, as we passed the pencil, we heard three

distinct rappings on reaching each of the letters M, A, R, T, H, A, ! (the very name !)

MR. BUNN.—Can you tell me where she died and was buried ?

SPIRIT.—Yes ! (three taps more.)

MR. BUNN, (*passing the pencil as before,*) heard three as distinct rappings on arriving at each of the following letters, D, U, B, L, I, N, (the very place !)

MR. BUNN.—How many years has she been dead ?—(And crossing the figures with the pencil, three rappings were very audible when passing over 1, 9. The very time !)

MR. BUNN.—Can you tell how old she was ?

SPIRIT.—Yes ? (three raps as before !)

MR. BUNN, passing the pencil over the figures, heard the usual three raps over 7, 3. (The very age !)

We cannot say whether the reader is astonished —we were ! Not a soul in the assembly ever knew our parent, nor could by possibility have the slightest knowledge of her nomenclature ; nor are we aware of there being any memorial of her age, beyond that recorded over her remains ; but certain it is, that her first name was Martha, and that she died in Dublin in 1833, at the age of seventy-

three, which, at the period of the spirit's communication, was nineteen years since.

If this, however, partake of the marvellous, what will the reader say to the *sequitur?* The medium asked us if we should like to hear from our mother; and upon expressing our wish to that effect she took the pencil from us, and seizing some writing-paper, with a hand shaking as if its owner were in strong convulsions, she traced, beginning at the bottom of the sheet, as we could distinctly read on reversing it, these words:

"My dear Son,

"I am happy to meet you in this pleasant circle. I love you much, and guard you carefully, moreover.

"M. C. B."

The point of curiosity in this communication is, that although our parent could lay claim to the Christian names of Martha Charlotte, we never mentioned but the first; yet here are the initials of both distinctly written, and the signature is almost a *facsimile* of hers. To us it was then, as it is now, a matter of downright amazement; but the occur-

rence actually took place on the 5th of last December, at the house of Colonel Mitchell, in the presence of that popular artiste, James Wallack. Colonel Schouler, at that time one of the proprietors of the Boston "Atlas," and several others, to whom reference can easily be made. We instituted minute inquiries of the medium, as to her power of being able to arrive at such strictly true conclusions, and all we could elicit from her was a belief that she was gifted with some magnetic influence, and charged with some electric matter, existent in very few; and she added that, when her hand and arm were in the excited state we have referred to, her husband had frequently, but vainly, tried to arrest it by main force. There, reader, you have it exactly as we witnessed it, and are at liberty to attach whatever degree of credence to it you may think proper.

Having recovered from the partial state of belief into which we were thrown at the moment, we have directed our attention to the subject from time to time, on numerous occasions to which its delusions have given rise, and have come to the conviction that more atrocious scenes of absolute blasphemy have been, and daily are, committed by these self-

denominated spiritualists, than the annals of the world have hitherto chronicled. Immortal Will says in his wondrous tragedy of "Macbeth,"

> "Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
> Augurs and understood relations, have
> By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
> The secret'st man of blood!—"

But, Lord bless you! that is nothing to what the spiritual rappers have brought about. By *their* agency,

> Chairs have been known to move, and walls to speak—
> Tables to dance and stand upon one leg!
> Pokers, and tongs, together with the fender
> Poised up in air in various position;
> Pianos played on, chests of drawers removed.
> Settees thrown up, and then again set down,
> And not by any understood relations,
> Nor by relations, nor by friends at all—

but by *bonâ fide* spirits, invisible themselves, yet making all their pranks more visible than agreeable. Amongst other facts announced, Mrs. Hone, of Laugus, who, previous to her "shuffling off this mortal coil," had never been guilty of writing poetry, published a string of good versification in the Boston "Times" of last February, which she publicly stated she composed by the spiritual dicta-

tion of Edgar A. Poe, one of America's charming poets. Then, Miss Catherine E. Beecher (these Beechers are, one way or the other, making a pretty good thing of it just now), announces the satisfactory conclusion she has arrived at, which is, that spirit manifestations, mysterious rappings, alphabetic readings, table talkings, medium writings, &c., are all produced by currents of electricity. Then, at the request of the Brooklyn Association of Congregational Ministers, the Rev. Charles Beecher of Newark, New Jersey, investigated the whole subject; and having to accompany his sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, to England, on her more important mission of dollars and Uncle Tomism, requested his brother in his absence to publish the result of such investigation, which accordingly appeared in the pages of the "New York Tribune," and runs to the following effect:

"1. The idea that these 'Rappings,' or whatever they may be called, are the product of mere juggle, or intentional imposture, is not to be entertained by any one even imperfectly familiar with facts abundantly verified.

"2. The hypothesis that these phenomena have their origin in some hitherto latent action of electricity, magnetism, or any other natural and physical

force, creates many more difficulties than it overcomes, and is also inconsistent with some of the best attested facts.

"3. In like manner, the idea that these phenomena are caused by some unconscious, involuntary mental action of some person or persons still in the body, is equally unphilosophical, equally at odds with the attested facts, and equally open to the objection that it magnifies the marvel it professes to explain.

"4. The assumption that disembodied spirits cannot communicate with persons still in the flesh, is opposed to the whole tenor, not merely of Hebrew and Christian, but also of Pagan History. The possibility of such intercourse—nay, the fact that it has occurred—has always been believed by the great mass of mankind.

"5. The phenomena known as spiritual are really caused by the spirits of the departed, but not by the spirits of the blest. It is essentially one with the demoniac possession whereof the Gospels often speak—that is, by the control and use of the bodily organs of living human beings by disembodied human spirits, incorrectly termed 'devils' in our English version of the Scriptures."

The exact meaning of the Rev. Charles Beecher's

gibberish, the reader must get at as well as he can; we are but narrators of other people's narrations. He will, however, have to get at much more, if he has any desire to follow the professors and proselytes of this *ars divina* in their manifold statements and disclosures. Every impulse of the human mind has been tampered with to produce the effects necessary for their purpose, and one of the safest things to harp upon with an American, is his patriotism. We have, therefore, through these media, a whole catalogue of communications from the spirit world, through which George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Henry Clay, and others of their mighty dead, announce that they still keep a watchful eye over their country, and even intimate given lines of conduct to be pursued. Amongst other things, a bank was opened in Chicago, Illinois, by Seth Paine, under the alleged direction of Washington and other spirits, by whose advice payments were made or suspended, monies impounded, and every kind of fraud committed, until a commission of lunacy was issued against the head of the concern; and that led to a general meeting of the mediums, who, professing to have received decided communications from the spirit-world, and by advising the partners to resist any mortal interference with their mode

of doing business, had nearly been the cause of bloodshed and of murder. The parties were consequently held to trial at the County Court in Chicago, when one of the mediums, named Drisdell, being asked if he had any counsel, replied, "Yes—God!" He further counselled the head of the bank, who had been declared a lunatic, to shoot any one who meddled with his affairs, because, having been declared "insane" by a jury, he could not be harmed for any act of a madman. Funny as this may appear, it is nothing to the following brief extract from the examination of a medium, Mrs. Herrick, arraigned like the others on an indictment for inciting to a riot:

"Mrs. 'Herrick—had been in Chicago some months; had been employed in the bank to take money and pay it out; gave advice to Mr. Paine to open the bank on Tuesday, and let one person in at a time; this advice was given by the spirit of George Washington; did not know of any other communications; might have received one from Henry Clay; does not know who got a communication about the smoking; Henry Clay's spirit told them to receive all the bills and redeem them; received communications three or four times a week; a rule of the bank was not to redeem money for

any person who came in smoking; did not know of any revelation not to redeem money for dishonest persons.' The jury in the case were out all night, and came into court this morning. Could not agree, and were discharged."—*Chicago Journal, Feb.* 16, 1851.

This singular case, however, with all its rogueries and its drolleries, is but one out of a thousand instances equally glaring and audacious—a bare recital of which would positively fill volumes. Here is a rough idea of what "spiritual rappings" are, and a partial revelation of what spiritualism can do; but there is a world to be revealed yet, and

"Coming events cast their shadows before"

with marvellous rapidity and effect. The communications which now hourly pass between mortals and immortals are effected, as hath been shown, through media, by "raps" and "taps;" and it was long maintained that this important discovery was made by Benjamin Franklin. If, however, such a book as Warren's "Supernal Theology" should ever fall under our reader's eye, he will, on referring to page 54, find the following denial thereof, in a private interview which the said Warren had with a spirit on the subject:

"This mode of communicating with you by raps was not discovered by Benjamin Franklin, as has been alleged, though it is possible he has interested himself in the matter from the early stages of the discovery. It was discovered by a spirit, who, when he was on earth, was very much interested in electricity, magnetism, and things of a kindred nature. His name was James G. Shenck. I have had some trouble in finding it out for you; but I was aware you were anxious to know, and so I have been diligent in my inquiries." Can there possibly be a more accommodating spirit than Mr. Warren's friend, who must have travelled in every portion of Spiritualdom, by steam-boat, railroad, or any other attainable conveyance, to have obtained this important piece of intelligence?

Amongst other charming pranks of this unembodied party, John M. Spear, a medium, and author of "Messages from the Superior State," gives an account at pp. 37-8 of his paying a visit to a lady who had been struck by lightning, and was apparently in great agony. After communing with a spirit, he placed the palm of his hand opposite hers; and, to use his own expression, "he took the lightning from its lodgings, and gave it again to nature." We have often heard of "taking

the shine out of a person," but never knew the origin of the saying before.

Now for another vagary which may perhaps be extremely edifying, as well as acceptable, to the fair portion of the creation. The spirits give out that the present order of courtship and marriage is entirely to be turned topsy-turvy; the petticoats are to make choice of any partner they think proper, and everything in the shape of restraint is to be abolished. Read No. 8 of a work called "The Spirit Messenger," and you will stumble over these expressions:

"The female—the negative—as society is now based, is compelled to attract the positive, in order that an union may be formed; must, without an advance, win the object that is to companion her through life—an isolated rudder lying in wait for a pilot! Can woman, thus shackled by society's fetters, be reasonably expected to form a correct alliance?—get a good pilot? So long as woman is compelled to remain the thing of circumstances, the wooed instead of the wooing, the sought for instead of the seeking party, just so long there must be of necessity incorrect unions, or she be for ever stigmatized an old maid! Is it not a sin —to say nothing of shame—that existing restraints

compel woman to remain at home?—then pitch fashion to the dogs."

Now, ladies, let us examine into the doctrines laid down, and see to what extent you are prepared to admit the importance of the prerogatives which you are invited to claim. "Spiritual courtship" is, undoubtedly, pleasant enough, as all courtship is, but "spiritual wifeism" seems to be of a different character, as the following narration, listened to on the spot, will testify:

"William Smith, brother of the Mormon prophet, Joe, is before the Circuit Court of Illinois, sitting in Lee County, on a charge of having more wives than the law allows. One of the female members of the church has made affidavit that she had been induced to believe that it was necessary for her salvation that she should become his spiritual wife; the result of which was the same that usually accompanies cases where no spiritualism is claimed. Smith has himself now pending in the same court, an application for a divorce, on the ground that his wife, while at Nauvoo, was initiated into the mysteries of, and as he says, 'took seven degrees' in, spiritual wifery. So that it seems, according to the ideas of the doctrines of that parti-

cular branch of the church militant, what is sauce for the goose is not 'sauce for the gander.'"

We could go on increasing these memoranda without end, and point out the extent to which spiritual rapping, or tapping, is carried. We could carry you into the very land of spiritualism, and show the scenes, detailed to us by their own revelations in good mundane print, wherein

"Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle—
You that mingle may!"

We have, especially according to the pages of "Supernal Theology," a full view of the manner in which the spirits of the departed world pass their time, their habits, their peculiarities, their partialities, and so forth. In some spheres they have occasionally a rubber of whist, in others a ball; in the fifth sphere they play a round game, and in the sixth they have a well-organized concert. The reader will not be astonished to find that, like all gamblers, they occasionally want money; for we are told, notwithstanding they had a bank open at Chicago, as we have already demonstrated, that (*see* page 122) "the spirits stood in need of a

certain sum of bank-notes, but said they would pay it back soon." There can be no doubt of their wanting money, and none, alas! of their getting it in any quantity; but the paying it back is quite another affair. We could go on to the end of the chapter, and make it a long one too, in detailing the alarming, the multitudinous attempts at everything in the shape of imposition to which this cajolery has led; but it would require at least as many volumes to refute their pernicious tendency, as the revealers have published in a vain attempt to establish it. The recital would grow tedious; and the best way to sum up, is to point out some of the fearful consequences it has entailed, and to leave all sensible people to judge for themselves. Upon the principle laid down by Mrs. Stowe in her "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," we subjoin a series of newspaper extracts bearing strongly on the point. The first is from the "Boston Herald" of March 23, 1853:

"A girl about fourteen years of age, named Adeline C. Moore, was brought before the Police Court yesterday, charged upon complaint of her father, Jonathan Moore, of East Boston, with being a stubborn child. There was evidence that the girl did not stay at home, but went from place to place

as her fancy dictated; but it did not appear that she was wilful or stubborn, and upon her promising to go home with her father, she was discharged. Two or three years ago, the girl became interested in the 'spirit rapping' mania, and was what is called a 'medium.' Since then she has exhibited symptoms of insanity, and wandered about in East Boston and Chelsea. She is a pretty and interesting girl, intelligent and modest; and we hope she will hereafter shun those delusions which have misled her."

Then comes a bit more from the "Albany Register" of February 14th:

"A young woman was removed from this city to the Asylum at Utica this week, she having become insane in consequence of witnessing some experiments in Berkshire County, Mass., a few days ago. Since that time she has thought and read of nothing else, and being of an imaginative and excitable disposition, her mind became much affected, and she is now wild with the delusion."

Another yet, from the "Rome Sentinel" of April 5th.

"More of the Rappings.—Ebenezer Pope, a respectable citizen of Milton, hung himself in his barn on Thursday. He leaves a family. Insanity re-

sulting from the rapping delusion, caused the mournful act. He was one of the select men of the town."

"A fourth! start eyes!" and many more to come! but even this is not to be compared with the case that will follow it. For the moment look back to the columns of the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle" of February 25, 1852, and there you will find that a highly respectable farmer of Flushing, Long Island, (not far from New York), by the name of George Doughty, and a man of considerable wealth, became highly excited by the reported doings of these mediums, and made up his mind to seek out one of the body, and have a dip at once into the mystery. He proceeded to the city of Pittsburg, in the State of Pennsylvania, and there was introduced to a professed medium, named Mrs. French, whom, after a short acquaintance, he invited to visit himself and family in Long Island, where she was treated in reality as one of them.

Without entering into the minutiæ of the proceeding, it is enough to record that the effect of his spiritual intercourse with the medium was, to unbalance his mind, and deprive him of the proper use of his reasoning faculties. Advantage was of course taken of this, and it ended in his making over to this wretch all his fortune, amounting to

some fifteen thousand dollars, with which she took *French*-leave, accompanied by a scoundrel who, she told the farmer, was about writing an interesting legend of the spirit land, and neither party has since been heard of. It finally wound up by his friends having him arrested and conveyed to the New York Asylum, where he now remains a confirmed lunatic. The victim of this conspiracy is the father of two most interesting daughters, and has a numerous circle of respectable friends and connections, whose feeling with regard to the sad event may be easily imagined.

This is pretty well; but a few more slips from the American papers will not be thrown away:

"Worville Hatch of Franklin, Conn., has become insane, he having devoted considerable attention to the subject of spirit rappings."—*New York Times, August* 20, 1852.

"Miss Melissa Haynes, of Cincinnati, was sent to the lunatic department of the Commercial Hospital a few days ago. The 'Times' there says the true cause of her insanity is spiritual rappings."—*St. Louis Republican.*

"Robert G. Shaw, known everywhere as one of the most wealthy and influential merchants of Boston, the 'Fitchburg Reveille' says is crazy. He

has been for some time deeply interested in spiritual manifestations; and it is to him the spirit of Daniel Webster is said to have communicated, and given, as an evidence of its identity, Webster's signature, which, by critics in such matters, could not be distinguished from the signature to an unpaid note of one thousand dollars which Mr. Shaw holds against Mr. Webster."—*Detroit Journal, February* 10, 1853.

Alas! and alas! but, as we have already said, there is not space for the manifold individual cases which could be adduced. Yet a general recital might be summed up by observing that, according to the admirable statistics of the Rev. H. Mattison, there were last year admitted into the different lunatic asylums of the country, ninety patients, entirely bereft of reason, owing to this precious spirit rapping. So much for madness. Now for one specimen, amongst others, of murder!

"A poor printer, named Langdon, had been unfortunately thrown in the way of some acolytes of this pretended science. Having, like most of his craft, received the dangerous gift of a 'little learning,' he was unable to weigh accurately the merits and demerits of theories expounded to him, and his simple, unsuspecting nature was incapable

of subjecting the motives of his ensnarers to a proper test. He read a couple of newspapers devoted to the propagation of the imposture, and became a believer. 'Ever since he began to read them,' says his wife, 'his mind seemed wholly absorbed in them." He neglected his child, and in obedience to the dictates of some of his fellow-maniacs; devoted his evenings to silent contemplation, and sat gloomily brooding over the pretended mysteries. He was told that a steady course of meditation, pursued during a certain period of time, would enable him to penetrate the veil of death, and behold the form of his deceased daughter. Thus acted upon, alternately by his fears, his imagination, and his parental love, the wretched man gradually drooped, grew more and more morose, abandoned his work, seemed unconscious of the existence of his family, and finally resolved to terminate his agony by self-destruction. It is at this point that the dangerous tendencies of this new superstition are the most apparent. His attempt to commit suicide was unsuccessful. Though he contrived to inflict an incision two inches in length on the thyroid cartilage, the surgeon succeeded in bringing the lips of the wound together, and under careful management it is not

impossible that he might have recovered. But he was bent on death. 'He had been influenced,' he said, 'by spiritual manifestation to commit suicide.' When in the hospital, he 'would at times refuse all medicines, spoke of the certainty of death, and seemed desirous to die;' and finally, after a struggle of some hours, he succumbed, 'the cause of his death being exhaustion from mental excitement, and from his wound.'"—*New York, January* 10, 1853.

Yet with a knowledge of these, and other equally glaring instances, so great a country as America allows itself to be ridden over by these demons in human form! Surely it is time for some power to be given to the law, if the law does not already possess power enough, to hurl these professors of imposture far beyond the pale of human society. Whole families brought to ruin, the happiness of many a lovely girl destroyed for ever, the tranquil mind shattered, the firmest nerves unstrung, and the fondest belief shaken! these are but the pastime of a set of wretches, who laugh at the very credulity they create. America is wise, and is cautious enough to frame her own code of legislature, and to take care of the souls of her sons, as far as human precaution can do; therefore, let us speak for ourselves, and in the same manner

as our laws have punished gambling and other traps laid for the unwary, so ought they to be enforced to drive out from their dens every professor of this humbug, now resident in our own kingdom. It is a farce to preach to society, because as long as the world teems with charlatans, so long will the people flock to gaze at their charlatanry—the bull must be taken by the horns. Talk as long as you please to the modesty of female character, or to the youthful imagination of rising manhood, but the curiosity innate in the human composition will beat all that down; and as you cannot drive away the enticed, you must drive away the enticer.

Having given as much serious attention to this matter as our limits will afford, let us dismiss it by laying bare the shameless trickery of the whole system. It cannot be a matter of astonishment to the reader to be told these media live in first-rate style, and keep up the first order of establishments, simply because their receipts from the unwary are something enormous. They have weekly newspapers and monthly publications, all devoted to what they term mental and spiritual developments; and in addition to all this, they have a whole bevy of authors, as we have already catalogued, at their beck and call; in short, if a reader would wish to form some

notion of the extent to which the literary department alone of their business is carried out, he has only to read the following advertisement from a bookselling firm in New York:

"SPIRITUALIST'S LIBRARY.—Partridge and Brittan, New York, have a complete assortment of Books and Periodicals devoted to the facts, philosophy, and advocacy of Spiritualism, which they will supply in any quantity, and on the most favourable terms. We refer to the 'Spiritual Telegraph' for a list of our Books, prices, rates of postage, &c.

"'The Spiritual Telegraph' is a weekly paper, devoted to the elucidation of Spiritual Phenomena, and contains a record of the most interesting facts, &c. A very interesting discussion of the facts and philosophy of the Manifestations, is now in course of publication, between Dr. B. W. Richmond and S. B. Brittan. All the back numbers can be furnished. Subscription price, one dollar and fifty cents per annum. Specimen copies sent free.

"The increasing interest and rapid occurrence of facts, demand more space and additional services, and the 'Telegraph' (Volume II. to commence in May next) will be greatly enlarged, after which the price will be two dollars.

"'The Shekinah,' Volume II. is being issued

monthly, and is devoted to Mental and Spiritual Science. It contains many important facts and profound expositions of the psychological laws on which they depend. Each number contains at least forty-eight pages of original matter, from the ablest contributors, and is embellished with a portrait on steel of some Spiritualist or Reformer. Terms, three dollars per annum.

"The first volume of 'The Shekinah' is elegantly printed and bound, and its intrinsic merits and artistic beauty entitle it to a place in every library. Price, in morocco, lettered and gilt, three dollars; in muslin, two dollars and fifty cents.

"A liberal discount made to the trade. Address

"PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN,

"No. 3, Courtlandt Street, New York.

"New York, February 25, 1853."

The evil day, however, is coming with hasty strides, and the law of retribution may perhaps save any other law a vast deal of trouble. Medium after medium begins to find out that confession is a better trade than imposition; and that the barriers of credulity have been reached. The Fox girls, who began the fun, have been found out, it having been

clearly proved that all their rappings came from their knee-joints! A very pretty trade for young ladies to embark in. Then another of their works of art, which consisted in "table moving," has received the grand *coup d'état*. Dr. Charles Andree, of Bremen, a scientific man of the highest character, recently wrote to the Augsburg "Allgemeine Zeitung," stating that the moving of tables, on the plan of our wonder-mongers, was exciting the greatest attention in the Hanseatic cities, and gave this account of an experiment at which, although incredulous, he was present:

"Eight persons, three men and five women, sat around a mahogany centre-table, weighing some sixty pounds. Their seats were so far apart that there was no contact of their garments to interfere with the process. Their hands were laid gently on the table, their fingers touching so as to form a chain or circle.

"After twenty minutes, one of the ladies could not bear it, and left the table; the others formed the chain again, and after some thirty minutes more the table began to move, first on its axis, and then across the room in a northerly direction, the persons who composed the circle following it; their chairs were removed by some spectators the instant the

movement began. A slight attractive force was felt drawing their hands to the table. After the movement had continued four minutes, it was suggested that the persons should touch each other with their arms, though keeping their hands in the same position. This they did, and the movement stopped. On standing as before, it presently began again. Dr. Andree regards the existence of a current of some sort causing the movement, as demonstrated, and calls upon scientific men to institute experiments for the determination of its nature."

Bravo! However, before Dr. Andree summons any further conclave of doctors upon the subject, we recommend to his most attentive perusal the following statement about tables and their properties, recently submitted to the American public by Professor Mattison.

"Having been called upon by Professor Mattison, in relation to certain tables made by me for parties in this city, I am free to state that I have made two 'medium tables' during the last year; both of which had machinery concealed in them, for producing 'raps'* at the will of the operator. The

* "Parker's Journal," a work of great talent and infinite humour, published the following mode of accounting for these raps, furnished by *one* scientific gentleman:

beds, 1¼ inch thick, were cut out in the centre, so as to admit the machinery, and then carefully

"The only true and legitimate manner of accounting for the taps, is the physiological defects of the membraneous system. The obtuseness of the abdominal indication causes the cartilagenous compressor to coagulate into the diaphragm, and depresses the duodendum into the flandango. Now if the taps were caused by the rogation of the electricity from the extremities, the *tympanum* would also dissolve into spiritual rinctum, and the olfactory would foment and become identical with the pigmentum. Now this is not the case; in order to produce taps, the spiritual rotundum must be elevated down to the spiritual spero. But as I said before, the inferior ligaments must not subtend over the dignitorium sufficiently to disorganize the stericletum."

Which was followed up by the subjoined difference of opinion from another equally learned authority:

"He must dissent *in toto* from the idea that the 'depression of the quotendum into the flandango' could, by any possibility cause the olfactory ossification to ferment and become identical with the pigmentum. He says the thing cannot be done; and after quoting several learned authorities on the subject, winds up the argument by the remark that 'the vibratory motion communicated in the tunica albergonia by the parturition of the areola process effectually disintegrates the pericardic influences of the epigastrium, and produces a compound corpuscular movement of the dymphatic glands; which abnormal and diagnostical state of the nervous system deteriorates a preponderance of the lacteal fluid to the posterior portion of the cerebellum, and predisposes the patient to preternatural distension of the auricular membraneous

covered, so as to leave a hollow, and make the sounds louder. Wires were carried out to the legs of the table, inside the cover, and the legs, by which the machinery was worked. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the machine, and the manner of working it, to describe them in detail; my business was simply to make the tables for the reception of the 'spirits;' and that I have done this in two instances, and am ready to do it in two or twenty more, if I can be paid for it, I am willing to assert. And if people will give a dollar a-piece to hear a little hammer strike inside a table bed, and run crazy about it, is it my fault?

"HIRAM PACK.

"448, Pearl Street,
"New York, March 25, 1853."

We shall now wind up this catalogue of sin and absurdity, by pointing out to the reader one advantage, at all events, of becoming a 'medium,' or having to do with them—which was stated to have been made manifest at St. Louis, in the "Despatch" paper of that city.

orifice, in which case the rappings become painfully and distinctly audible." There, reader, is the whole secret!!!

A young fellow, who from a sneering sceptic had become a believer, retired to rest, after having had his nervous system partially destroyed by the information, through the spirit of his grandfather, that he would shortly become a powerful "medium." He was in his first comfortable snooze, when a clinking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened attentively; the noise still kept on, very like the raps of the spirits on the table! He mustered up courage, and asked:

"Who is there?"

There was no answer, and the noise stopped.

"Anybody there?"

No answer!

"It must have been a spirit, said he to himself, "and I must be a medium. I'll try." Then aloud:

"If there is a spirit in the room, will it please to rap three times?"

Three distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother?"

Three raps!

"Are you happy?"

Nine raps.

"Do you want anything?"

A succession of very loud raps followed!!!

"Will you give me a communication if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"

Loud raps again, in the direction of the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"

The raps then came from the outside of the door. He waited some time for an answer, but none came. The spirit had gone; and after thinking over the extraordinary visit, he turned round, and "addressed himself again to sleep."

On getting up in the morning, in a state almost of bodily nudity, he found that the spirit of his mother had walked off with his breeches,* and the watch and purse he had put in the pockets of them. All things considered, the conclusion

* A little anecdote, though not exactly analogous to this subject, is so exceedingly droll, that we cannot resist telling it. A sheriff's officer came upon the stage of Drury Lane, some years since, with a process against the late Mr. Elliston, but without the least desire to annoy him. After our inquiry if he had much business on hand? he replied: "These d——d lords give one more trouble nor anybody else. There is a pocket-book full of small hexecu-

we have arrived at, is this, that the spirits may be the *rappers*, but the public are decidedly the *tippers*.

tions against Lord ——, but I never could get into his house until to-day. Seeing the maid washing the steps, I asked if my Lord was in—she didn't know, but she'd ask the valet. So I followed her, and soon after followed him, into his Lordship's bed-room. My Lord sprung up, and finding what my business was, cried out, 'You can't touch anything here, for they are all my mother's!' Upon which, I seized hold of his breeches, lying on a chair, and holding 'em up, cried out, 'I suppose these aint your mother's!' As he had not long come home from Crockford's, where he had been a large winner, there was money enough in their pockets to pay all the hexecutions in mine!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST INTERVENTION—NATIONAL GULLIBILITY—KOSSUTH IN NEW YORK — HIS RECEPTION AND ENTERTAINMENT — FOUND IN EVERYTHING, AND FOUND OUT IN THE MAIN THING —ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES INCLEDON—HIS NOTION OF CARRYING OUT A PRINCIPLE—THE DOLLAR EXACTION AND THE ESTABLISHMENT, IN FACT, OF THE INDEPENDENT HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT—CHANCES OF HIS RETURN TO AMERICA — PAYING THE PIPER WITH A VENGEANCE.

It has often been asserted, and to a certain extent has been proved, that England is the most gullible nation under the sun, and that when humbug is at a discount in all other countries, it is generally above par in this. Many occurrences of bygone days, and some existent at the present moment, go a great way towards the

establishment of this assertion upon the basis of truth; but in making such admission, we are not blinded to the fact of America being even more open than the mother country to the glaring impositions of the day. The exigencies of an excitable community must ever be met, some way or other; and if a live lion cannot be procured, why you must pay for the manufacture of one; and it matters very little what kind of one, or who may be the object selected. I shall have to introduce to the reader's attention, before my pen be thrown aside, more than one of the *genus* referred to, and in the meantime it is impossible to select a better sample than Louis Kossuth.

The figure which this Hungarian chieftain cut on the arena of European politics in 1850, opened a wide field for the indulgence of republican principles; and the inculcation of those doctrines being more in unison with the taste of American than of English people, the different reception of this heroic mountebank in the two countries is very easily accounted for. The landing of Kossuth in England, the tom-foolery enacted on his account at Southampton, the failure of any such attempt in London, together with the listless parade in the public streets, and his even more *list*-less

private levees, are matters too well known here to require more than bare mention; they were indicative of public opinion at the time, and their propriety has been fully justified by the issue of events.* In America, however, matters assumed quite another bearing; and without the slightest notion of what Kossuth could do for Jonathan, Jonathan determined to show what he could do for Kossuth. Public harangues in all such matters

* When Kossuth found that there was no game to be played in England, and a very good one to be played in America, amongst other rhodomontade he thus spoke of one scene of the earliest struggles between the two countries, at a reception that was given to him by the authorities of Charlestown, in Monument Square:

"My voice shrinks from the task to mingle with the awful pathos of that majestic orator—silent like the grave, yet melodious like the song of immortality upon the lips of cherubim! a senseless, cold granite, and yet warm with inspiration like a patriot's heart; it looks like a *prophet!* and speaks like an *oracle!* In bowing in adoration, my eyes meet the soil of Bunker Hill—the spirits of the past rise before me—all the spirits of that most eventful *victory*, under the name of *defeat!*"

We have looked up at the said monument very often; but it never gave us an idea of looking in the least like a prophet; and never having heard it speak, or sing, we cannot pass a verdict upon the pathos of its oratory! or the melody of its song! but every drama must have a beginning, and this unexampled specimen of impudent bombast and inflated figure served very well to pave his way to the attainment of his object.

go in reality for nothing, and it is unnecessary, therefore, to bring back to the reader's attention any further part of the false and fulsome stuff that was barked out on the occasion of this national visitation. There would be no fun in that, as it has been too unpleasantly testified; our business is with that portion of the affair in which there is fun, and if we mistake not, a rare lot of it. The community at large, in its private* as well as public capacity, seemed bent upon carrying out Shakspeare's famous aphorism:

"Being as easily led by the nose as asses are,"

and vied with one another for pre-eminence in the race of absurdity. The crowning triumph of all these efforts, perhaps, was the generous determination of the Mayor and Corporation to let in their fellow-citizens for the entertainment of Kossuth and his suite, during their sojourn in this first of

* One of the merchant princes of New York, told me that he was one of six who went to the expense of sending down a steamer expressly to bring Kossuth up to that city; but after hearing his harangue upon the deck of the vessel, he felt perfectly ashamed of himself, and from that moment never saw him, and never expended a single cent upon any misplaced hospitality shown him. Gotham had one wise man, at all events.

American cities. Here's an "intervention" for you, of much more importance to the *Hungry*arians—as one of the Common Council called them—than sending a fleet of steamers, with twenty thousand target-men, to the immediate relief of their oppressed country. Only imagine a set of fellows, whose possible consumption of the good things of this life, when at home, might consist of an occasional slice of doubtful meat, black bread and *Sauerkraut*, with the periodical variation of a pipe, being cast upon the sympathies of a people who think no more of a bottle of champagne, than a Hungarian does of a pint of bad beer! Fancy these marauders attacking the larder of one of the first hotels in the United States, with an appetite that had, most likely, never been appeased before! Can you fancy it? or, what is more to the purpose, can you believe it? To put the matter beyond the possibility of doubt, we give the sceptic full particulars. The "Kossuth Reception Committee," including the Mayor in their number, entered into an arrangement with the landlord of 'Irving House,' in Broadway—not for the expense of a simple public dinner, and there's an end on't, but for the board of Kossuth and his suite during the whole period of their stay

in New York! A bargain was struck at the rate of two dollars a-day per head, the exact amount of which may be arrived at, by a perusal of the subjoined account, transcribed *verbatim*:

Corporation of the City of New York.

To D. D. Howard, Dr.

	DOL.	CENT.
1851—To entertainment of Hungarians, by direction of the Special Committee of the Common Council, from 11th November to the 21st December, 1851.	14,299	87
Deduction, as proposed	1,000	00
	13,299	8
Cr.—By cash	10,000	00
	3,299	87
1852—To board for forty for five days (at which time the Committee stated the Common Council would be no longer responsible) at 14 dollars per week, with sundries, 65 dollars . . .	400	00
Sundries for same time, (cigars, &c.) . . .	39	78
Balance due	3,739	65

New York, January, 5, 1852.

This a copy of a bill furnished to the Corporation, respecting the balance of which, in November last, a strong debate arose in the councils of the afore-

said body corporate. Alderman Smith thought himself much more of a gentleman than Alderman Sturtevant, and moved for payment in full—Alderman Sturtevant doubted Smith's self-appreciation, resisted the fullness of payment, and followed it up by telling Smith that he didn't speak the truth, which led to Smith telling Sturtevant that he—did. However, the bill was ordered to be paid (the whole of the expenses, it is said, amounted to 20,800 dollars)—paid! to uphold a man whose name they are positively ashamed at this moment to mention. It was indescribably droll to hear Sturtevant's account of these beggars' proceedings. It seems they indulged in all the excesses of this go-a-head city—such as going up to the bar in the *morning!* and each man ordering a bottle of champagne to "his own cheek" (*Anglicè*, for his own consumption) and filling his pockets with the best Habana cigars, which cost sixty dollars a thousand; then coming in at noon on a rainy day, and lying down on satin sofas or clean beds, in dirty boots, and other incredible specimens of unadulterated *sang-froid.*

The only "intervention" which has thus far arisen out of Kossuth's visit here, was the intervention of several Aldermen to prevent, if possible, the

payment of the above-recited bill. These warlike gourmands must have gone away, laughing in their sleeves at the extraordinary placidity and generosity of their worthy hosts. Twenty thousand dollars! why that sum would have equipped as many Hungarians, to have fought over again the battle for freedom. Of one thing, however, you may be assured, that there was not a man amongst them who did not prefer the present mode of expending that romantic amount.

We believe it is Mr. Dangle in "The Critic" who says, "Give these fellows a good thing, and they never know how to make enough of it;" a doctrine which seems to have been acted upon by the lionised Louis Kossuth. It was not deemed, apparently, by any means sufficient to have board and lodging found himself and his companions for more than fifty days—that was all very well, as far as the lining of the body was concerned—but the lining of the purse was of still graver consideration; and an expedient was hit upon, which surpasses every notion of empyrics yet concocted. The veriest stroller in "wakes, and fairs, and market towns," the essence of all gagging that an itinerant tumbler ever resorted to, the impudence of every bottle conjuror in existence,

could not, and cannot, equal the splendid scheme created by this Hungarian Dulcamara. He gave a course of lectures or harangues at various places, the admission to which was the purchase, by virtue of an American dollar, of—of what does the reader imagine? A note—"payable on demand one year after the establishment *in fact* of the independent Hungarian Government, at the National Treasury!" "In fact" is a very important part of the undertaking to pay! After the establishment, &c.! why he might just as well have said, "after the day of judgment," while he was about it. A gentleman with whom I have the pleasure of being acquainted, told me that he was conferring with Kossuth shortly before his departure from this scene of profitable spoliation, and that he was forcibly struck by these parting words of the notable chief: "I came here in the hope that your countrymen would assist me in carrying out a great principle; but I find that their only idea of a great principle is a dollar!"* If this be true, both

* Charles Incledon, the famous singer, expressed the same opinion years ago, in America, only in better language. He said: "In my country the first words a child is taught to say, are 'papa' and 'mamma;' but the first word they are made to pronounce here is 'dol-*lar!*"

parties seem to be pretty much of the same notion, after all; for, without saying a word of what Kossuth carried *out*, there is no question of his having carried *off*, a remarkably handsome sum of money. I doubt whether, in the whole routine of the world's gullibility, a stronger instance of it than this can be adduced—attended, moreover, as it has been, by the usual result of all such blind idolatry. The name of the man is almost forgotten, and those who have not forgotten it, wish they had. Those who knelt at his feet would now stamp on his neck, and to sum up all,

"their curses now
Live where their prayers did,"

and finally, the Corporation we have referred to made a bold but unsuccessful attempt to repudiate, in their antipathy, the balance of a bill they had sanctioned in their enthusiasm.

How truly did the Dean of St. Patrick write when he said: "Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few;" and all that has arisen out of the madness of thousands touching this Hungarian question, designated by the lawyers "*in re* Kossuth," has been the gain to himself of a vast sum

of money, and to his followers of a vast quantity of provisions.

These remarks are not written in any political spirit, the writer being far removed both by the absence of position and talent, from anything approaching to a political character. They are the result of observation on the movements of the world, as they pass by in review before the eye, appearing, at all events to us, to possess no small quantity of wondrous drollery. As an ardent admirer of such a patriot as Thaddeus Kosciusko, we can fully comprehend that grand line of Campbell,

"And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell,"

but we certainly do not think that Freedom will do anything of the sort, at least in America, when the champion of Hungary shall join the champion of Poland, and "sleep the sleep that dreams not."

CHAPTER VIII.

PHILADELPHIA AND THE APPROACH TO IT—A SURE PLAN OF FINDING YOUR WAY IN IT — GIRARD'S COLLEGE, AND ITS FOUNDER—A CALIFORNIAN DIGGER AT THE MINT—DIDDLE'S BANK—PENNSYLVANIA DEEMED PARTIALLY A SLAVE STATE—HOW TO GET A GOOD BUSINESS BACK AGAIN—WILLIAM PENN'S ELM—YOUNG AMERICA'S IDEA OF THE WORD "BOY"—TAN-YARD WIT—FRANKLIN'S TOMB—MARKETING—ADVANTAGES OF WEIGHING A POUND OF BUTTER — DELAWARE FISHING—PROS AND CONS OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT—SMOKING IN A CHAPEL—PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY—A MEXICAN GENERAL—THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS—A WORD OF ADVICE ABOUT THEM — THE CHANCES OF REACHING PITTSBURGH—DARKNESS VISIBLE WHEN YOU GET THERE—A GOOD HOTEL TO GO TO, AND AN EXCELLENT PROPRIETOR AS LONG AS YOU ARE IN IT.

It is by no means a pleasant road, nor a pleasant mode of travelling over it, between the two greatest

cities of the United States. A railway through a dull country, over two ferries, and across a dozen rivers, more or less, is neither interesting, agreeable, nor secure. A circumstance which might have turned out fatal will be found recorded in the pages of a subsequent chapter, and the only observation we can add thereto, is an expression of our wonder that such occurrences do not happen more frequently.

You start from the state of New York, and commence your journey in a ferry-boat, without which you could not arrive in the state of New Jersey; and on reaching Camden you have to get into another, without which you could not arrive in the state of Pennsylvania, and in its enormous city, Philadelphia. We presume no one need to be told the full particulars of William Penn and his two thousand followers having landed from England at Newcastle, on the banks of the Delaware, in 1682, for the purpose of pitching on some tract of land where the disciples of his persuasion might retire and pass their days, unmolested by those persecutions which beset them in the mother country. The tract he did pitch upon was granted to him by Charles II., in consideration of services his father, Sir William Penn, had rendered

to the Crown; and from this said grant sprung up, what has turned out to be, the celebrated Quaker City. Its very appearance, to say nothing of that of a large portion of its inhabitants, is neat and demure, as are all matters connected with the professors of that creed. The building of its streets comes under the denomination of right angles, and lying between the Delaware and Schuylkill, they run in parallel lines from river to river; and so unbroken are those lines, that, notwithstanding we individually admire the unique view they present, we can fully understand the feeling of a writer who said "it would be quite a relief if one could get only a glimpse of a crooked lane in them." There is the city "proper," and what the wags call the city "improper," both of which have distinct governments of their own, as they form separate municipalities. The stranger will be considerably puzzled at first to find out the various localities of this huge place, his attention being now directed to South-East-Street, then to North-West Street, one minute to the corner of Fourth and some other, and then to the end of Eighth Street, and so on; therefore whenever you find yourself bewildered, make a bolt for the Central Avenue (Broad Street), and

having got this popular rhyme by heart, keep on repeating it each way from that point, and you'll find out the street you want, for all the principal streets, inward from their respective rivers, verge to it:

"Chesnut, walnut, spruce and pine,
Mulberry, cherry, race and vine!"

Philadelphia, every reader may not know, was the seat of government until the year 1800, when it was transferred to Washington, and from the steps by which you ascend to Independence Hall—a building as dear to this city as Fanueil Hall is to Boston—was first promulgated the Declaration of Independence, drawn up and signed in a chamber at the east end of that old building, a copy of which remains there, the original having been taken to the Patent Office, at Washington. It is not unfrequently called the Key-Stone State, as being the centre one of the original thirteen which subscribed to the Declaration, as will be seen by referring to the six which preceded it to the north, and the sixth who came after it to the south, and as the line of demarcation between the free and the slave states:

1. New York.
2. New Jersey.
3. Massachusetts. } New England.
4. Connecticut. }
5. New Hampshire. }
6. Rhode Island. }
7. PENNSYLVANIA.
8. Delaware. } Slave States.
9. Maryland. }
10. Georgia. }
11. Virginia. }
12. North Carolina. }
13. South Carolina. }

The cleanliness of this vast thoroughfare, owing in a great measure to its excellent draining, is one of its striking characteristics, which, coupled with the uniformity of its buildings, faced with and sometimes half composed of white marble, quarried in some counties at no great distance from the city, imparts an air of neatness and comfort nowhere else so discernible throughout the whole empire.

We shall go no farther into historical or descriptive disquisition than we have done elsewhere. But if we did nothing else, it would be impossible to pass over, unnoticed, one of the most remarkable institutions in that, or any other place—the Girard College.

This immense establishment was called into existence by the benevolence and piety of one man, who from the position of a humble mariner, became probably the greatest and wealthiest of America's merchants. Without entering too minutely into the history of Mr. Girard, we may just say he was a Frenchman, born at Bordeaux, in 1750; that he selected the dominion of Neptune for the exercise of his talents; that at the age of twenty-seven, after being buffeted about from sea to sea, and possessing but small means, he entered the waters of the Delaware, and landed in Philadelphia, becoming shortly after a citizen of the United States. During a long career of active exertion and honourable dealing, Mr. Girard died in 1831, leaving behind him a fortune of 7,500,000 dollars, two millions of which he appropriated for the erection and endowment of this College. This is unquestionably one of the grandest monuments ever erected by man to commemorate his own greatness, while contributing to the advancement of his fellow-men. It was opened on the 1st of January, 1848, and the remains of the founder, which had been temporarily deposited in a Roman Catholic Church, were removed to a sarcophagus built in the vestibule, in front of which stands a full length statue of

himself, said to be a wondrous resemblance. The object of this charity is to clothe, feed, and thoroughly educate three hundred orphan children, at a time; preference being given, first, to orphans born in the city of Philadelphia; secondly, to those born in any other part of Pennsylvania; thirdly, to those born in the city of New York; and, lastly, to those born in the city of New Orleans. We could give a copy of the donor's will, a history of the College, an exact account of its constitution, and everything, in short, of or belonging to the subject matter, but that would be prolixity in the extreme, a dull attempt at book-making, and a dry case of statistics; but having drawn up in his will the exact plan, upon which he desired the Institution to be conducted, we cannot refrain from introducing this singular clause relative thereto:

"I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, minister, or missionary of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatsoever in the said College; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said College. In making this restriction, I do not mean to cast any reflection upon any sect, or person

whatsoever; but as there is such a multitude of sects, and such a diversity of opinion among them, I desire to keep the tender minds of the orphans, who are to derive advantage from this bequest, free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce; my desire is, that all the instructors and teachers in the College, shall take pains to instil into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may from inclination and habit evince benevolence towards their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry, adopting at the same time such religion as their matured reason may enable them to prefer."

We had an opportunity of examining very minutely the whole establishment, and it is not possible for language to say too much in its praise. It is wondrous, indeed, to see such an effort of human industry, and of human charity; and a sight not to be surpassed to behold the urn enfolding the giver's cold remains, in the very temple where so many recipients of his bounty can, after rendering homage to their God, breathe forth their strains of gratitude to so bright a pattern of a true worshipper. In an upper apartment of the building are

deposited the papers, private knic-knacks, books, &c., of this extraordinary man. Not the least remarkable articles among them are the identical clothes—trowsers patched at the knee, and colours all faded—which he was wont to wear, the whole of which, for their intrinsic value, would not fetch five shillings!! Here is one indeed, "who did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame."

You should really go to the Mint, while you are here, inasmuch as it is well worth seeing, and is the only governmental department, which was not removed, we believe, to Washington, when that was nominated the scene of national diplomacy. We were intently occupied in examining every room, and inquiring into the several duties performed in them, under the obliging guidance of the Chief-Coiner, Mr. Franklin Peale. When passing through an office where the precious metal is vended, our attention was arrested by a digger from California, who had arrived there to dispose of his treasure. His countenance, strongly marked, was partially concealed by an extensive straw hat: but not so much so as to prevent our perceiving his dark eye sternly fixed upon each small leathern bag of gold-dust, which from time to time he pulled forth from the pocket of his vest. The earnestness with which

he emptied each bag, the care with which he weighed its contents, the grasp with which he seized the bag again, scraping and fillipping corner after corner, to possess the smallest remaining particle of the talismanic ore, which he had travelled so many thousand miles in search of, was one of the most curious sights we remember to have witnessed. Another singular thing was mentioned to us, when permitted to enter the room where a troop of females were weighing a given quantity of coin. Not only is the floor covered with an iron lattice, operating as a sort of scraper to prevent the least portion of even golden powder adhering to the shoe; but when leaving work, the women are all required to wash their hands, under the surveillance of an overseer, that no adhesion to the fingers, after handling so much money, may be lost: for in the course of one year there has been collected from the dirty-water upwards of four hundred dollars.

> "'Tis gold
> Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
> Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: what
> Can it not do, and undo?"

Every Englishman should look in at the Custom-house—not for the purpose exactly of seeing what

quantity of business is there going on, and the mode in which it is executed—but to have a peep at what was formerly the bank, where Mr. Nicholas Biddle (whose name should have began with a D) issued the notorious Pennsylvanian bonds, that burnt the fingers of so many of our Stock Exchange dabblers—which *may* be paid before the seas go back to their sources, and the earth fades away from the face of creation, but at present there is no symptom of approaching liquidation. It is an imposing building, not of course so "imposing" as this defunct gentleman who directed its affairs, but as they went to a place, the profane denominate by a fearful monosyllable, perhaps—he is at this moment verifying what was said of a celebrated auctioneer.*

Upon the subject of this flimsy-paper issue, which has impoverished and caused so much bitter invective, which has reduced wealth to a bare subsistence, and riches to the depth of poverty, the following epigram was let off:

* When George Robins died, some one observed, in the hearing of the late John Hamilton Reynolds, that his great business would now go to * * * *, to which Reynolds instantly replied: "Then he'll get it again!"

"Pennsylvania is not a slave-state, 'tis known,
But to some sort of slavery clearly is prone;
For all are aware, any question beyond,
If it does not hold serfs, it holds thousands in *bond!*"

We attended one of the Courts of Law, for the purpose of witnessing the trial of an awful miscreant, by the name of Arthur Spring, who, for some years past, appeared to have made murder a sort of pastime, and who on this occasion was arraigned for the slaughter, in a most inhuman manner, of two helpless females. The wretch attempted to fix the crime upon his own son; and without seeing the *sang-froid*, the suppressed titter, the ridicule, and the "pooh!" with which he listened to the revolting evidence which that son was compelled to give against his own parent, you would not deem it possible. We were favoured by Judge Kelly with a seat, to hear him pass sentence on this matchless villain; and, on expressing to a stander-by our surprise, at first, to see so young a man (without wearing any official gown, robe, wig, or cap) dispensing the grave law of life and death, he replied: "Well, look here now, we appoint our judges at that time of his existence when man is supposed to be in full

possession of his faculties, and don't wait as you do, to make a chap a judge, when he hasn't brains enough left to know what he is about."

We heard a bit of ready wit on coming out of the Court. A gentleman, seeing the streets strewed over with tan, to prevent interruption to the business going on inside by the noise of vehicles outside (a precaution such as we adopt to procure quiet in cases of severe sickness), inquired the reason for doing this, when the party he addressed replied, "Oh, there's a man inside, who is not expected to *live long!*"*

Those who travel about the world should leave their disbelief and prejudices behind them, for an indulgence in either one or the other will be sure to mar the pleasure of their progress. If, as it has been said by an illustrious writer, that having—

"stood upon Achilles' tomb
And heard Troy doubted, time will doubt of Rome,"

* We cannot vouch for the authenticity of this other piece of humour in the same Court, but we were assured of the fact. A lad being subpœna'd as a witness, the Judge said: "Put the boy up in evidence." Upon hearing which, young America said: "Who the h—— are you calling a boy? I've chewed 'baccy this two year!"

it is not at all unlikely that succeeding places will undergo the same chance of oblivion and of doubt from succeeding generations; nevertheless, visit a spot in the district of Kensington, where once stood the great elm tree, under which William Penn concluded those negotiations with the Indian chiefs that led to the founding of a colony, which the course of events has turned into the fair city of Philadelphia. The scene has been rendered somewhat familiar by West's fine picture, and therefore any recollection of it will be agreeable.

To us there is an indescribable gratification in going back as far as possible into the source of all that arrests our attention—in arriving at the fountain-head, from which greatness and good have continuously sprung, and in marking thereby what wondrous events the flight of time brings to bear. By trusting somewhat to memory, and something to imagination, you may believe yourself for the moment beneath the umbrageous shelter which covered alike the men of England and those of the Algonquin race, and listening to the peaceful tenets of the self-exiled Quaker, and the compliance of the confiding Indian. That neither one party or the other ever dreamed that conference could

lead to those results which civilization has effected, we can readily believe; but though man may have hewn down the forest, and peopled its locality, he has been unable to alter the course of the Delaware and the Schuylkill, or remove their surrounding mountains; and thus we may re-people the past, and turn fancy into the sternness of reality. In the plenitude of our faith we visited the spot, and we should strongly recommend any wanderer to Philadelphia a similar act of homage.

It will require no stretch of credulity to visit another scene which is peculiarly dear to the memory of an American. Presuming that you have seen, in the Patent-office of Washington, the old-fashioned printing-press at which Benjamin Franklin worked in London, you cannot feel otherwise than curious to see his final resting-place. Though born in New England, he became, at seventeen years of age, an inhabitant of Philadelphia, which he may be considered as having altogether adopted; and to the formation of its literary and other institutions, his wisdom and his patriotism mainly contributed. Well, at the north-west corner of the churchyard of Christ Church, you will behold, covering an unos-

tentatious grave, a marble slab, with these words engraven thereon:

BENJAMIN
AND
DEBORAH
FRANKLIN.
1790.

Beneath this slab repose the bones of the great philosopher—"simplex munditiis," we may well exclaim.

Next to Boston, the city of Philadelphia is one with which an Englishman will be more pleased than with any other in the States; it is *bonâ fide* of English extraction, created by, and enlarged upon, English notions; it has the same order, the same neatness, the same appearance which characterize our own towns, and you feel at home as soon as you put foot in it. One of the most striking features amongst the many which present themselves, is "the Market"—we adopt the singular, though there are several; but *the* one is in Market Street, of an almost incredible length, and presenting an equally incredible nicety of arrangement and cleanliness of appearance. The State of Pennsylvania is famed for its pasturage, and thus the butter and cheese-stalls cut a very conspicuous figure in the

range of this building. We were particularly struck by the manner of a gentleman dressed in full black, followed, as we presumed, by his servant, who seemed intent upon the weight of a pound of butter which we took it for granted he was purchasing, and we felt some degree of astonishment at any one being so exceedingly particular about so very trifling a matter; but passing him again in another part of the market, and perceiving him similarly employed, we inquired into the nature of his occupation, and found that he was neither more nor less than the clerk of the market, whose duty it is to weigh a pound of butter promiscuously selected from every tub that may happen to be brought into it; and if he finds a deficiency of half an ounce, the whole lot of some fifty or sixty pounds becomes forfeited, and its produce goes into the city funds. We could not help feeling the necessity and value of such a precaution at home, where many a stated quantity is shorn of its due proportion, and many a customer thereby defrauded of his natural rights.

One of the grand products of the Delaware is a fish called the shad, a great delicacy, and consequently held in considerable estimation; and being caught, as it were, on the spot, it will be readily understood that the market abounds with them.

We visited one of the scenes of action, where the season's slaughter takes place, and were much interested with the whole proceeding. The parties who rent that portion of the water we were on, pay a considerable annual sum for it. They have a large cottage, or hut, or hovel, or whatever it may be termed, erected on the shore for their fishermen, whom they pay twenty-eight dollars (we understood) a month each, and provide them moreover with every kind of provision, and a comfortable hammock to sleep in. These are swung up aloft, while the lower apartments consist of a room for mealing in, a store-room, and a kitchen, the duties of which were superintended most efficiently by a darkie. We were hospitably pressed to partake of an excellent dinner to which these rough sons of the waters were sitting down, with an assurance of some whisky that could not be surpassed elsewhere. That we felt perfectly certain of, and only regretted that the repast of a friend, at whose house we were on a visit, was waiting our return.

In a bright spring morning, when the early flowers have been just gathered, and retain their natural odour, when fresh vegetables make all "their first appearance this season," when the butchers are arrayed in the whitest of linen aprons and

sleeves, and the venders of butter, milk, eggs, and other domestic commodities, are decked out in their plaited and primitive caps, lawn handkerchiefs, and mittens to meet their long-sleeved gowns, we cannot picture, nor imagine a prettier sight of rustic simplicity.

Considerable discussion from time to time has arisen upon the subject of "solitary confinement"—a species of punishment which is a distinguishing feature of the Eastern Penitentiary of Philadelphia. On the one hand, it is deemed a lenient and safe mode of correcting crime, and on the other, a superhuman principle of torture. Pseudo-philanthropy has become now-a-days a very fashionable propensity, practised to a degree actually amounting to broad farce. At the time that pleasant couple, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, departed this life under an universal impression that they had sent Mr. Patrick O'Connor out of it a short time before, there were those to be found who added to the countless throngs that witnessed the execution, and who the following morning denounced in the public journals the absolute necessity of abolishing capital punishment, and stopping thereby that fearful tendency the people always manifest to be present at such spectacles. At this rate, a man and his wife may dispose of their

lodger by blowing his brains out, and burying his body under the hearth-stone of the kitchen-range; but the olden cry of "blood will have blood, the slayer for the slain," must not be heard; for the mob will flock to such sights, and their habits, already sufficiently depraved, only become more so. Well, then, in this prison they don't hang; you only lock a man up for five or ten years of his life, and keep him entirely to himself, that he may neither become more contaminated than he is, nor contaminate other people.

In comes mawkishness again, roundly asserting that such chastisement is nothing short of a slow but certain process of murder; that it terminates in early death or confirmed lunacy, and stamps altogether the brand of shame on the legislative brow of the country. It is impossible to arrive at the aim of these people, who pander to the very worst habits of the community by admitting—nay, maintaining—that their highest crimes are capable of extenuation. At this rate of going on, we shall shortly find ourselves sitting at table by the side of a fellow who has cut a friend's throat, or taking wine with the forger who has brought a whole family to ruin, or sipping a cup of tea with every patron or professor of petty larceny in one's

parish. By the showing of these scribes, to murder a man outright, and have done with him, is an act capable of palliation; but to murder him by slow degrees (which they deem this), to give him ample time for the repentance of sin and to implore forgiveness, is an act of infamous barbarity, compared to the horrors of which, the wheel and the thumb-screw of the Inquisition were merciful. We did hear that, contrary to the opinion of the authorities, some alteration in the system upon which this Penitentiary is conducted was about to be effected; but not under the slightest idea that any of the results depicted by these precious pseudo-philanthropists were at all likely to occur.

While thus roving about from "gay to grave, from lively to severe," we must caution any sojourner in this bright spot against committing, *seriatim*, a supposed error into which we fell, intentionally, by way of joke. Having obeyed the summons of one of the most charming families this city contains to accompany them to mass, to hear some good music, we were witnesses to the ceremonies with which the affair wound up; and in referring to the eddies of what Johnson calls "visible effluvium," that were whirling round the high altar and parts adjacent, we observed to a neighbour: "We had no idea

that smoking was allowed in a Roman Catholic chapel!" "What *do* you mean?" said the astounded disciple; "that's not smoke, it's incense!"

But after all the preamble and peroration into which we have entered, to know Philadelphia well, you must know its people, enjoy their society, partake of their hospitality, join in their pursuits, and cultivate in every possible degree their valuable acquaintance. The first means of accomplishing this, is to go up to the western extremity of Chesnut Street, and gazing upon the dullest-looking house in all that vast thoroughfare, you will instantly come to the conclusion that it is an hospital or alms-house, for such it appears to be; but get an introduction to the proprietress of it, Mrs. Rush, and the doors of one of the stateliest mansions ever erected will be thrown open to you. In selecting, for mention by name, any particular member of private society, we may be pardoned when that one holds almost the position of a public character. This lady is a *millionaire* resident of Philadelphia, whose husband, Dr. Rush, is brother to a former Minister at the Court of St. James's, and she is "the observed of all observers," as may readily be imagined. Of Mrs. Rush's taste and acquirements some idea may be formed in an examination of the

palace in which she resides; but they may be more generally understood, when we state that she is one of the most accomplished women of the day, a ripe scholar, an extraordinary linguist, a good musician, and a general student. Beneath her fretted and golden roof, the wealthy and the wise, the young and the beautiful, the robust and the gay, assemble from all parts, on any of her grand galas; while to her weekly levees every Saturday, not merely the inhabitants known to her, but the stranger that is within their gates, flock, and are courteously received—in short, to live in Philadelphia, and not know Mrs. Rush, is to argue yourself unknown.

One might be pardoned, with equal propriety, for bringing into what further notice these light pages can give him, so eminent a character as General George Cadwallader, one of the most distinguished of American citizens. It is said there is no end of his wealth—certainly there is none of his hospitality; and that he is *le plus brave des braves*, the annals of the Mexican War can furnish ample testimony. Neither have we the same reserve we feel in so many other instances, when we single out Mr. Pierce Butler (the General's brother-in-law), whose various accomplishments, suavity of manner,

and noble principles, won him so much esteem when he visited England, and where an universal sympathy for his ill-assorted marriage prevails with all who have the pleasure of knowing him. Having been brought for the time being into an unenviable notoriety in matters connected with that branch of public life, in which he had been happier had he never associated, we shall have occasion to make a slight reference to him in another chapter, and now simply mention him as another amongst a long list, whom all who visit the city of brotherly love should endeavour to know. It is a place of pleasantness all over; it has one of the pleasantest clubs, with some of the pleasantest members a club can be composed of. The principal conductors of its journalism demonstrate how pleasant men of high literary attainments can be; in short, to steal a holy thought from a holy volume, "its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace." By the margin of its fine rivers we have strolled, and thought over all these things; and we shall think of them for many a long day to come, bearing in mind, and acting upon its principle, the concluding stanza of the Hibernian lyrist on the same scene of enchantment:

"The stranger is gone, but he will not forget
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,
To tell with a sigh what endearments he met,
As he roved by the waves of the Schuylkill alone!

If you want to go from Philadelphia in a westward and then a north-westward direction, as circumstance or inclination may determine, it is a puzzle which route to select, where the perils of travel least abound. If you return to New York, and proceed *viâ* that city to Buffalo, and thence onward towards Ohio, you have to recross the Rancocus Creek, and other watery cemeteries we have written elsewhere upon; and then to dash across the Hudson River, skimming the top of that uncertain element for nearly 160 miles; if you think of the Cumberland and Ohio Railway, you will think also of last April;* and then you have only one other horror to approach, and that is, the Alleghany Mountains. We therefore determined to approach them, and took the railroad cars for Pittsburg. The danger which so many associate with the travel over them, from the fact of the heaviest trains being propelled by ropes up and down inclined planes, in which progress

* See the article on travelling, chap. xii.

the snapping of a cord might hurl numbers to immediate perdition, is to our way of thinking no danger at all, compared with that which seems impending over more than 200 miles of ground before you reach them, and after you have turned your back upon them. There is no question of one thing, that should the ropes break, the passengers would also break—their necks; and it is impossible to deny that it is a complete case of travel-terror; but look at the prospective and retrospective view. One moment the road lies over bridges thrown across precipices more than 150 feet high, then on rails laid down round mountain passes, whence the slightest curve might send one into the realms of space. The guage of the track being narrow, and the sides of the cars projecting over the wheels, you rarely see from the windows of either any portion of the road, the eye encountering, at an immense depth below you, either rapid rivers, deep ravines, forests hanging midway down, or glens even below them. It gives you some idea of sailing in the air; and if the mind could be thoroughly divested of apprehension, the panorama around you so surpassingly beautiful, would charm you.

The best thing we can do, before we say anything more upon the subject, is to give the traveller this piece of advice:

Before you cross over the Alleghany mountains,
Be sure that you settle all your little countings
With wife, with parent, sister, or with brother,
In *this* world, at all events,
Lest any of the small events
Which happen up there should send you to the *other!*
If you've done any wrong, immediately redress it,
Or committed any sin, immediately confess it—
If you haven't paid your washing, or any little bet,
You certainly will rue it,
For after you've paid Nature's debt,
'Twill be too late to do it!

Without going into every particular,
If you should be thrown down
Rocks, at the least half a mile perpendicular,
If you crack nothing else, you'll of course crack your crown!
Then 'twould make your eyeballs stare,
And all your flesh quiver,
To find yourself suddenly hanging by the hair
From the branches of a tree hanging o'er a river!

Then let us ask you, is it not abhorrent
From nature, to feel you've only one leg remaining,
And, soused over head and ears, borne down a torrent,
After the other with all your might straining?

To be drawn up by a team
Of ropes, instead of steam,
Is a novel way, and not a very pleasant one—
But it is not a matter of selection,
Or rejection,
For of other modes of travelling there is not, at the present, one.
[Nota bene. We hope,
Without the least offence, that we may say,
If it is to be our lot
To go out of the world by virtue of a rope,
Pray is it not
Best to do so at once by the regular way?]

Then,
A very hollow glen,
And a very deep ravine,
Are all very well if at distance they are seen.
But here there's nothing at all romantic in it,
For you're rolled into either in a minute!

The rover
On the top of a mountain, and a misty 'un,
Would be sorry to see
From its summit e'en a donkey thrown over;
Then pray what must be
His feelings, when this happens to a Christian?

No—no!
Do not go!
For if your thoughts aspire,
By going so much higher

To breathe the purer air
Which circulateth there,
It is much more like to choke you,
From the rapid rate they drive at,
And, the end ere they arrive at,
In some deep morass they'll soak you.

Or, should you idly dream
Of finding in those regions
Of fairies bright-wing'd birds, and flowers, legions—
All lovely things that have their birth
In sweet localities above dull earth,
And which so spotless seem,
That nothing e'er can harm, and nothing grieve 'em—
Whoever tells you so, do not believe 'em—
For neither warblers, plants, parterres, or fountains,
Are ever to be found among the Alleghany Mountains!

When we arrived at the "summit," we had the pleasure of resting there three hours, owing to a car which preceded ours, full of luggage and goods, having broken down right across our path; and shortly after we were relieved from this difficulty, and night had hospitably drawn her curtains round our heads, at a distance of sixty miles from our destination, and in a desolate spot where no immediate assistance could be rendered, one of the pipes of our engine broke. Well, to cut the matter short, instead of reaching Pittsburg at six

in the evening, we alighted there at half-past two in the morning, where the only refreshment to be obtained, was a remnant of candle to light you into bed.

We told you, some time ago, that New York was *one* of the dirtiest places we ever happened to have been in, but the Iron City (as Pittsburg is called), this "Birmingham of America," throws it completely into shade, being the dirtiest spot, we presume, under the sun. On a clear day, when that sun can penetrate the dense smoke in which the city is generally enveloped, the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, which by their union form the Ohio, with the fleet of floating citadels (the steam-boats of the western waters*) lying on them, at their moorings, and the mountains rising around them on either side, are sights as marvellous as any in this land of marvels. But the quarries of coal, which form

* How far a traveller may like to sail on these waters, is his own affair; but we may just as well observe, for his guidance, that, by a Congressional return, it appears that up to the year 1849 there had been lost on them (principally on the Mississippi) 736 vessels, 419 of which were lost by snagging; and in one year, ending July 1, 1851, there had been lost, 69, and the ascertained loss in money amounted to $18,342,320!

the strata of these mountains, their consumption in the city for the boundless manufacture of iron, and other things, together with blazing furnaces and their incessant blastings, for ever here at work, render "darkness" the chief thing really "visible."

At a distance from this funereal scene of action, in a retired rural spot, we passed some happy hours with a valued friend and his family, there resident, from which locality may be seen as much verdant beauty as was ever offered up at the shrine of May. And it is indeed a singular sight to gaze upon hills clothed in all the gaudy attire of nature, even up to their very summits, at the moment such masses of bitumen are, day by day, extracted from their interiors. We should have seen all this wonderment sooner, and have staid to look at it longer—in *our* May—that period of life, when fancy is ever as bright as the fields, and reality little thought about; for, as a delightful poet,* resident in this city, has beautifully sung,

> "Oh, life! it is far too brief,
> And you waste its spring in bowers of ease,
> And its autumn in cells of grief!"

* Mr. Shiras.—It is not often the case that a manufacturing town can boast of great literary pretension; but, without for-

We have, hereafter, said a few words on the construction and accommodation of the stupendous steamers which lie at their ease (until their turn of departure arrives) along the banks of the Monongahela river, and nothing can be added to that account; but having a little call to make in the neighbourhood—at Cleveland, in the State of Ohio, only 100 miles off—we got up early one fine morning, dashed the "blacks" from our eyes, and the soot from our visage, which the dark city never failed to leave there, and departed from one of the best hotels in the Union (Monongahela House), conducted by the most obliging of proprietors (Mr. Crossman), having fully made up our minds to sleep upon the waters of Lake Erie, on the margin of which the forest city of Cleveland abuts; and having done what we intended to do, we shall by-and-bye inflict upon your patience some account of what we *did* do.

getting our own renowned bard of Sheffield, and the famous Corn-Law Rhymer, the genius of Mr. Shiras, of Pittsburg, is one that any city, in any country, may be proud of.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GROWTH OF CITIES—THEIR ROMANTIC TITLES—LOG CABINS —DANIEL WEBSTER AND GENERAL HARRISON — TRADE OF THE FAR WEST—THE MANCHESTER OF OLD ENGLAND, AND THE MANCHESTER OF NEW ENGLAND—WONDROUS STATISTICS —A MODEL FACTORY GIRL—BALTIMORE AND ITS MONUMENTS —DUCK SHOOTING AND ITS DELIGHTS—POACHING EXTRA-ORDINARY—STREET SHOOTING—ORIGIN AND ANECDOTE OF A BOWIE-KNIFE—PRETTY GOOD SPECIMENS OF PERSONALITY— ITS CONSEQUENCES—SCENE IN A LAW COURT—COCKTAILS AND COFFINS—MOVING A HOUSE, AS WELL AS ITS FURNITURE —WORKING DOUBLE TIDES.

THE growth of cities, towns, villages—places coming under any denomination you please—forms one of the most remarkable features in the history of America. Some of the great cities (or the principal ones, amongst which we have already

delivered a few comments), are thus romantically designated:

New York	is called	The Empire City.
Philadelphia	„	The Quaker City.
Boston	„	The Pilgrim City.
Baltimore	„	The Monumental City.
Washington	„	The City of Magnificent Distances.
New Orleans	„	The Crescent City.
Pittsburg	„	The Iron City.
Chicago	„	The Prairie City.
Cleveland	„	The Forest City.
New Haven	„	The City of Elms.

and so on. If we were to take you farther a-field, into the States of Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan, we could submit to you a statistic account with which we were favoured; wherein it will be found, as a fact admitting of no question, that half a century since there were not in them all 50,000 inhabitants, and the log-cabins* of the enterprising pioneer and frontier

* When General Harrison was candidate for the office of President, and some imputations were cast upon him from his having been born in "a log-cabin," the late Daniel Webster thus retorted upon those worthless sarcasms:

"Gentlemen,

"It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make dis-

settlers, in this wondrous stretch of territory, stood at very respectable distances. There were in those,

tinguished origin matter of personal merit, or obscure origin matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition.

"Gentlemen,

"It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, but my eldest brothers and sisters were born in one, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, as that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted for ever from the memory of mankind!"

comparatively speaking, recent days, but about 5000 acres of improved land in all these States; while their prairies and forests, their rivers, and lakes, were mostly in the undisturbed possession of the untamed savage; and the Indian trail, the bark canoe, and the bridle path, were the only means of internal communication. At this moment these five States have a joint population of 4,500,000, have 44 representatives in Congress, raised (in 1850) 40,000,000 bushels of wheat, 177,000,000 bushels of corn, and made 24,000,000 pounds of cheese, and 67,000,000 pounds of butter; with Macadamized roads, canals, and railroads; with myriads of splendid steamers plying upon their rivers and lakes, and telegraphic communications between all their chief cities and towns, as well as other parts of the Union; with churches, colleges, school-houses, and innumerable public institutions, which meet the eye wherever vision wanders.

To conduct the reader to all those portions of this vast empire, where its growth has made such a huge stride, would be in reality to take him over the whole extent, for the spirit of improvement has broken out in all directions. Look only at the growth of Cincinnati, Chicago, and Milwaukie,

in the western hemisphere, and then hurry back to Boston, Lowell, and Lawrence in the north, skipping over hundreds of intermediate places similarly circumstanced. Why, twenty years ago Cincinnati could only lay claim to 25,000 inhabitants, but by the census of 1850 its population amounted to 115,338! Chicago in 1832 contained only five small stores, and was inhabited by 250 souls—eighteen years after (1850) it had a population of 30,000! while Milwaukie which in 1834 consisted of only two log-houses, in 1850 had a population of 22,137! Then East Boston, in 1830, exhibited the desolate aspect of a barren island, with one solitary fisherman's hut upon it, while at this moment it presents the appearance of a large city, with extensive warehouses, wharfs, shipping, &c., and a population of 12,000! But even these are less wonderful than the "growth" of Lowell, termed the "Manchester of America," and a proud rival of the great original, if you take into consideration the respective ages of the manufacturing town of Old England, and then that of New England. In 1820 Lowell was only peopled by 200 inhabitants. The first purchase towards the establishment of manufactories here was in 1821; the first piece of cloth was woven in 1823; it

became a city in 1836; and, at the present writing, has a population of 35,000. We should strongly advise the cotton lords of our own land to look over this wonderful table of statistics of Lowell manufactures, and learn to lower their haughty crests an inch or two.

There are other manufactories in this city than those specified above, of a value of £1,500,000, employing a capital of £400,000, and about one thousand five hundred hands. It is not, however, the vast extent of these manufactories that we would desire so specifically to talk about, as it is with reference to those extraordinary establishments erected for the comfort, the nourishment, and the morality of those who work in them—the boarding-houses.

The reader will have directed his attention to the wages of the operatives, male and female, the payment of which (board and wages) is monthly, and which, after allotting to these houses the sum apportioned for the maintenance of their inmates, leaves an average sum of some eight shillings a-week to females, and eighteen shillings a-week to males, as unincumbered wages. These tenements present an appearance of uniformly built rows of houses, modestly but comfortably furnished, where

a wholesome table is provided, and every possible precaution taken to protect the unsuspicious, and the innocent nature of early youth. When the toil of the long, heavy day is over, the wearied labourer does not retire to the dirty cottage, the squalid hovel, the enervating beer-house, and other filthy purlieux, that, in most manufacturing towns we could name, are the places of their resort for spending their means and misspending their time; but to an abode fit for any member of the middling classes of life, where the strictest order and decorum are preserved. None but operatives are allowed to live in these houses; their doors are closed at ten o'clock in the evening, and no one is admitted after that time. The keepers of these houses must give an account, as often as required, of the numbers, names, and employment of all inmates, and must report the names of all who are guilty of improper conduct, or are not in the constant habit of attending public worship. These and other useful regulations are strictly enforced, whereby the factory girl becomes a pattern to her sex; and turns out, after years of hard work, a model fit to become the wife of any respectable man, or an example by which he may direct one. Don't run away with any absurd prejudice, or any stuff of that kind; but

read all this, digest its matter, and then, ye sons and daughters of the loom in some parts of Old England, either blush yourselves, or get somebody else to blush for you.

But to what lengths are we suffering ourselves to be led, about other people and places, when, in the growth of cities, we are anxious to say a few words about another, which has swollen, in the period herein chronicled, from a population of eighty thousand to one of one hundred and seventy thousand! We mean Baltimore, drolly christened the City of Monuments; for no reason that we could learn, beyond the fact of there being exactly one monument and a half in its precincts—it not being, elsewhere, the habit to call cathedrals, churches, institutions, universities, schools, &c., by any but their right names. Baltimore, however, is a delightful place, either for a man of bustle and business, or a man of quietude and pleasure; for the one will find himself in a flourishing port of entry, of immense traffic, of numerous manufactures, and about the largest market for tobacco and flour in the Union, while the other may enjoy all the advantages of its several literary and scientific institutes, roam about the exquisite scenery of the surrounding country, or at the proper season go

and revel in the far-famed sport of duck-shooting, the very mention of which sets American mouths watering, and would those of other people if they could attack them in equal perfection.

We are not going to enter into any ornithological history of the duck tribe, nor into any minute account of the various modes adopted to possess these doomed devils; and therefore it will be only necessary to say that amongst them the genus the canvas-back takes precedence of all others, from its exquisite flavour; then comes the red-head, and after that the black-head, the bald-pate, the mallard, and the dipper. They feed upon the wild celery or grass, which is only to be found in this particular region. The usual period of their arrival is in October, and that of their departure in March, but sportsmen will tell you that canvas-backed ducks, unless shot between the middle of December and the middle of January, are not worth eating. The legitimate mode of shooting these birds is from the interior of a sort of pen, called a blind, so obscured by grass or underwood as to prevent the temporary inhabitant being visible; but the unsportsman like gunner will resort to the decoy method of sending painted wooden ducks out into the stream, where they are soon joined by a flock of real ones, and then wholesale slaughter

begins. Tolling, netting, coffin-boats, &c., constitute other illegal modes of sporting, which end very frequently in the practisers of such unworthy methods getting as many pellets into their own legs, or those of their dogs, as they drop into the corporeal system of their unsuspecting victims. The battle-ground lies along the banks of the Potomac and Susquehana rivers, the chief locality of which is Maxwell's Point, about seventeen miles from Baltimore, and the principal proprietor thereof is General George Cadwallader, one of the wealthiest, the bravest, and the best of Pennsylvania's sons, whose courtesies we shall ever remember with affectionate respect in thinking of those days, as we have already observed,

"When we roved by the waves of the Schuylkill alone."

The cockney may be intimately acquainted with many of the luxuries of this pleasant world, but he has yet to learn the genuine taste of a canvas-back duck, unless he has partaken of one at the house of Mr. Ricketts, on the Point.

There is good shooting *in* the city of Baltimore, as well as outside of it; for, while lolling on the steps of our hotel (Barnum's), our attention was directed to those of an opposite one where a man had

been standing; and another who had "a suspicion well grounded" that the delinquent had taken undue liberties with the petticoat part of his property, aimed at him in open day, and brought him down as if he had been a red-head! Maryland is the first of the Slave States, going south, consequently the "Free" there very often make more free than welcome, and the gun and bowie-knife* are in

* A circumstance, connected with this fearful instrument and its inventor, is of too marked a character to be passed by. James Bowie, a planter on the Red River, invented this alarming weapon (to which he gave his name), to enable him to resist the incessant incursion of the Indians, and to walk over his estate with some comparative degree of safety. All his wondrous achievements would, by narration, lead us into greater lengths than this slight publication aims at; but it is impossible to omit mention of one. A neighbouring planter (a Spaniard) had become so offensive to Bowie, through political and other offences, that he was apprehensive, having to pass his estate every evening, he might in some fine twilight have "a sword run through his thigh, or a bullet lodged in his thorax;" and he therefore openly defied him to mortal combat in any manner most agreeable to him, whether with rifles, guns, blunderbusses, pistols, &c., loaded after the most approved fashion. His cartel was refused—until the Spaniard, finding himself universally branded as a coward, and the finger of scorn pointed everywhere against him, sent Bowie word he would fight him with his own invented knives, each naked, and strapped down by thongs to a tressel—scarcely imagining that Bowie would accept such a wild and barbarous mode of defiance. He little knew his man,

constant requisition. We do not wish it to be understood that this private "ball practice" is confined to the city of Baltimore—certainly not, Sir; for a very lively specimen thereof occurred, a little before our visit to Washington, in *that* city. The following poster, which speaks for itself more than we can speak for it, adorned one fine morning the city walls devoted to the purposes of public exposure; and we question whether such a composition had ever before made its appearance in the

for Bowie *did* accept it; and the combatants met, accompanied by five-and-twenty friends on each side. After being well strapped down, and parrying some time, the Spaniard stuck his knife through the fleshy part of Bowie's left arm, whose natural strength was such, that, in the desperate and determined clutch of his fist, he was enabled to hold his adversary's weapon fast between the sinews and bone of that arm. He then grasped his own knife, and with an effort of almost superhuman strength plunged it into the bowels of his opponent, and, as the bleeding sergeant related of Macbeth,

"Unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,"

when—to use Bowie's own words—"as he belched forth his entrails" in a wild shriek of agony, Bowie simply said (his own knife in his right hand, and the expiring Spaniard's still sticking in his left arm), "Now, gentlemen, unthong me!" The original instrument (the blade of which is 12¼ inches long, and 1¼ inch wide) that did the deed, is now in the possession of Edwin Forrest, to whom Bowie gave the steel, and narrated the story.

garb of the English, or any other language. We here give a copy of it, *verbatim,* just as it figured on the posters, and in the newspapers:

NOTICE!

JAMES W. SCHAUMBURG,

A COWARD, LIAR, AND SWINDLER.

In my efforts to collect a claim justly due to me from JAMES W. SCHAUMBURG, I have fully realized the fact that I have had to deal with a mean and unprincipled man—*a liar, swindler, coward and poltroon.* To bandy epithets with this man is not to my taste. I inflicted personal chastisement upon him, under which he crouched like a servile cur, only to re-enact the braggart when escaped from my blows. I would speak of him in terms that self-respect suggests, could such language describe him; but it will not. He is, though strutting in places frequented by gentlemen, too contemptible to admit of the application to him of the language I would, were it possible, with pleasure address, or use in relation to him. He is now in this city for the purpose of prosecuting what he terms a 'claim for reinstatement in the Dragoon Corps of the Army;' but it cannot be that honorable

corps will ever again be disgraced by the association of such a despicable and dastardly creature. To make manifest the justice of these remarks, I submit to the public the following allegations, which I shall, in a short time, sustain by abundant proof, in a small pamphlet, viz.:

1st. He is a coward, because he dared not resent a flogging given him by Lt. N——, of the Navy, at the National Hotel. 2d. He is a liar, because he stated in a note to the editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger* that he "had no difficulty with Mr. Fuller at the National Hotel," and which was duly published in that paper. And further, during the time he was suffering under my castigation, he promised to pay me a bill for board, and afterwards denied it. 3d. He is a swindler, because upon false representations he succeeded in obtaining bed and board, wines, liquors and cigars from my father and myself (A. Fuller & Co.) at the City Hotel and the Irving Hotel, to a very large amount, knowing that he never meant to pay for the same. And finally, James W. Schaumburg is a *lying braggart — a backbiting knave, who after sweating under my castigation for twelve long months,* endeavoured to disparage me by a vile, odious, cowardly *publication.* I take occasion to make this publication in advance

of the pamphlet, because I desire to put hotel keepers, boarding-house keepers, and tradesmen on their guard against this 'Jeremy Diddler.' Whether he is accustomed to an alias or not, I am unable to say, but I think it proper to give a brief description of him. He is about six feet high—a form well made up by tailors, and always very fancifully dressed, in a style between the Beau Brummell and the B'hoys—large savage gray whiskers—a large burn on his face, caused by falling into a pot of boiling taffy when a child—small gray eyes, deeply set in his head, so small and insignificant, indeed, that they are hardly to be seen—hat set on his head 'à la Mose'—a small cane in his hand, the scarecrow of all the little boys whom he happens to meet; and so he swaggers up and down the Avenue, the ridicule of men and the disgust of women.

EDWARD H. FULLER.

Personality ought at all times to be avoided; and above all personality of this awful character. The consequence was, that James Schaumburg kept a sharp look-out for Edward Fuller; and meeting him, deliberately shot him in the streets. Fuller lay in tortures for weeks, during which period Schaumburg lay in jail; but when one got out of

danger, the other got out of prison, and having been bailed, in case he should be "wanted," we met him in the streets of Philadelphia, as gay as a lark—*mais il faut revenir à nos moutons*. Baltimore is a mighty pleasant place; women of beauty, and men of heart and hospitality illumine its streets, and impart a charm to its houses; it has one of the best clubs in America, within whose walls the stranger is most warmly welcomed, and where wit and humour are superabundant. A worthy member came in from one of the law-courts, and related to us this piece of absurd dialogue between lawyer and delinquent:

LAWYER.—Will you, on your solemn oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?

DELINQUENT.—I reckon not.

LAWYER.—Does it resemble your handwriting?

DELINQUENT.—Yes, I think it don't.

LAWYER.—Will you swear it don't resemble your writing?

DELINQUENT.—Well, I do, old head.

LAWYER.—Then you take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours, in a single letter?

DELINQUENT.—I guess I do.

LAWYER.—Now, Sir, how do you know?

DELINQUENT.—'Cause I can't write!

After one hearty laugh, our friend said: "of course you know that Baltimore is famous for cocktails,* so let us go and have a couple." We did so, and then indulged in another fit of merriment as loud as the former.

We began this chapter with some account of the growth of cities, and the increase of inhabitants and habitations all over this leviathan land; and we will close it with an account of one brief mode, at all events, by which this enlargement and "location" of dwellings is brought about. They do nothing on a small scale in America; their territory is large and their ideas are as large as their territory; their hotels are built as if they were meant to hold one half of the people, and their steam-boats as if designed to carry over their rivers and lakes the other half. A man of dollars they think little about, and only begin to talk about

* The most absurd request for this beverage we ever heard of, occurred at New Orleans, at that fearful period, when the visitation of the cholera was decimating its population daily, ay, hourly, A waiter ran up to the bar of the St. Charles Hotel, and gave this order, in the usual rapid, curtailed mode of delivery these personages indulge in. "Two brandy cocktails for No. 24, a gin-flip for No. 26, and a coffin for No. 29; the two first are in a hurry—t'other can wait!"

him when he is master of millions. They build up fabrics on a most gigantic scale one year, and seeing a mode of turning them to better account, they pull them down the next year, and re-erect them on a still more extensive plan.* In our quiet country

* At the village of Westerley, in Washington County, Rhode Island, they have a very singular mode of doing things twice over. One half of the inhabitants are Seventh-day Baptists, who, believing Saturday to be the real Sabbath, keep it with becoming solemnity, and abstain from all kind of work. The other half entertain a different belief, and keep holy Sunday as the actual Lord's day, when they rest from *their* labour. Consequently there are two Sabbaths in one sense of the word, and not one in the other, for on each day the disciples of the opposite creed open their stores, hammer away in their manufactories, and to the quietude of conscientious religion, exhibit all the noise and bustle of business, a circumstance which gave rise to the following epigram:

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

The Sabbath thou must holy keep—
  This precept ever bear in mind—
When thou must tend nor ox, nor sheep,
  Nor labour do of any kind!

Not knowing which day they should preach,
  The Westerley "devout" keep two!
And labour not to lose, on each
  They "do all that they have to do!"

we think it a great effort, and at all times an unpleasant one, to move one's *furniture;* in America they think nothing of moving their *houses!* Throughout the republic, and especially in New England, even the principal erections are of wood; the houses, the pavement of the streets, the fuel, &c., all, in fact, but the people, are wooden. Forests are there what clay-pits and coal-mines are here; and the chief commodity of each country is necessarily called always into requisition. We have seen a ten-roomed house moving off, not exactly at full gallop, but at as stately a pace as if going to attend a funeral. At Milwaukie, one of the cities just referred to, a gentleman told us, that, seeing an auction going on in an empty hotel, he inquired of a looker-on how it happened that so large a concern was selling off its stock? The answer was that "he didn't know; that for the last five or six years it had been changing its street once a year! but no change of situation seemed to do it any good." "Changing its street?" exclaimed our informant. "Yes," said the other, "and next week it is going to try South Street!" which turned out to be the fact. The same party told us that the upper end of Centre Street, in New York, required widening some years since; but as a fine block of buildings

obstructed the proposed alterations, they cut it in two, and moving one half to the other side, newly faced each division, and they formed two very respectable sides of the street!

> "Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer cloud
> Without our special wonder?"

Certainly not; but wondering does not alter the business. Only imagine the bare possibility of going to rest some evening quietly in the Strand, and finding yourself the following morning up at the other end of Oxford Street! They are not satisfied with taking your bed from under you, but they take your house, your bed, and all! We do not use these words in their literal sense, because we never yet heard of an American who would not much rather give you a bed than take one away from you. We speak perhaps somewhat tropically, but at the same time we speak of things that have been and that are in operation. Sceptics there will be unto the end of time, and in all such cases the only sure way of solving a doubt is to do exactly what we did, stranger—open your purse-strings, cross the Atlantic, and you will very speedily have occasion to open your eyes.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. STOWE — UNCLE TOM'S CABIN—MORE THAN ONE "KEY TO IT"— ENGLISH GULLIBILITY OUT-HERODING HEROD—THE "SUTHERLAND" MANIFESTO, AND "EX-PRESIDENTIAL" REJOINDER—PROS. AND CONS. OF SLAVERY—THE WHITE SLAVE, AS WELL AS THE BLACK ONE—DR. PARKER—TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION—"THERE'S NO HARM IN A GUINEA"—THE BEST MODE TO STOW ANY QUANTITY OF THEM AWAY.

ANY one writing at the present moment upon America, or on things at all connected with that country, and not mentioning Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, would lay himself open to a charge of high crimes and misdemeanours. If there be certain objections against the name and the subject-matter connected with it, in very numerous classes, it carries with it a talismanic effect in others, and of

a verity their name is legion! The view we take of the whole business may probably differ, at the threshold, from that entertained by either one party or the other; but acting upon the principle which invariably guides us, we shall speak out at the risk of giving offence. We have never entertained, from the very onset, but one opinion of the object of the publication now under consideration, deeming it the result of a general movement amongst our old undying friends, the Saints, whose energies in America have been ceaseless, despite defeat, occasional oppression, evil and good report, since the memorable twenty-second of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and twenty ——, when a goodly detachment of them first set foot upon Plymouth rock, in the State of Massachusetts, commonly called in that and other parts of New England, Forefathers' Day!

The first position to take up, is the work itself; the next is to enter upon the immediate reason of its publication. Mrs. Stowe says:

"The object of these sketches is to awaken feeling and sympathy for the African race, as they exist amongst us; to show their wrongs and sorrows under a system so necessarily cruel and unjust, as to defeat and do away the good effects of

all that can be attempted for them, by their best friends under it."

Had this been the sole motive which actuated Mrs. Stowe, in sending forth "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the sensitiveness of the world, we should be the first to render homage to her intentions; but we do not believe one syllable of such assertion. The first aim of the authoress, or of the party by whom she had been egged on to the commission of this offence, was to enlist the sympathies of the Church, and array them in open hostility to the established institutions of her country; running the awful risk and incurring the fearful responsibility, of disuniting that bond which links together the electric chain of thirty-one united states; and the second drift was that of self-aggrandisement and reward.

It was a question at one time, whether this glaring attempt of religious fanaticism would not have been crowned with success, arising out of the fearful agitation to which it gave rise—until at length the better judgment of the community at large was aroused, and their decision has received recent confirmation from the highest authority, as will be hereafter shown. "Abolition *versus* Slavery" is a reckless game to play, taking into

necessary calculation the serious consequences that must arise from even a partial triumph in the struggle; and these consequences might be more perilous than all the speciousness of Mrs. Stowe's party could foresee, or any subsequent reaction on either side could prevent.

The book of this priestess is one far more of fiction than of fact, conceived in a coarse spirit, and executed in a vulgar style; and "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has cunningly followed it, only makes the matter infinitely worse. Supposing that every syllable therein submitted to our perusal, were strictly true, which is giving one's imagination a very convenient stretch, the prudence of communicating their truth to the world would be highly questionable, while the falsity of so many of the premises renders the communication little less than criminal.

The abolition of slavery in the United States would lead to more disastrous results, if possible, than those which have followed the commission of that act in our West Indian colonies; which, we need hardly say, has led to the manifest ruin of the master, without ameliorating the condition of the serf. Not to enter, for the moment, upon the bare matter of right or wrong, of sympathy or cruelty,

of alleviation or infliction, let us simply ask the movers in this alarming question, whether they have ever weighed in their minds the national results which would ensue from the success of their pretended desires? It is not to determine whether involuntary servitude be just or unholy, but to meet the graver question of an almost total dismemberment of a vast portion of American territory, the consequent revolt of American Unionists, and the convulsion of an important portion of the whole civilized world, that argument must be upheld.

Laying aside, for the time being, all notion of adequate compensation to those whom the abolition of slavery would so seriously affect, let us inquire into the means whereby the prosperity of the Southern States, in their extensive cultivation of cotton, rice, and tobacco could then be maintained, and how the exigencies of other countries (and most especially of our own) could by possibility be supplied? Have "the cotton lords" of Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, who have lately been enacting the characters of dustmen to Mrs. Stowe's chariot wheels, ever weighed in their minds the utter annihilation of that wondrous trade with these States which has enabled them to acquire the princely fortunes which they now revel in the possession of?

or, satisfied with the sterling poundage they have amassed, do they seek to close the doors of their traffic against the enterprising spirit of their successors? We know perfectly well, we shall be answered by the hackneyed assertion that white labour is more than capable of competing with the toil of the dark. But this is an argument of theory, not of practice.

The free-born son of England or America, or of any other climate from which he might be enlisted, would sink beneath the intensity of a southern sun, in whose rays the African would revel; the fœtid air of the languid night, in a wide plantation of rice, wherein the coloured man could freely breathe and enjoy his brief repose, would suffocate the rover from any northern region; and such argument presents too terrible a prospect, to hazard for an instant the chance of arriving at the truth. In this point of view alone, were there none other to be taken, the affected assumption of Mrs. Stowe's trash is seriously to be condemned.

If taken up in a religious light, it is even more seriously to be censured, for scoffing and contempt besprinkle its pages in every unceremonious manner imaginable. The ministers of the Gospel are passed by in review, as if they were mere tools in the hands

of this fanatical body, and she does her utmost, most certainly, to render them odious, by incessantly attributing to them sentiments equally unworthy men and Christians. With that cunning which characterises the modern ruling school of philanthropy, Mrs. Stowe conducted these attacks in a general manner, giving no authority to sustain her assertions, and no name to afford a warranty to their truth, until, in an unlucky moment, she pounced upon the Rev. Joel Parker of Philadelphia, into whose mouth she presumed to put language that never happened to have come out of it. By referring to pages 190 and 191 of the first volume of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the reader will find this passage:

"Tom had watched the whole transaction from first to last, and had a perfect understanding of its results. To him it looked like something unutterably horrible and cruel, because, poor ignorant black soul, he had not learned to generalize, and to take enlarged views. If he had only been instructed by certain ministers of Christianity, he might have thought better of it, and seen in it an every-day incident of a lawful trade: a trade which is the vital support of an institution which

an American divine* tells us has 'no evils but such as are inseparable from any other relations in social and domestic life.' But Tom, as we see, being a poor ignorant fellow, whose reading had been confined entirely to the New Testament, could not comfort and solace himself with views like these. His very soul bled within him, for what seemed to him the wrongs of the poor suffering thing, that lay like a crushed reed on the boxes.'

Mrs. Stowe drew her conclusions from this passage in Dr. Parker's controversy with the Rev. Mr. Rood: "What then are the evils inseparable from slavery? There is not one that is not equally inseparable from depraved human nature in other lawful relations," which is a different affair altogether, as Mrs. Stowe found out to her cost. Dr. Parker, in three separate letters, all unanswered, demanded a full contradiction of this perversion of his language, and consequently this libel on his sacred character: and when a response was at last received, it contained a justification of her assertions, and a refusal to retract them. Dr. Parker then "let the law take its course," laying his damages at twenty thousand dollars; but as this would

* Dr. Joel Parker, of Philadelphia.

be a serious haul out of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fund, a meeting took place between the Rev. H. W. Beecher and the Rev. Dr. Parker, to discuss the matter—immediately after which, one letter bearing the lady's signature, and one that of the Doctor, apparently healing up all difference, appeared in the New York papers; but, we presume, the reader will be startled to learn, that the Doctor's was neither written, signed, nor sanctioned by him! We have in our possession the whole of the correspondence, to which we were requested to give additional publicity; but we have said quite enough to mark the designing character of this notorious publication. We now wish to say a word upon it in another important respect.

It has long been an outcry with the great reading portion of the American public, that English writers, visiting their shores, have, whether it be in the wit and humour of one, in the coarseness of another, in the prejudices of this, or the extravagances of that person, done their utmost to ridicule that country, and to bring it into odium with other nations of the earth. There is a great deal of honest assertion and of plain-spoken truth in such declaration: and much is it to be regretted that men, capable of writing better things, should

have degraded their talents in such ill-judged pursuit, and for the sake of a partial response from the prejudices of the ignorant, have sullied their reputation by compromising their dignity, leaving entirely out of the question such an ungracious return for the extension of national hospitality.

But let us ask those who thus complain, (who are certainly justified in raising the said outcry), if they really believe that any British pen has ever done one half so much to sully the character of America, as their own scribbling countrywoman, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, has done in the trashy and impudent advocacy of abolition, entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin?" She has literally stuck at nothing to render her country odious in the eyes of the whole world; confounding in her apparently philanthropic attempt, the high, the intellectual, the enlightened, and the just, with the mercenary, the uninformed, the cruel, and the criminal. She has levelled a blow, which it was hoped would be deadly, against one of the most conspicuous and important institutions of her own country, and has endeavoured to enlist in her reckless cause the sympathies of the mother country. Our scribes may have sported with the peculiarities, jested over the manners, ridiculed the bearing, or disparaged the pretensions of the American people, as

we regret to admit some of them have unscrupulously done; but they have neither been such fools, nor such knaves, as to depreciate the importance of her institutions, especially those on which the wealth of some of their own so materially depends —all this "heaping coals of fire" upon her nation's head, was reserved for the delicate shovel of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

We have deplored this occurrence in another respect, which partakes rather of personal than a general application—we have grieved to see the noble House of Sutherland,* not to mention many others, involved in this party controversy. The "manifesto" which was issued from Stafford House was concluded upon, under the impression, stated at a convention of its subscribers previous to the publication of that document, that the fact of its

* We went to a theatre at Baltimore—a city, it is hardly necessary to say, in a slave State—attracted by the advertised representation of a piece called "The White Slave," wherein a noble lady is brought over to Georgia to be an eye-witness of the comfortable condition of the African race, in answer to her supposed interference in their behalf; and we committed the great indiscretion of laughter, amounting almost to a scream, on hearing a darkie announce her arrival in these words: "Here come her habolitionist highness, de Duchess of T'other land!"

exclusively bearing the signatures of ladies, would carry with it a conviction of its embodying no political purpose; but the sophistry of such argument was instantly seen through; and nothing could convince an American reader that the lords of the parties thus aiming at abolition were not *bonâ fide* the veritable abolitionists. Her Grace must surely have foreseen the kind of response her address was likely to meet; and could never, it is presumed, have imagined that the partial success of Mrs. Stowe's puritanical rhodomontade could have drawn over, to her view of the question, the myriads opposed to it by principle or by interest. An ordinary acquaintance with the history of the respective countries would have anticipated the reply which this appeal has drawn forth, and the immediate application of the old proverb of glass houses and stones. When one sees the whole body of Puritans in the north now throwing themselves in open array against the planters of the south, in their denunciation of slavery, the memory is naturally conducted back to those days of mutual enterprise, when the pilgrims at Cape Cod, and the colonists on James River entered upon their several missions, and when the romance of the Princess Pocahontas and Captain John Smith was the

burthen of northern as well as southern minstrelsy. It was not at all likely, had the Duchess withheld such fact from the page of her ill-advised document, that even the space of two hundred and thirty or forty years could have obliterated Virginia's recollection, that the first institution of African slavery on her soil was by the very land which now, in the person of her Grace and her associates, sought the abolition of a system which it originally introduced. There can be no question whatever that Mrs. Tyler, in her reply to the Sutherland manifesto, has altogether the best of the argument, and conveys a rebuke to the noble party which it addresses, equally humiliating and offensive. It is impossible to confute Mrs. Tyler's arguments, and therefore they should never have been called into existence. The ephemeral popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would have subsided, in proportion as the very doubtful character of its *matériel* became developed; but when its unblushing speciousness was aided by the plausible approbation which this aristocratic manifesto would imply, the success of that work, and of the party who called it into currency, which had otherwise been transient, would almost seem to be permanent. It was not alone the pen of Mrs. Tyler which was

called into requisition, but other home-thrusts of a peculiarly personal character were brought to bear upon the occasion. We could furnish the reader with several outbreaks of this kind, but the following from the "Boston Daily Advertiser" will be quite sufficient for the purpose:

"The ladies of England are unfortunate in the place of their meeting, from which to vent their indignation at the participation of their sisters in America in the evils of negro slavery. There are some reminiscences, connected with Stafford House and the family of Sutherland, which do not chime well in this connection. We give the following extract from a work of the eloquent philosopher and philanthropist, Sismondi, entitled, 'Etudes sur l'Economie Politique,' published in 1837.

"'Since the commencement of the present century, the Gaelic nation, the remains of the ancient Celts, now reduced to three hundred and forty thousand individuals, have been almost wholly driven from their hearths, by those whom they considered as their chiefs, by the lords to whom they had shown for long ages an enthusiastic devotion. All the lands which they had cultivated, from generation to generation, under fixed rents and services, have been torn from them. The

fields which they cultivated have been destined to the pasturage of sheep, under foreign shepherds, their houses and villages have been razed to the ground, or destroyed by fire, and the only choice left to the mountaineers of the expelled nation, was the erection of cabins on the sea-shore, to endeavour to maintain a miserable existence by fishing, within sight of the mountains from which they had been driven, or to cross the sea to seek their fortune in the deserts of America.

"'As this operation took place at the distance of eight hundred miles from London, in a country nearly barbarous, with a language unintelligible to all the rest of the kingdom, it was for some time unknown, or at least excited very little attention. But when England learned that soldiers had been called in to drive from their villages, certain inhabitants of the north of Scotland, that sometimes they had repelled them with stones; when they had been heard to beg to be massacred with their wives and children on the graves of their fathers, rather than be sent to perish in misery and desertion, in a world which would not receive them, where no place was reserved for them—their resistance roused up the compassion

of a generous people. Among the Scottish lords who drove their countrymen from the soil on which they had been born, the Marchioness of Stafford, heiress of the county of Sutherland, attracted particular attention, by the extent of her domains, by the activity with which she pressed the accomplishment of her designs, and by the enormous amount of capital which she employed in changing the entire administration of the country.

"'It appeared that about fifteen thousand peasants had been forced by her to quit a territory as large as some of the departments of France, and that these unfortunates were the only remains of the numerous vassals of the family, for which they had shed their blood through so many generations.

"'To compel them to retire, the agent charged to clear the country, put fire to their houses. It was even said that an old man having refused to abandon his cabin, to meet exile and misery, his presence did not arrest the incendiary, and that the victim perished in the flames. Public indignation then broke forth in a manner, which in a free people could neither be misconstrued nor set at defiance.'

"The Marchioness of Stafford, afterwards Duchess of Sutherland, mother of the present Duke, found it necessary to meet this torrent of indignation.

"Her agent, Mr. Locke, wrote a book of three hundred and fifty pages to prove that she only did what was warranted by law—that the change was made with the greatest regard to humanity, much more than in many similar cases, and that the result was a greatly increased value in the property.

"M. Sismondi is not satisfied with the transaction on the score of humanity. After a long review of it, he uses the following language: 'If the Marchioness of Stafford had the right to replace the people of a whole province by twenty-nine families of strangers, and some hundred thousand sheep, we ought to hasten to abolish, for her and all others, so odious a right."

"They who live in house of glass,
Should not throw stones at those who pass."

It is not easy to deny the force of that venerable recommendation, to look at home before you venture abroad. The spirit of emulation which fired the ladies of the quondam fashionable locality of Bath was one more instance of the folly of the original

proceedings: and although the philanthropic character* of that worthy city of ablution is tolerably well understood and appreciated, it only served to render Mrs. Stowe and the whole affair more culpable.

If the reader has the slightest doubt of the league entered into between Mrs. Stowe and her fanatical party, we would just direct his attention to the fact of the conferences held from time to time in relation to the subject of her crusade, the climax of which was reached at one of the New England meetings,† as herein laid down:

* One of the most absurd instances of this was a town's meeting some years since, of these good people of Bladud, who, forgetting the fact that lobsters are boiled alive, met in conclave to protest against driving wooden pegs into their claws. Theodore Hook styled them the "Anti-peggery Company," and used to give a humorous account of a lady there present, singing Rosetta's song in "Love in a Village,"

"And is there, then, no saving *clause*
Against tyrannic sway?"

† Without entering into all the *pros* and *cons* advanced by different controversialists on the subject of slavery, in a religious point of view, it will be quite enough to give a synopsis of the opinions of the chief belligerents;

THE NORTH,

through its mouthpiece, Mrs. Stowe, says: "Hear the beautiful language of St. Paul: 'He hath made of one blood all nations of

"At the session of the Methodist Conference at Ipswich to-day, Monday, May 2nd, 1853, the

men, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after and find, though He be not far from every one of us.'

"A day of grace is held out to us. Both North and South have been guilty before God! and the Church of Christ hath a heavy account to answer.

"At the Last Judgment, will He not say to you; 'I have been in the slave-prison, in the slave-coffle! I have been sold in your markets; I have toiled for nought in your fields; I have been smitten on the mouth in your courts of justice; I have been denied a hearing in my own church—and ye cared not for it. Ye went, one to his farm, and another to his merchandise.' And if ye shall answer, 'Whom, Lord?' 'He shall say unto you; 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me!'"

THE SOUTH,

maintains by its ministers that the whole system of the Slave-trade, in buying, selling, holding, and bequeathing, &c., was established by God Himself, as laid down in the following verses from the 25th chapter of Leviticus;

"38. I am the Lord thy God, which brought you forth out of the land of Egypt, to give you the land of Canaan, and to be your God.

"39. And if thy brother that dwelleth by thee be waxen poor,

Committee on Slavery reported the following series of resolutions, which after considerable discussion, were adopted:

"1. That as a Conference we are as fully and deeply convinced as ever that all voluntary slave-holding, or the holding of slaves in bondage for the

and be sold unto thee, thou shalt not compel him to serve as a bond-servant.

"44. Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids which thou shalt have! shall be of the heathen that are round about you, of them shall ye *buy bondmen and bondmaids!*

"45. Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye *buy*, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land; and *they shall be your possession.*

"46. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children! after you, to inherit them for a possession! *They shall be your bondmen for ever;* but over your brethren the children of Israel, ye shall not rule one over another with rigour.

"47. And if a sojourner or a stranger wax rich by thee, and thy brother that liveth by him wax poor, and sell himself unto the stranger or sojourner by thee, or to the stock of the stranger's family;

"48. After that he is sold he may be redeemed again; one of his brethren may redeem him;

"49. Either his uncle, or his uncle's son may redeem him; or any that is nigh of kin unto him of his family may redeem him! or if he be able, he may redeem himself!"

sake of the gain, under any circumstances, is a flagrant sin against God and humanity.

"2. That it is our deliberate and settled opinion, no more persons guilty of the sin of slave-holding should be admitted as members into our Church.

"3. That we are fully persuaded that if a proper discipline were duly administered, or if the spirit even of our present discipline were fully carried out, all voluntary slave-holders would soon be either brought to repentance and reformation of life, or, for the sin of slave-holding, be expelled from the Church.

"4. That as there is a difference of opinion as to whether our discipline, as it now reads, would exclude such persons from our communion, it is the sense of this Conference, that the discipline should be so altered and amended as to include a well-defined and clearly-expressed rule, prohibiting their reception into the communion of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

So much for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Now for "The Key" to it, a publication full of little matter beyond law reports, negro advertisements, newspaper criticisms, traffic trials, scraps of Scripture, and other specious documents, got together for the sole

purpose of creating a greedy sale, and may be looked upon as the joint production of all the professors, lawyers, pleaders, divines, and other notable abolitionists in the whole of Mrs. Stowe's acquaintance. As soon as it became manifest that Messrs. Jewett and Co., of Boston, had paid this lady, in the space of nine months, upwards of twenty thousand dollars for her interest in the publication of the first work, it was evident that such an unexpected "draft of fishes" would lead to further angling; and accordingly it did so. Mrs. Stowe was invited by the rabid party she represented to visit England, and her departure was heralded by every species of preparatory puffing. The American papers teemed with the announcement, that an address, containing no less than 562,848 signatures, was to be presented to her the instant she set foot on the quay of Liverpool; that every form of idolatry was to be proffered to her; and that money would not be wanting to further any principle of procedure she might suggest. Amongst other *jérémiades* of worship, was circulated a letter from Dr. Wardlaw, President of the "Glasgow Female New Association for the Abolition of Slavery," to which the object of his worship returned the following answer, which at once let the whole secret out:

"Dear Sir,

"I was most deeply and gratefully touched by your kind letter, and by its certainly very unexpected contents. That Christian hearts in good old Scotland should turn so warmly toward me, seems to me like a dream; yet it is no less a most pleasant one. For myself, I can claim no merit in that work which has been the cause of this. It was an instinctive, irresistible outburst, and had no more merit in it than a mother's wailing for her first-born. The success of the work, so strange, so utterly unexpected, only astonishes me. I can only say that this bubble of my mind has risen on the mighty stream of a divine purpose, and even a bubble can go far on such a tide. I am much of my time pressed down with a heavy sadness, 'for the hurt of the daughter of my people;' it is so horrible, so sad—such a dishonour to Christ and His cause.

"But, again, when I see that a spirit above me is issuing this feeble work-book—choosing the weak things of this world to confound the mighty—then I have hope. Why has He given it this success, unless He means some mercy to the cause? Please to say to those Christian friends who have sent me

the invitation in your letter, that I gladly accept it; though, when I get there, I fear that they may be disappointed. I never was much to see; and now I am in feeble health, worn and weary. I am now putting through the press another work, 'A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,' containing all the facts and documents which confirm the story; truth darker and sadder, and more painful to write than the fiction was; I shall call heaven and earth to witness the deeds which have been done here. Alas! that I should do it! Should God spare my life till April, I trust to mingle prayers and Christian affection with the Christians of Scotland.

"Yours in the Gospel of Jesus,

"H. B. STOWE."

"Putting through the press another work!" The magical expression was no sooner made public, than something like half a million copies of the said work were ordered; and, loaded with that portion of the sacred argosie intended for England, the pious authoress sailed for this country on the 30th of last March.

In this latest publication, Mrs. Stowe has painted the state of slavery in the southern parts of the

Union in the most alarming and hideous colours.* We do not profess to have visited all those vicious dens of iniquity from which this lady would wish us to understand she has collated her materials, never having gone further south than the States of Virginia and Kentucky; but in every slave district we have visited, the doctrines of Mrs. Stowe have been proved to be perfectly fabulous. A gentleman in Maryland, at whose house we were on a visit, showed us over the whole of his estate, and we were forcibly struck by the neat and comfortable cabins of his numerous slaves, with the wholesomeness and quantity of their food, and with the excellent arrangements that were everywhere made for their general accommodation. Plenty when they were in health, medicine and all possible attend-

* The best bit of 'trading' that came to our knowledge was this; and as it may serve to fill a gap in Mrs. Stowe's next work, we give her the benefit of it. A man married a dark girl, and finding out, shortly afterwards, that she pleaded guilty to maternity, and had in reality living evidence thereof, he went to his lawyer to consult him as to what was best to be done. "Done!" said the lawyer, "why nothin' on 'arth's easier; give me the proof, and I'll get you a divorce in no time." "Divorce be d——d!" replied the client; "all I want to know, is, if I can sell the little nigger!"

ance when they were sick, indulgence in moderate recreation, and even permission for carrying on a little private trading, were the characteristics which everywhere presented themselves. Our friend further added that, in all his recollection, not one of his slaves had ever been beaten.

In answer to the numerous advertisements and statements of a most revolting nature, which cut such a flourish in the pages of "The Key," we could cite a whole bundle of counteracting matter; but one or two will be ample for our purpose. The following fact we copy from the "Richmond Inquirer:"

"Two slaves belonging to the estate of William Teft, deceased, of Parksburg, Virginia, who fled to Ohio some two years since, have recently returned voluntarily, because they were suffering from want of food, and could not procure work among those who had deluded them. Three other slaves, who ran off at the same time, were anxious to return with them, but were prevented by the abolitionists."

This is a cut at abolition with a two-edged sword; but it is far surpassed by the following article we found in the columns of the "Cleveland (Ohio) Journal:"

"Two weeks since, a little affair occurred at

Oberlin, which, to say the least, was a singular one. Two old women, slaves, who some two years since were sent out of Virginia to prevent their sale for debt, had found a home at Oberlin. They had several times written their former master that they wished to return to him, and at length their request became so urgent, that he visited Oberlin. Here was an opportunity for excitement, which was readily embraced by the earnest abolitionists of that famous town. It was determined that the slaves should not return, and the master was so informed. He replied that he had come at their own solicitation, and not because he wished the women; and that he did not desire to take them back unless they desired to go. If they did so, they would go, and he should take care of them. Every argument was used to induce them to stay, and a correspondent of the 'Oberlin Times,' a rank abolition sheet, says: 'We endeavoured to put the matter before them in its proper light. We dwelt upon the possible contingencies in the case. The possibilities of another execution upon their master's property, &c. &c. It was all to no purpose.'

"The writer adds: 'These slaves, from the time they came among us, have been desirous to return

to their owners.' They have written them for this purpose. We are not surprised that the slave-holder should come for them. In the elder of the two our interest has been a good deal enlisted. She reminds us of Uncle Tom's Aunt Chloe. It is said that the morals of the other are not good. The editor says this is the only instance which has fallen under his notice of a preference for slavery, since the establishment of the 'underground railroad.' A case occurred in Cleveland two years ago, where a mob was not able to force a negro woman on board a steam-boat, and she insisted on returning south with her mistress."

The reception which Mrs. Stowe has met with in Old England was anticipated, from the manner in which the way had been paved for her in New England, the extent of which is matter of too much notoriety to require any detail here. The purpose has been gained; pounds sterling have taken precedence of the otherwise immortal dollar, and money* enough has been collected, from the penny

* The subjoined extract from the American papers, disposes of this subject in a very concise manner:

"WHAT SHE IS GOING TO DO WITH IT.—We have ascertained at last what Mrs. Stowe is going to do with the alms she receives

subscription of £1000 in Edinburgh to the minor ones in other parts of British rule, to fit out a colony of Stowes, on any new expedition of disinterested philanthropy. In this, however, as in other controversies, the cloven foot has more than peeped out—it has shown itself in all its deformity, until a whole empire has been aroused, and the voice at length of the Chief Magistrate has been lifted up, with a full determination to crush its further progress. We were present at the Presidential Inauguration of General Pierce, on the 4th of March, 1853, and heard him deliver his first address, from which we submit the following extracts:

"In briefly expressing my views of an important subject, which has recently agitated the nation to almost a fearful degree, I am moved by no other impulse than a most earnest desire for the perpetua-

in Great Britain. The 'Detroit Democrat' of Thursday furnishes the following explanation:

"'It should be known that Mrs. Stowe has devoted all she may receive above what is necessary to pay for her house in Andover, to the establishment of an institution for the education of the coloured race in America.—*Syracuse Chronicle.*'

"'Above what is necessary to pay for her house in Andover!' Great guns! does she expect to beg enough in England to pay for 'that house in Andover?'—*Buffalo Com. Advertiser.*"

tion of that union which has made us what we are.

"The field of calm and free discussion in our country is open, and will always be so; but it never has been, and never can be, traversed for good in a spirit of sectionalism and uncharitableness.

"I believe that involuntary servitude, as it exists in different States of this confederacy, is recognised by the Constitution. I believe that it stands like any other admitted right, and that the States where it exists are entitled to efficient remedies to enforce the constitutional provisions. I hold that the laws of 1850, commonly called the 'compromise measures,' are strictly constitutional, and to be unhesitatingly carried into effect. I believe that the constituted authorities of this republic are bound to regard the rights of the South, in this respect, as they would view any other legal or constitutional right, and that the laws to enforce them should be respected and obeyed, not with a reluctance encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of society, but cheerfully and according to the decisions of the tribunal to which their exposition belongs. Such have been, and are, my convictions; and upon them I shall act. I fervently hope that the question is at rest, and that no sectional, or

ambitious, or fanatical excitement may again threaten the durability of our institutions, or obscure the light of our prosperity."

We beg to lay these important observations before Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, for her attentive perusal, and then, as King Henry VIII. said to Cardinal Wolsey, "to breakfast, with what appetite she may."

CHAPTER XI.

WASHINGTON—PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION, AND ITS SCENES —VISITORS ON THE OCCASION—ELECTION STATISTICS—ADVANTAGE OF AN ECHO—DUTIES OF THE SENATE—A WIGWAM SUPPER—THE ARKANSAS GENTLEMAN — COLT AND HIS REVOLVERS — SUMMONS OF INDIAN CHIEFS IN COUNCIL — AMERICA'S OFFER TO GET ENGLAND OUT OF A MESS—PHARAOH'S HOSTS, AND FARO'S GUESTS — THE WHITE HOUSE—SOMETHING LIKE A PRESIDENT, AND SOME IDEA OF HIS LAST LEVEE—"KISSING HANDS AND SHAKING HANDS."

HOWEVER enthusiastic a man's mind may be, or however determined his spirit of enterprise, and his consequent disposition to wander into the extremest points of the United States, he would be spared a great deal of trouble, should he happen to visit the famous city of Washington, the capital of

the district of Columbia,* at the period of the Presidential Inauguration (which takes place every fourth year); inasmuch as he will fall in with the most extraordinary characters there assembled, from every State of the Union, whom, in their respective localities, he might probably have never had a chance of meeting, flocking hither, reckless of distance, as far as from St. Francisco in one direction (at the least 8000 miles), from Mississippi in another (1200 miles), then Arkansas (some 1400), Texas, Louisiana, and Florida, each much more, New Orleans, a good 2000, and numerous other places of minor mileage, alarming as they would sound to European ears.

Habit, association, or what you will, are apt to

* The European reader, who may be uninformed upon the fact, must understand that the district of Columbia is not comprised in the thirty-one States of the Union, but is a distinct tract, originally of ten miles square, ceded by Maryland and Virginia, for the purpose of being occupied, agreeably to the selection of President Washington, as the seat of the Federal Government, and consequently the residence of the President, the heads of departments, foreign ambassadors, &c. It has no local representative in the National Assembly. By the withdrawal, in 1846, of the city and county of Alexandria, the laws of Maryland are here enforced, unless superseded by special Acts of Congress.

inspire one with the notion that the capital city of any place (especially that where National Senatorial Meetings are held) will be found characterized by refinement of manner, elegance of pursuit, and purity of taste: but it would puzzle a conjurer to find much of either of these ingredients in the good city of Washington. It is one of the dirtiest districts imaginable; the only distinction in the quality lying between mud and dust—the incessant rains inundating the streets with the one, and the sudden bleak winds drying up that one, into the perfection of the other. It is facetiously called the "City of Magnificent Distances;" and it carries out the name as far as distance is concerned; for Pennsylvania Avenue (or rather one half of it, in an unbroken line from Congress Hall to the Presidential residence) is one good mile in length, and there are not houses enough in it to fill up one quarter of that distance. Washington, like the ancient city it aspires to ape, has its Capitol and its Tiber; but the resemblance ceases with the titles; still, standing on the steps of that Capitol, and looking over the gorgeous panorama spread out before the eye, it is palpable how splendid a place it might—let us hope in time it will—become.

All these drawbacks, however, are atoned for by occurrences of the passing hour, and by characters who are the chief actors in them.

Come and occupy, by our side, a stall in the entrance-hall of one of the filthiest hotels* in the

* The "National," for fear of a mistake; but as "any port in a storm" is a truism, we were fortunate enough to get a berth even here, as the following dialogue will demonstrate. Arriving late in the evening, we went up to the office, and made this inquiry;

MR. BUNN.—What room can I have?

CLERK.—None.

MR. BUNN.—What do you mean by "None?"

CLERK.—What I say.

MR. BUNN.—Am I to sleep in the street, then?

CLERK.—That's your affair. If you wait an hour or two, I'll see if there's a spare bed out of the fourteen made up on the ground floor, in the big-room.

MR. BUNN.—I am not in the habit of sleeping in promiscuous company. Where's the landlord?

Enter LANDLORD.

LANDLORD.—What's the row?

MR. BUNN.—Your clerk says I can't have a room.

LANDLORD.—I guess he's right.

MR. BUNN.—Here's a letter for you. (*Giving him one from "Revere House," Boston.*)

LANDLORD (*after reading it.*)—O——h; that's another affair. (*Hallooing to a Nigger.*) Here, you, take this gentleman's lug-

wide realms of Christendom, and there you will behold a motley group, the fellow to which has never been elsewhere gazed upon. That short, thickset man, with a fur-cap on (beneath which a profusion of uncombed hair clusters and falls down over his shoulders), in dark fustian jacket, scarlet waistcoat, trowsers turned up at the bottom (as if were to protect from dirt what is too dirty already to admit of any increase) — well, that man is known to be an Abolitionist; but being in utter ignorance as to what line of politics the in-coming President may adopt on the Slave Question, he has ventured into the very hot-bed of slavery to see what chance he has of obtaining the postmastership of the town he comes from. Not many paces from him is a wealthy slave-owner from Richmond, whose hardened visage bespeaks the iron character of his heart: he is here in pursuit of a fugitive son of Africa, yet at the same time means to see the Inauguration, thereby blending pleasure and business together. It is a question whether he was ever shaved in his life, nor is there any striking evidence of his having been too much washed; his head is

gage up to 296. (*Then to* Mr. B.) Here's the key, and mind and keep holdfast on it, or *pre*haps you'll find some fellor in your bed, by-and-bye.

encased in a straw-hat, and a coloured blanket, thrown about him, does duty for an over-coat; he smokes in every person's face, and spits in every direction.

That well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man, whose sunken eye, expansive forehead, and extended fore-finger denote the calculating spirit of his mind, has come here with an evident purpose. He has influenced, in his capacity of editor of a paper, the democratic party of his town to "go strong" for General Pierce; and he has clearly no intention of leaving the metropolis without General Pierce going equally strong for him. He does not aspire to anything beyond a collectorship, but upon that, or its equivalent, his mind is bent. He is delivering his sentiments to a tall, bony individual (arrayed in a Kossuth hat, low in the crown, a drab coat, no waistcoat, dirty shirt, and faded blue pants, overlaying huge thick shoes), who keeps a store in the same town, and is endeavouring to point out to the aforesaid editor the feasibility of killing two birds with one stone; that is, of getting some little berth for him, as soon as he has provided for himself. Then run in little rascals in all directions, bellowing out: "'New York Herald' jist arrived, only a fip," (a fip is five pence halfpenny), followed

by others offering every species of doubtful ware for sale. There is a cotton-planter yonder, in a smock-frock tucked up round his loins, and a great-coat over it, striking a bargain with a merchant from New Orleans for a given quantity of bales, the latter of whom has a telegraphic despatch in his hand, just arrived, giving the very latest state of the market. Up in a corner is a round-faced, smirking, but shrewd fellow, dressed in a suit of becoming black, and a white tie, who keeps a hell "up town," and is endeavouring to impress upon the mind of an officer of the United States Army the propriety of paying the one hundred and fifty dollars he lost to him the preceding night.

Serpentining through the hall is a personage bent upon pushing his way through the world, as well as through the crowd, who accosts every one, exhibits to them samples of his penmanship, makes each of them a present of a lithographic likeness of himself, and offers to write their names on fifty cards, in a superfine copper-plate manner, for the small sum of three dollars. There is a faded beau, well known to the community, displaying a somewhat thread-bare suit of sables, a hat encircled with crape—once black, now brown—a profusion of linen of a by-gone whiteness, and his whole frame

enveloped in a cloak covered over with filagree, whose monthly occupation is to ask every man he has ever once spoken to for the trifling donation of twenty-five cents, on which he subsists in comfortable feather.

There are place-hunters* of every grade and station, independent merchants, who would not accept a place, small dealers come from the far west to

*. We were told an anecdote of an individual who luckily got what he came here to hunt for — a place. A commissioner, deputed by law to examine the newly-appointed clerks, found seated at one of the official desks, a raw sample of Kentuckian manufacture, of about six feet four inches in stature, in his shoes, and the following dialogue narrated to us as nearly as we can remember, passed between them;

COMMISSIONER.—Do you know who was the ablest officer in the Phœnician Fleet?

KENTUCKIAN.—Can't say I do.

COMMISSIONER.—Can you tell the exact interest on three hundred dollars at eighteen and a half per cent for three-quarters of a day?

KENTUCKIAN.—No—I can't.

COMMISSIONER.—Can you tell the precise distance between the sun and the moon, when one is rising and the other setting?

KENTUCKIAN.—No, I can't; but there's one thin' I *ken* tell yer, which is, that I've licked five fellers since I've a been here, and I'm agoin' to lick you, if you ask any more of your * * * * * * * questions.

arrange their spring purchases, and large dealers from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, come to meet them. A lawyer and a landowner are seen busily settling a sale, or determining a mortgage, and a shivering client standing by, awaiting their important decision. You may see yonder a shrewd Scotchman, "calc'lating" his probable percentage in a purchase he has just made of the very best "Habana," and two thinly clad Irishmen offering their services to any one who will give them a dollar more than they are receiving from their present employer. Here and there are to be seen Senators and Representatives making promises to every one, which they keep to no one. Then, clearing all before them, rush in a host of blacks, carrying the huge trunks of newly-alighted passengers; while, to add to the din which all this congregation necessarily creates, a bell—just such an one as that which Othello said was enough to fright the Isle of Cyprus from its propriety—keeps up an incessant ringing. There you see every form of every dress in every definable colour; and coverings for the head, to the manufacture of which every kind of flimsy and solid material has respectively contributed.

This is a free country, and each citizen of it *has*

a right, or claims it, to enter any hotel, whether he lives in it or not, and whether he has any business in it or not—he has a right to smoke, and "that" wherever he pleases; if he has nothing particular to do, he comes here in the hopes of getting something; there are gratuitous fires to warm him, chairs and sofas for him to sit down and lounge upon, and plenty of lights for him to read by. It is a caravansary of the very worst description; and while on the one hand there is a continual interchange of warm-heartedness and good fellowship, there is on the other hand such an unceasing system of swearing and blasphemy, that polite ears cannot but be shocked at it.

It must be apparent to the commonest observer, that it was a wise determination which removed the seat of Government, whether national or local, from the larger cities of the Union to some of its smaller ones. Take, for example, New York city, which styles itself, from its extent, the metropolis of America, but which in reality cannot be termed a metropolis at all, the legislative locality of that State being the good city of Albany; but supposing for one moment, the sittings of Congress had been held in New York, the scenes we witnessed (not to mention the hundreds we did not witness)

in Washington would have thrown the community at large into an insurrection. These pleasantries—enormities, if you please—may pass over tolerably well in a population like this of some 40,000 people, but would assume a totally different aspect in one like New York of 515,500.

These remarks are applicable to almost every State of the Union, as those who are curious in such matters may see at a glance, by casting an eye over the following table. It is based upon the census

No.	STATE OF THE UNION.	ITS LEGISLATIVE CITY OR TOWN, AND ITS POPULATION.		ITS LARGEST CITY OR TOWN, AND ITS POPULATION.	
1	New York . .	Albany . . .	50,763	New York . .	515,507
2	Pennsylvania .	Harrisburg . .	8,000	Philadelphia .	408,815
3	Maryland. . .	Annapolis*		Baltimore . .	169,084
4	Massachusetts .	Boston† . . .	136,871	Boston . . .	136,871
5	Louisiana . .	Baton Rouge*		New Orleans .	116,348
6	Ohio	Columbus . .	18,183	Cincinnati . .	115,136
7	Missouri . . .	Jefferson City*		St. Louis . . .	82,774
8	Kentucky. . .	Frankfort*		Louisville . .	43,190
9	South Carolina .	Columbia*		Charleston . .	42,985
10	Rhode Island .	Newport . . .	9,563	Providence . .	41,512
11	New Jersey . .	Trenton . . .	6,766	Newark . . .	38,894
12	Illinois. . . .	Springfield*		Chicago . . .	29,693
13	Virginia . . .	Richmond . .	27,482	Richmond . .	27,482
14	California. . .	Benicia*		St. Francisco .	25,000
15	Michigan . . .	Lansing . . .	1,229	Detroit . . .	21,019
16	Maine	Augusta . . .	8,231	Portland . . .	20,815
17	Alabama . . .	Montgomery*		Mobile	20,513
18	Connecticut . .	Hartford . . .	13,356	New Haven . .	20,345
19	Wisconsin . .	Madison . . .	1,871	Milwaukie . .	20,061
20	Georgia . . .	Milledgeville*		Savanna . . .	15,000
21	Indiana . . .	Indianapolis*		Lafayette . . .	14,211
22	Delaware . . .	Dover*		Wilmington . .	13,979
23	New Hampshire	Concord . . .	8,584	Manchester . .	13,932
24	Vermont . . .	Montpelier . .	2,310	Burlington . .	7,505
25	Mississippi . .	Jackson*			
26	Tennessee . .	Nashville*			
27	Iowa	Iowa City*			
28	Arkansas . . .	Little Rock*			
29	North Carolina .	Raleigh*			
30	Florida. . . .	Tallahassee*			
31	Texas	Austin*			

† Boston stands as an extraordinary and almost solitary exception

of 1850, and the numbers indicated have been obtained by research and interest—the official account up to the middle of 1853 not having yet been published. Although no numbers appear against those places marked with an asterisk (*), yet the same disproportion, we have been assured, will be found to exist in them.

These observations apply to the state of Washington at this particular period, and are the result of strict scrutiny; but they have, of course, no reference to the many noble hearts we met resident there, who showered on us unlimited hospitality, the mention of whose names would, in their modest estimation, deprive the compliment they paid us of its intrinsic value.

This, after all, is but an account of one detachment of the migratory natives who flocked hither in such numbers; and having taken a hasty glance at the people, let us go up to the Capitol, and look at their representatives. We were introduced into the Senate by the member for Boston, the Honourable

to this arrangement, when you bear in mind that it is the fourth largest city in the Union; but the peaceful disposition of its community, its intellectual pre-eminence, and its comparative refinement, are full warrant for so great and so prominent a distinction.

Charles Sumner, whose eminent talents and high station won him golden opinions on his visit to Great Britain; and by his courtesy we became acquainted with several others, amongst whom was General Houston, the member for Texas. One subject of our conversation was General Cass, at that, as at other times, making himself busily ridiculous, or ridiculously busy, about the supposed encroachment of "The Britishers" upon American soil. "I mean shortly," said the General, "to have a brush with Cass; he is a filibuster, and I look upon filibustering as the eldest daughter of humbug." We were much interested with the debates and the comparative decorum which pervaded the assembly; and of course surprised, like all European travellers, at seeing ladies in galleries reserved for their occupation—at rich carpets disfigured with spittoons, and more so at finding ourselves in a scene, enacted there in the middle of the day, which with us is enacted in the middle of the night. The House of Representatives is a very different affair altogether, possessing neither the repose, the steadiness, nor the lofty bearing which for the most part characterises the Senate. In the first place, if there should by any accident be a debate of interest going on, there is such an extraordinary echo

in the building, that it is sometimes impossible to catch a sentence of it, or even to know who is speaking. It may perhaps have one advantage, which is, that it may deter many members from speaking at all, an instance of prudence exemplified in this epigram:

Old growling P——, from Tennessee,
Speaks very little in this meeting,
Simply because ('twixt you and me)
His speeches will not bear repeating.*

If, however, there be nothing singularly good that comes *out* of the mouths of any particular party in the body of the house, there are many things remarkably good that go *into* their mouths, in some of the ante-rooms, to the enjoyment of which the members invite a stranger with all the warmth of their natural hospitality.

We had an opportunity of seeing a vast deal of American "life," during our stay in this "magnificent" city, an instance or two of which will bear recital. There was a Wigwam club here at the time, the Arkansas chiefs of which, in council,

* There can be no question of the truth of this line, on the occasion of his giving a brother member, in open Senate, the lie!

summoned us to meet the Honourable R. W. Johnson, senator from that State, to supper, facetiously subscribing their names thus:

PIKE	his × mark.	*Principal Camanche.*
FLOURNOY	his × mark.	*Ouasasche.*
RECTOR	his × mark.	*Apsarookee.*
CHASE	his × mark.	*Piankeshaw.*
BURWELL	his × mark.	*Kickapoo.*
SEBASTIAN	his + mark.	*Quapaw.*
BISCOE	his × mark.	*Arapaho.*
REYBURN	his × mark.	*Gros Ventre.*

At this repast were assembled some of the choicest specimens of the land, including senators and representatives of contending politics, some retiring placemen, and several expectants; the planter from Arkansas and the merchant from New Orleens (as it is pronounced), fierce Democrats and spouting Whigs, loud in speech, and ready, it would seem,

to eat each other up; and while courtesy forbids our introducing the names of individuals, strictly of private station, we do not consider ourselves bound to observe any such delicacy towards public men of public repute.

We had the pleasure of being introduced on the spot to Mr. Gretry, representative from Tennessee, who, after a cordial shake of the hand, very kindly extended to us this valuable piece of patronage. "You are a John Bull, I take it," says he. "Yes," nodded we! "Well, I like John Bull, and you tell 'em all, from me, that if they are likely to get into any trouble with those d—d Frenchmen, we'll come over and lend 'em a helping hand, and lick those fellows into fits.* We whipped you Britishers, and the devil's in it if we can't whip *them.*" We

* We mentioned to Gretry our acquaintance with Colonel Colt, and a salutation with which the great "revolver" favoured us at the first dinner-table we met him. As soon as the ladies had left the room, the Colonel crossed over to a vacant chair at our side and said: "Stranger, you seem to me a man I should like to know more of, and I'll therefore tell you something I would not tell to every one. I've been over every part of Europe, and you're as much superior to all other countries, as we are superior to you!" Gretry merely observed: "Well, I guess Colt's right!"

bowed our acknowledgments for such an important proffer of service, and then took the liberty of bursting out into a horse-laugh.

We had the further pleasure of becoming known to one whose literary and social qualifications are of the most enviable distinction—we allude to Albert Pike, of Little Rock, Arkansas,* one of America's distinguished poets, whose name heads the list of chiefs just enumerated. To his brilliant conversation the table owed a great part of its diversion, and to his wit the fullest amount of its hilarity; the following instance of which last-named ingredient is far too good to be passed over—few of our humorous writers having contributed to the amusement of the world any equal number of lines of a more sparkling nature. It was introduced, for the first time, at this festival, and sung by one of the brightest spirits there present—a parody clearly upon the "Fine Old English Gentleman:"

* Arkansas as it now is, not as it was, in the days of that highly respectable adage,

"One year credit, one year law,
The next year off to Arkansas!"

SONG.

THE FINE ARKANSAS GENTLEMAN!

I.

Now all good fellows listen, and a story I will tell
Of a mighty clever gentleman who lives extremely well
In the western part of Arkansas, close to the Indian line,
Where he gets drunk once a week on whisky, and immediately sobers himself completely on the very best of wine;
A fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

II.

This fine Arkansas gentleman has a mighty fine estate
Of five or six thousand acres or more of land, that will be worth a great deal some day or other, if he don't kill himself too soon and will only condescend to wait;
And four or five dozen negroes that would rather work than not,
And such quantities of horses, and cattle, and pigs, and other poultry, that he never pretends to know how many he has got;
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

III.

This fine Arkansas gentleman has built a splendid house
On the edge of a big prairie, extremely well populated with deer, and hares, and grouse;
And when he wants to feast his friends he has nothing more to do
Than to leave the pot lid off, and the decently behaved birds fly straight into the pot, knowing he'll shoot 'em if they don't, and he has a splendid stew,
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Indian line!

IV.

This fine Arkansas gentleman makes several hundred bales,
Unless from drought, or worm, a bad stand, or some other d—d contingency, his crop is short, or fails;
And when it's picked, and ginned, and baled, he puts it in a boat,
And gets aboard himself likewise, and charters the bar, and has a devil of a spree, while down to New Orleens he and his cotton float,
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

V.

And when he gets to New Orleens he sacks a clothing store,
And puts up at the City Hotel, the St. Louis, the St. Charles, the Verandah, and all the other hotels in the city, if he succeeds in finding any more;
Then he draws upon his merchant, and goes about and treats
Every man from Kentucky and Arkansas, and Alabama, and Virginia, and the Choctaw nation, and every other d—d vagabond he meets;
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

VI.

The last time he was down there, when he thought of going back,
After staying about fifteen days, or less, he discovered that by lending and by spending, and being a prey in general to gamblers, hackmen, loafers, brokers, hosiers, tailors, servants, and many other individuals, white and black,
He'd distributed his assets, and got rid of all his means,

And had nothing left to show for them, barring two or three headaches, an invincible thirst, and an extremely general and promiscuous acquaintance in the aforesaid New Orleens;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

VII.

Now how this gentleman got home is neither here nor there,
But I've been credibly informed that he swore worse than forty-seven pirates, and fiercely combed his hair;*
And after he got safely home they say he took an oath
That he'd never bet a cent again at any game of cards, and, moreover, for want of decent advisers, he foreswore whisky and women both;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

VIII.

This fine Arkansas gentleman went strong for Pierce and King,
And so came on to Washington to get a nice fat office, or some other mighty comfortable thing;
But like him from Jerusalem that went to Jericho,
He fell among the thieves again, and could not win a bet whether he coppered or not, so his cash was bound to go—

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

IX.

So when his monies all were gone he took unto his bed,
And Dr. Reyburn† physicked him, and the chambermaid, who had a great affection for him, with her arm held up his head;

* The gentleman on whom this was written (and who was present) has hair as long as a woman's, and fastened on the top of his head by a comb, just as women fasten theirs.

† A famous Washington physician.

And all his friends came weeping round, and bidding him adieu,
And two or three dozen preachers, whom he didn't know at all,
and didn't care a curse if he didn't, came praying for him too,
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

x.

They closed his eyes and spread him out all ready for the tomb,
And merely to console themselves they opened the biggest kind of a game of faro right there in his own room;
But when he heard the checks he flung the linen off his face,
And sung out just precisely as he used to do when he was alive,
"Prindle,* don't turn! hold on! I go twenty on the king, and copper on the ace!"
This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

Having a desire to see something more of "Twenty on the king, and copper on the ace," we were introduced (solely for the purpose of observation, be it understood) to the aforesaid Prindle, at his celebrated "hell"—in plainer phraseology, we had a peep at the lion in his den—and we found a very civil lion, and a very pleasant den. His *modus operandi* surpassed even that of the defunct fishmonger of St. James's—for Crockford only stood suppers, while Prindle stands dinners in addition, at which every delicacy of the season, with champagne and other "drinks" to match, are pro-

* The Crockford of Washington.

vided "free, gratis, and for nothing." At one of his tables we saw, playing at "faro," a judge, a sharper, two senators, three representatives, a broken-down lawyer, a planter, a large slave-owner, two officers of the United States' Army, and, amongst others, one who, when President P—'s private secretary, won, on this spot, sixty thousand dollars—"a motley mixture of the great and base," amongst whom passion overpowers intellect, and vice stamps her iron hoof upon the soul of virtue. We picked up this epigram on the floor, and as it is not the worst of the bad, we give it a corner:

PHARAOH'S HOSTS.

Here man may be consumed, or may consume,
After one precious fashion or another,
With "guests" *of* Pharaoh eating in one room,
Or "hosts" *at* Faro eaten in another!

We could tell you, gentle reader, if we had room, and you had patience, of many a thing to be spoken of, that we saw in the city of Congress—some word or two on the Smythsonian Institution (the noble gift of a noble Englishman); some about the Patent Office, the Franklin Press, and the original "Declaration of Independence" there in safe custody, of Washington's monument (that is

to be, but *isn't*) and of other stately buildings—but it may not be; and we will therefore terminate with a slight reference to one that it is impossible to pass by unnoticed—the President's residence, facetiously called "The White House," as if every other one in the city were black!

We have been among the people, and amongst those who make their laws, amongst choice "spirits" and those who drink them, in high and in low life, and in various scenes of both, and we will now climb up to the top of the tree, and see what is growing there. We brought letters of introduction to the now ex-President Fillmore, and by virtue thereof, had the honour of an introduction. We found a perfect gentleman of the old school, of polished manners, courteous demeanour, easy, affable, highly intellectual, full of information, and seeking to obtain more upon all points of conversation, and communicative upon all points he was master of—a man evidently able to govern himself, and therefore able to govern others.

Not aspiring to the dignity of a politician, we have neither the desire nor the power to enter into any party questions; but from what we witnessed, what we have heard, and what we have read, we should consider his ex-Excellency Millard

Fillmore one of the most capable men that ever sat in the curule chair at Washington, and one whose place it would be no easy task adequately to fill. The period of his retirement from office being at hand, his last levée was officially announced, and, as a mark of respect, was more numerously attended than had been the case for years. We had the gratification of being present at it; and having also been an eye-witness of those held at home, we could easily see the difference between formally "kissing hands" at St. James's, and cordially "shaking hands" at Washington. In these and in many other mundane matters, quantity is one thing, but quality is another; and having admitted the first, we are desirous of giving the uninformed some impression of the second ingredient, to do full justice to which, we have been obliged to call in the Comic Muse to our assistance:

THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.

As you've travelled through the cities of the Union's varied climes,
You may have been in Washington, perhaps a hundred times;
But unless you there have been
At the grand "Inauguration,"
And the President have seen
Declaring to the nation

What plans he has in view,
And his fixed determination
The right path to pursue:
[Though *which* that is he tells not,
And on its merits dwells not,]
Then promises much more than he ever means to do;
Or seen him at the Hall
Making his declaration,
Why you've seen—next to nothing at all!

But even supposing that you were
There!
Why that sight's nothing to compare
To the drama acted o'er
Six or seven days before!
The levée of the President! but should you be in doubt
With which one to begin—
It is not he that's coming in,
But he that's going out!

You who have read the reports
Of European Courts
(And as a sample
Our own take, for example),
Can form some notion of the rare
Transcendant beauty there;
And whether her chief lustre lies
Most in her diamonds, or her eyes.
How her rich tresses
Perfume
The ante- and reception-room;

How her fine dresses
Display
The wonders of the whole world's loom
In unsurpassed array!
Of chivalry, with waving plume
Bending almost beneath the weight
Of decoration, star, and string,
And other bauble-thing
Which make it so elate;
Of purple vest and ermined robe,
Red and blue uniforms, with golden hems,
Some of whose wearers have sailed round the globe,
Some only on the Thames!
Of hosts in bag-wigs, ruffs, and swords,
Streaming along the regal boards,
With servants all dress'd out such state in,
They look much more like "lords in waiting,"
Because, as things run now-a-days much faster,
The man looks, mostly, finer than his master.
Well, this sounds mighty grand in London,
But in America it's all left *un*done!
Still at that Court some wondrous things there be,
As you shall see.

If you have watched a bevy
Of oxen, cows, and calves, and sheep,
Geese, turkey-cocks, and hens,
On market day, all in a heap,
Before they are divided into pens,
You can have then a distant notion
Of the myriads in motion,

Of woman, lovely as the world e'er blest,
Only not knowing how she should be dress'd;
Of man not knowing, and not caring
What mixed apparel he was wearing;
Of the gaudy and the gay,
Of those who shun display,
Of the calm, and the unsteady
For any outbreak ready;
Of minds of all intentions,
Of forms of all dimensions,
Of all in heart light, though their bodies might be heavy,
Who went to the President's Levée!

Some came up by an omnibus, or hack,
The greater part of them walked there and back,
And smoked up to the door,
Where they could smoke no more.
Within the hall, crammed here and there,
Under a table, on a chair,
Upon a mantel-piece, or open door,
Also upon the floor,
All kinds of coats were stowed, and hats—
That's
A name they have for what's worn on the head, and whether
Made out of beaver, felt, straw, skin, or leather.
(N.B. When you have shaken
The President's hand, and taken
Your leave of him, then make
As much haste as you can, and take
Your hat, or some smart chap who saw you
Come with a good one on, will take it for you.

What generals, and majors,
And colonels, too, by scores,
Swearing, and laying wagers,
While jammed 'twixt folding doors—
(I can't answer, understand,
How many could show scars!)
Then, some judges—of the land,
Some—of brandy and cigars!
Then senators from Texas,
Virginia, Tennessee,
Whose mixed costumes perplex us
To think what they can be.
Blue coat, and figured handkerchief,
A party-colour'd vest,
With trowsers striped in bold relief,
And boots make up the rest,
Built thick for walking, and but one thing lacking—
They had been long divorced from blacking!

There was Mrs. Polk, from Iowa
Escorted by a vain beau,
And dressed in all the colours of the rainbow,
Who on Mrs. Cass, from Arkansas, look'd down,
For though her diamond rings she saw,
She'd on a cotton gown!

There was Mrs. Clay, from Florida,
And Mrs. Sac, from Wisconsin,
Both walking stately in!
But can any sight be "horrider,"
(Rather an absurd
Kind of new word,)

Than a gaudy, satin gown to wear,
And show (it's really shocking!)
While holding up the train with care,
A dark blue worsted stocking!

There came Mrs. Dodge, from Illinois,
Upon her husband leaning;
Dress'd oddly, but most showy—
(Her milliner must charge enough,
For Mrs. D—— is large enough,
A dozen more for screening!)
A skin (we thought a rabbit's) seem'd to deck
Her most extensive neck!
A droll thing to behold,
But perhaps she had a cold!—
Then, a long cloak from her shoulder
Which, plainly, kept her warm,
If it did not quite enfold her,
Yet concealed her pulpy form;
She'd a green merino dress, of
Wondrous make, with flounce and slash,
Both scarlet, and a yellow sash—
A mixture ne'er yet sung, or said,
Nor to immortal music wed
In Seven Dials ballad,
Whose varied hues were made a mess of,
Just like a *monstre* lobster-salad!

Sweet Mrs. Yalabusha came
From the Mississippi side,
With a youthful husband known to fame,
Though rather tanned his hide:

Around her neck she wore a ruff,
And *from* her head a veil,
And feathers *in* that head enough
To make a peacock's tail!

"The Pearl of Alabama" passed away
Like the last sunbeams which illume the day,
Leaving behind, for the embrace of night,
A rosy hălo of unchequered light!
Attired in native modesty, her taste
Had not one charm concealed, by fold misplaced;
She looked and moved around, as fair a thing
As if she were a seraph taking wing
From the dull earth to some serener air,
After one little moment resting there,
A starlike radiance far away to shed,
When every other star had gone to bed!

Then, there of "Young America" was plenty,
Running from twelve years old to twenty,
Brought up from infancy to spit and smoke—
Just entering
Life, and venturing
On their first joke!
(Let it be stated here in a parenthesis,
For fear of a mistake, that when this is
Matter of question, as of course 'twill be,
There was no spitting here, that we could see,
For 'tis the only unsoil'd spot
In all America, where they spit not!)

Still there were some, by manners, dress, and birth,
Who honour would confer,
We must aver,
On any court of earth;
But then they were, as must be plainly seen,
"Like angels' visits, few——and far between!"

We did hear there were some
Who thither had come,
So light in motion, one had not the slightest
Idea which were the lightest
Their own fair hands, so dexterously they hid them,
Or others' pockets into which they slid them!*
Then came hack and other coachmen,
Who thought, on setting down their fare,
They'd as good right to approach men
Of however high degree
Their rank, or name might be,
As any others there!

Thus, looking the list through
Of those brought here to view,
It cannot be denied.

A gentleman in a high official situation at Washington, told us, that, when Macready expressed to him a wish to go to the President's Levée, he replied: "Oh, it is not a place for you to go to!" But he went, and calling the next day on our informant, he said: "You were right; it was not a place for me to go to, for I had my pocket picked of one hundred dollars!"

That samples of chivalry and beauty,
Of some who had no business, others who were "on duty,"
Many of countless wealth
Some "who do good by stealth,"
And be it understood,
Others intent on stealth, more than on good,
Rare specimens of great Columbia's pride,
Of father, mother, child, uncle, aunt, niece and nevy,
Attended the President's Levée!

CHAPTER XII.

TRAVELLING, AND THE VARIOUS MODES OF UNDERGOING THE PROCESS — STEAMERS AND STATE-ROOMS — EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY—THE THAMES AND THE HUDSON—THE SLAVERY OF FREEDOM—SKETCH OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER—SOME DOUBTS AS TO WHICH IS WHITE OR BLACK — MURDERS BY WHOLESALE — HOW TO RECOVER A LOST DINNER—A SHORT CUT DOWN A PRECIPICE — NOVEL FORM OF PRAYER — A TIP INTO THE WATER — THE GOOD SAMARITAN MEDICALLY EMPLOYED—A NICE "LOOK OUT"—PUNCTUALITY THE SOUL OF BUSINESS.

It is unnecessary to say that the American is a locomotive personage—

"Like Noah's faithful dove,"

there is no rest for the sole of his foot; and as he cannot remain any length of time in one place, it naturally follows that he must be off to another,

whether his "whereabouts" be confined to the town, or extended to the country—he is for ever on the move, and if he has no particular business that calls him away, he will go for his particular pleasure. Admitting that point, and it is no use disputing it, let us inquire into the modes of conveyance by which this incessant *transitus* is effected.

The conveyances from one end of a town to the other, or from any intersecting points, consist of hack, cab, omnibus, railroad car, &c., and from place to place between which any river or sheet of water flows, of ferry-boats. The hacks are infinitely superior in their fitting-up to any in England, and in some instances are quite as good as any private carriage; but the regulation of the fares is singularly inferior, in any town we visited, save and except our well-beloved city of Boston. The imposition in New York is unendurable, for there you cannot get the shortest "set down" for less than a dollar; and though every one tells you that the legal charge for a mile is but half that sum, yet only propose it to your Jarvey, and you will get a double "setting down"—one from him, and the other from his carriage.

The omnibus so far differs from ours, that it has no conductor, but the passenger wishing to alight,

pulls a leather connected with the door and the driver, and pays him at the aperture through which the thong passes. The vehicle is calculated to hold twelve (six a-side), but there is no hesitation in letting twelve more sit on the laps of the first dozen, and six more stand up in the centre, thus inflicting (peace be to the manes of the late Mr. Martin, of Galway!) thirty passengers, exclusive of the outsiders, upon the sinews of two horses.

In such large cities as New York and Philadelphia, there are railroads laid down in the public streets, where the sight of a huge machine sailing along, generally in the most crowded thoroughfares, is really something marvellous. They carry twelve a-side, but seventy individuals have been known to stow themselves away, here, there, and everywhere. They are propelled easily by two horses, which are harnessed in front, the driver stopping the vehicle (on hearing a bell rung by the conductor), by a drag, which he winds on or off, at pleasure; and arrived at his destination, he merely removes the bars by a spring, takes the horses round to the other end of the carriage, and returns to the place from whence he came —an incessant roving between one terminus and

the other from sunrise unto midnight. The fares of these ponderous properties being but five and six cents (twopence halfpenny and threepence of our money), they supersede all other modes of locomotion, and invariably present a most heterogeneous collection of mortality.

All these public accommodations fall infinitely short, either in peculiarity or utility, of the ferry-boats, to which we have made reference, which, between New York, Brooklyn, Staten Island, Hoboken, New Jersey, &c., far surpass any in the whole Union, and are unquestionably miraculous constructions, of vital importance where bridges cannot possibly be erected, equally for the passage of man and horse. Hundreds of passengers, on the deck and in the cabins, light carriages, heavy stage coaches, loaded carts, and every description of land conveyance, pass to and fro, every five minutes from one landing to the other. The machinery is in the centre, an alley each side of it for coach and cattle, and an outer cabin each side, respectively for ladies and gentlemen. They have rounded ends which fit into the bridge at the ferry station of each shore, which bridge is elevated or lowered to meet the deck of the boat, according to the state of the tide. There is a pilot box up aloft at each

end (the chimney rising between them), likewise two rudders, and when one is in use at the stern, the other is made fast, and does duty as the prow. The introduction of such boats in the "pool," of our river, plying between the populous districts in Middlesex and Surrey, would be of indescribable value, if the crowded state of the shipping would admit of it, though it would put one more nail in the coffins of the already expiring "watermen."

Let us now say a word about travelling vessels of a much loftier character, and of much larger dimensions, the equals of which are not to be found elsewhere, on the waters of the great globe—we allude to the river steamers, the grand mode whereby the *voyageur* roams through the States, wherever waves extend and vessels breast them. The two finest that came under our scrutiny, were the 'Francis Skiddy,' plying between New York and Albany, and the 'Crystal Palace,' between Pittsburg and Cincinnati. We can assure the worthy owners of the finest steamer which ever yet entered the Thames, that it would open their eyes somewhat beyond their usual aperture, to gaze upon and to examine either of these marvellous structures.

The 'Francis Skiddy,' for instance, is 325 feet in length, 38½ feet beam, 11½ feet depth of hold. Her engine is of one beam, 70 inch cylinder, and 14 feet stroke; her water-wheel is 40 feet in diameter, 12 feet face, 33 inch bucket. She has four low-pressure boilers, 24 feet long, 9 feet face, capable of 70 lbs. of steam, with a blowing engine, attached to each of 12 inch cylinder and 12 inch stroke, and consumes 2000 lbs. of fuel per hour, and her draft of water 5½ feet! Her precautions against the contingency of fire, or other accident, are unsurpassed, she having three fire pumps—two to work by hand and one by steam, with 650 feet of hose attached, together with fire buckets, a life-preserver for every passenger, and an adequate supply of metallic life boats, &c.; and while in point of speed she is capable of going twenty-five miles an hour, she is rarely tested to her fullest power, it being the determination of the proprietors to protect her from the possibility of accident.

The appointments of the 'Francis Skiddy' are on a par with her other arrangements. The main cabin is 300 feet in length, and can seat 500 people. Then there is an immense saloon,

opening upon 60 ample state and bridal* rooms, the dome or arched roof of which is covered with variegated stained glass, and cost, *per se*, it is said, £2000! She is a large floating hotel, the rooms of which are almost as capacious, and far more elegantly furnished than many on shore. The ladies' saloon, especially, is supplied with stands, tapestry, velvet carpets, china ware, decorated and coloured, to correspond with the furniture of the room, while the best sleeping apartments are provided with gilded furniture and china, figured satin curtain hangings, gold cornices, &c., presenting to the eye a rare combination of elegance and comfort; and the miraculous part of the whole business is, that the passage money of a hundred and sixty miles is one dollar fifty cents (6*s*. 3*d*. of our money), and one dollar more, if you choose to occupy a state room!

The 'Crystal Palace' is fitted up with corresponding elegance, having, however, double decks

* See page 83, *ante*. Though aware of the principle of equality carried out here, we asked the captain if that dirty man (pointing to a labourer) would be allowed to sleep in these chambers, and he replied: "Certainly, Sir, if he paid the same price as a clean one."

for the more extensive conveyance of that mass of commodity which is for ever borne over the bosom of the Western Waters. They have a first-class *cuisine* and *cuisinier*, bath-rooms, hair-dresser's shop, confectioner's, dairy, &c.; distinct nurseries for children, and reading-rooms for "children of a larger growth;" in short, everything that can be called comfort. By this boat, the fare from the two western cities named is, for a distance of about five hundred miles, five dollars; and therein are included dinners and other meals, profusely and elegantly served up, during any period the vessel may chance to be on her voyage. The extortioners who demand six or seven shillings for a ricketty trip of some seventy or eighty miles to Margate, and charge about half as much for a miserable dinner (which most of the unhappy passengers generally refund), or those demi-pirates who exact some eight or ten shillings for crossing about twenty-two miles of sea between England and the Continent, might learn a beneficial lesson from these speculative caterers of the younger country.

Now come we to the climacteric of travelling, not merely in the United States of America, but throughout the whole world—the railroad cars. Many of our readers may not know how materially

they differ, especially in their construction, in the two countries; those in America being of an extraordinary length and width, capable of accommodating about fifty-six people each, having on either side fourteen seats, holding two persons each, (with a roomy passage in the centre of the car), the backs to which turn on a pivot either way, according to the destination of the carriage. There is no room to deposit any small articles under one's feet, and even if there were, they would be spit upon to a certainty; indeed, even in the event of dropping money on the floor, no decent person could venture to wade through the stream of saliva floating thereon, unless he put on an old glove.

It being a land of liberty, where a man may do anything he likes (except to take the liberty of drinking in any State where the Maine Liquor Law is in force, and where consequently he is a slave), the moment the cars stop, a string of filthy lads stream in, offering for sale sweetmeats, apples,* newspapers,

* It is utterly impossible to mistake an American for any one else, *en route*—he has either his feet upon the seat of the car next to him, which he turns over for the purpose; or if it be occupied, he sits with his knees "let in" to the back of it; he either sucks a piece of sweetmeat, bites a piece of wood, or chews a bit of tobacco, keeps on continually spitting, and invariably reads a newspaper.

books, and other important ware; and they are succeeded by travellers, who, can they find no other accommodation, stand up in the middle of the cars, and spit away *ad libitum*. In summer, they have blinds to the numerous windows on each side; and in many trains they hand round tumblers of cold water every now and then to the passengers; while in winter, both by day and night, there is a stove to each car, plentifully supplied with fuel. In these respects, they are infinitely superior to ours;* as also in the vital point of having a communication through the whole line of carriages by means of a string, which is attached to a huge bell, giving notice to the driver of a necessity for stopping. The engineer and driver sit in an enclosed box, the conductor acting merely as a collector, or general

* There is another point to which we would direct the immediate attention of those who control the affairs of our railroads—we allude to the checking of baggage. On reaching the depôt, you deposit your luggage with a baggage-master, who fastens a check to each separate article, giving you the corresponding check of each; and thus, whether you change cars, or get into steamboats, or what not, you need not trouble yourself about your property, but on reaching your destination, give your checks to the coachman who drives you to your hotel, and all your effects will either be safely delivered, or, in case of an accident (which rarely happens), be made good by the company.

servant—(no, we beseech the gentleman's pardon, there being no such thing as a *servant* in America, no man there having a master!)—a gent, we should say! Now, in some of these instances, we should do our public, and ourselves of course included, great service, were we to copy the novelty and excellence of such ideas; but we fear that with these points of difference all preference must end. Being in a land of equality, as well as liberty, all distinction is unknown; and consequently you see yourself surrounded by every class of passenger, there being but one price for ladies, gentlemen, workmen, mechanics, labourers, dustmen, &c.; so if a fellow found himself, decked out in his best, sitting by the side of a sweep, and changing it to another where he might chance to sit beside a miller, it would be a difficult task even for a lawyer to determine whether a black or a white coat was the order of the day.

All this, however, is comparatively of little consequence, when the matter of safety comes to be considered; and herein America is lamentably below all other nations. Though its railroads, like our own, are matters of public speculation, they are under no control of Government, excepting as respects the transmission of the mails, and con-

sequently the companies are subject to no authority or surveillance beyond that of the general body of the people. "Go a-head!" is the grand doctrine of every son of Columbia, and as a general principle, he does not care how that is effected, as long as it *is* effected. Forests are cut down, and roads cut through them; rivers are forded, and bridges thrown over them; mountains, deemed hitherto almost inaccessible, are penetrated to the centre, levelled, or ascended; precipices are swept over, and earth itself made subject to the will of the monarch of iron and steam. No matter whatsoever the consequence, go-a-head you must, the star-spangled banner flying aloft, and bearing for its motto, "Every man for himself, God for us all, and the devil take the hindmost."

The occurrence of accidents along shaky sleepers, narrow gauges, crossings over deep waters by virtue of a few planks, misnamed bridges, through projecting freight-trains, misplaced signals, and so on, are alarming in the highest degree; and there can be no doubt of there being hundreds, the casualties* of which have never been made

* A friend of ours, near whose country residence the Haerlem railroad runs, invited a few friends to dine with him, bringing down a fine piece of roasting beef. When they quitted the cars,

known, it being deemed advisable not to agitate people's nerves to fever-pitch. What may, in reality, be termed tragedies, are quite frequently enough performed, and made known, to keep the community in a continual state of suspense and agitation; and four of these having occurred almost under our very nose, we venture to say a word or two thereon. The first of these horrors bears date the 6th of January, when we were steaming *to* Boston at the very time the President elect of the United States, General Pierce, was accompanying his lady and son *from* Boston; and our respective cars had not passed each other two minutes, when the axletree of the car in which he was broke asunder, and the passengers were precipitated down an embankment of twelve feet. In the presence of father and mother, the hope of their house, and the beloved one of their hearth, their only son, was

which had got again into motion, it was discovered that the beef had been forgotten, and was almost then out of sight. "We shall lose our dinner after all," said a guest? "No we shan't," said the host, "for that train generally meets with an accident about a mile further on, and then we shall get it again." They ran on, and sure enough an accident *did* happen. On coming up with the cars, and ascertaining that the beef was in safety, without troubling themselves about the passengers, they recovered their meat, and walked off with it.

crushed to pieces, and his brains dashed out, and lying scattered at their feet! Such an appalling scene would be bad enough at any time,

"When young hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,"

but how doubly dreadful must it be, when a man (just chosen by his countrymen to fill the highest office of the State) should have all his faculties free, all his thoughts unfettered, all his nerves unshackled. The only wonder to us is that the wretched, however illustrious, individual could so far recover his equanimity, as to go through the inaugural pageant we subsequently witnessed; and it will be more than a wonder if the distracted mother should ever be thoroughly able to restring the chords of her fond but shattered heart. Of course it was nobody's fault. Why, Jack did not break the axletree, and Bill greased the wheels before they were put in motion—to be sure they did, as usual; no person could be blamed; the axletree broke of its own accord; but where was the merciless rascal whose duty it was, or at all events should have been, to examine every particle of a machine, to the capabilities of which the lives of so many were entrusted?

In the beginning of last April, another awful calamity occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, about three o'clock in the afternoon, when a train, consisting of a baggage and three passenger-cars, drawn by one heavy and one small engine, passing the eighty feet filling, on section seventy-six, descending a curved grade of 116 feet to Cheat river, about seventy miles west of Cumberland, "parted company," the large engine having started some nails that bound the rails to the chestnut cross-ties. All got over safely; but the two last passenger-cars, which, in consequence of the parting of the track, were thrown down to the river-side, over 100 feet, making four somersaults in the descent, and presenting a frightful list of killed and wounded.*

* We had an opportunity of speaking with one of the survivors, and venturing, as delicately as possible, to inquire if he had any recollection of what was passing in his mind, as the car was rolling over, he replied: "Oh y—eas, I perfectly remember saying, 'Lord have mercy upon us, and don't be long about it, for there a'nt a minute to spare."

It reminds one of the prayer of an old negro who was crossing a river one night, on his way home, and having the misfortune to lose both his oars, was within an inch of being drowned. Bethinking himself that the moment had arrived for him to do what he

The nervous system of the timid, and the astonishment of the courageous, had barely recovered its equilibrium, when another hideous event took place on the 23rd of the same month. Many people will tell you that there is more danger in going from New York to Washington, than there is in crossing the Atlantic, from the several rivers and broad sheets of water that have to be passed over (on small piles overlaid with slight planks) by trains, sometimes at full speed—and recent occurrences would seem to bear out the sad conclusion. On the day in question, the two o'clock train from Philadelphia ran off the draw into Rancocus Creek, about twelve miles from that city. The draw was opened by the bridge tender for the passage of the steam-boat 'Rancocus,' which was then approaching the bridge. It was stated, but we cannot take upon ourselves to say it was believed, that an island and a bend in the road prevented the engineer from seeing the steamboat, and no signal being raised, the train was not entirely checked until too late, although running

had never done before, he dropped down on both knees, and ejaculated; "Oh, Massa Lord, if you am eber gwine to help old Sambo, now is de time!"

at no greater speed than four miles an hour when the accident occurred. The engine and car, with all the baggage, &c., were precipitated into the creek, in fifteen feet of water, and mostly disappeared from the view. The breakman had a leg and three ribs broken, and was otherwise injured. The mail and most of the baggage was "fished up," soaking wet, while the "express" sunk out of sight, together with some thirty thousand dollars, and other valuable packages. Well, the usual inquiry* took place, ending as all such farces generally do; and perhaps the matter would never have been thought of again, but for a catastrophe far more awful that happened a fortnight afterwards, arising out of the same system of neglect.

On the 6th of May, now past, the climax of all horrors was reached, when a wholesale murder of forty-four human beings and the hacking and dis-

* The examination of the fellow whose duty it was to move and remove the draw, led to a reply unprecedented, either in *sang-froid*, or innocence, as the reader may determine. His answer to the question put to him was, that, "his orders were to open the draw whenever a steam-boat came along—that he had simply obeyed them, and had never 'tipped' a train into the water before."

figuring of above one hundred and thirty more, rendered Norwalk, in Connecticut, a place to be remembered for ever as the slaughter-house of the country. There is not on record the history of such a domestic misfortune, where the thread of life has been so suddenly cut in two—the chain that links life together so awfully snapped—and the severance, the struggle, the gasp, so momentary! In the dreamless sleep of security, the babe reclining on its mother's breast, father and mother watching that slumber, friend and acquaintance, and stranger, all caged in as it were in a wooden den, from which there was no possibility of escape, hurled in an instant beneath the depths of the river, where no ear could hear the bubbling shriek of death, and no hand could be extended to the relief of the dying, presents to the mind a picture that will not admit of thinking of, much less of writing about. We conversed with the eminent surgeon whose high attainments and intense application enabled him to save the lives of so many of his fellow-creatures, and his vivid description of the scene was perfectly appalling. In rooms of scanty accommodation, with scarcely a bed, and straw pallets on the floor being the principal depository for the dying and the dead, with a noble spirit, hour by the

hour, he knelt over human frames, extracting broken glass and splinters, bathing the bleeding features, and closing the gaping wounds of those living in torture or expiring in agony, while his attention was alternately called off to find out the name and address of some departed victim, and to see his body decently inclosed in one of the metallic coffins that had arrived for the occasion, and have them, one after the other, sent away, as if it were a bale of merchandize, by the next train !* It is useless to say more upon the subject. Since the beginning of the year, up to the period we are referring to—a space of four months—about forty accidents have occurred, whereby more than one hundred and twenty individuals have been almost suddenly "sent to their account with all their imperfections on their head," and more than two hundred have been mutilated and maimed for life; and yet no director has been hung, no

* The Yankee, though "in the midst of life he is in death," as long as he is not actually dead, will have his joke. A fellow who had gone down in one of the cars, luckily rose to the surface, and alighting upon a rafter, he was seen feeling in his pockets, and at length pulling out three gold dollar-pieces, he was heard to exclaim, while spitting out mouthfuls of mud and water; "Here they are—hold on—I don't mean to spend my money in this d—d hole—when does the next train come on?"

official been hurled into the waves where his negligence has immersed so many of his fellow-creatures, and no vagabond stoker has been thrown into the boiler he is appointed to feed. To be sure, it is no business of ours, and if people choose "to be in love and pleased with ruin," let them be so by all means—we only lift up a warning voice to our own kith and kind, to induce them, at all events, to be as cautious as possible in all their transatlantic travelling arrangements.

The whole system is wrong from first to last —the construction of the cars, the construction of the trams—the total absence of even ordinary precaution, and want of the protective hand of government. Their railroads traverse the centre of cities, fly across all public roads, and cleave the most crowded thoroughfares, and the only notice given to the passer-by, is a large board, with the words: "Look out for the engine* when the bell rings!" Good fun, that! *They* are not required to "look out" that they don't run over *you,* but you are required to "look out" that you are not run over! In the comparatively few instances where our railroads traverse either a high or a by-way, large gates, as we all know, are erected on either

* Invariably pronounced en-*gine.*

side, and a policeman is stationed at them to prevent man or horse crossing until the expected train has gone by; and by this arrangement a very proper "look out" is kept for you, instead of your being obliged to keep it for yourself; and until this and other precautionary measures (amongst others, double lines of rail) are adopted, and above all until two or three directors have (in the delicate language of Newgate) undergone the extreme penalty of the law, the lives of the travelling community in America will be at a very serious discount.

Most parties connected with the actual hourly operation of these railroads are trumpery men of business, and it is grievous to find that while they are capable of introducing such excellent arrangements as *some* we have expatiated upon, they do not carry out a similar principle in *all* connected with such undertakings. One thing is tolerably certain, that if they pursue the reckless course now in existence, their census, when the time shall arrive for taking it again, will have undergone some considerable diminution. There are many things to be done, and many to be left undone; and while they are making amendments, let one consist of enforcing greater punctuality than they

are at present guilty of—exactness in business is its very vitality—and if not generally practised, the people there know what it is; for they tell you a story of a man who was so scrupulously exact in all his dealings, that whenever he paid a visit, he would insist upon taking a receipt for it.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAKE ERIE—THE BRITISH FLEET SWALLOWED AT ONE MOUTHFUL—ENGLAND'S ONLY CHANCE OF SALVATION—STATISTICS OF THE LAKE COUNTRY — LAKE POETRY — THE FALLS OF NIAGARA—WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU GET TO THEM—EVERY JOKE, SHERIDAN'S—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SAYING AND DOING—BRITISH AND AMERICAN GROUND NOT HALF-A-MILE APART—TAKING "A WET," INSIDE AND OUT—A THUNDERING * * * — THE WINDSOR SENTINEL—SAPPHO AND THE LOVER'S LEAP — ANY QUANTITY OF WATER YOU PLEASE — BUFFALO CITY, ITS ADVANTAGES, AND ITS PRETENSIONS—NO END TO A STREET IN IT—THE ODDS AGAINST ARRIVING AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

We parted company some time since, good reader, at the town of Cleveland, or rather (not to pay it any disrespect) the Forest City; but we did not stay there longer than it took us to go from the railway station to the wharf, alongside

of which was moored a huge steamer entitled the 'Northern Indiana,' and the distance being about two hundred and fifty yards, it occupied a cool five minutes. This vessel forms one of those floating hotels which are constructed for the inland navigation, and which form such a wondrous feature in the shipping statistics, of the United States. This ponderous boat plies between Cleveland and Buffalo, across the waters of Lake Erie; and being intent on sailing over the one, as a more preferable mode of arriving at the other, we did so; and now we will presume ourselves to be on the aforesaid lake. You must make up your mind when traversing this sheet of water, to be entertained with an enormous yarn about the wondrous victory obtained hereon by Commander Perry in 1813, on which occasion he swallowed up the British fleet in no time, and thereby enrolled his name amongst the greatest naval commanders of the wide earth. At the same time, they scrupulously avoid making any mention of the disparity of force in the two armaments, and of the inferiority of that force in the British one. They don't say a word of Perry having three brigs, five schooners and one sloop, opposed to a wondrous fleet of two ships! one brig! one schooner! and one sloop! chiefly manned

by Canadians, while in the enemy's ranks were to be found many an actually born Briton!

How truly did the late Duke of Wellington say that England could never afford to carry on "a little war." Yet this is a specimen of the silly warfare she pursued with the United States in 1812, 1813 and 1814, when satiated with all her vast victories in Europe, she treated America far more as a dependent than an equal, and thereby enabled her to display that power which, "on fair ground," she had not made so manifest. Your genuine American will swagger about the 'Constitution,' with 55 guns and 480 men, capturing, after a desperate conflict, the 'Java,' with 46 guns and 377 men—and of the 'Hornet' sloop of war, of 20 guns and 127 men, capturing the 'Peacock,' of 18 guns and 116 men—but he will not breathe a syllable (cunning dog, not he!) of the 'Shannon,' of 45 guns and 330 men, having captured, in fifteen minutes, the 'Chesapeake,' of 49 guns and 440 men, or of the 'Pelican,' of 18 guns and 116 men, having placed her paw upon the 'Argus,' of 20 guns and 127 men, in something like the same brief period. We should be sorry, could it be implied that these remarks have any reference to the eminent and intelligent citizens of America,

who know, with ourselves, the exact position of each country, and who would be the last, as would all true lovers of this land, to desire to see it embroiled in difficulties with one bound to it by the ties of consanguinity, regard and interest—we allude solely to those very fast people who talk about "whipping all creation, only give them time enough," and who are in the habit of saying it so often, that they really begin to think it is true. What stuff all this is! The prowess of England has been a feature in the world's history for century after century, and her position, depend upon it, is firmly based, despite all the nonsense of demagogues in her own or any other empire, upon Shakspeare's imperishable couplet:

> "Nought can make us rue
> If England to herself do rest but true."

That of America needs neither praise nor flattery at our hands; her courage is unquestioned, her power extensive, and she holds a high and honourable position in the world's estimate, which none but a fool would venture to dispute. But let the advantage, whatever it be, and whenever it shall arise, lie on whichever side it may, we cannot perceive any particular cause for idle boasting. It

is, after all, flesh and and blood combating with itself, one branch of a family fighting with the other, kindred opposed to kindred, and those who should always be friends, being fools enough to become enemies. We should always look upon a British overcoming an American power, in the light of a father chastising his offspring; and regard that of an American defeating a British force, as an insubordinate act of a scion to its parent stock—proceedings of which both parties ought to be at all times, perfectly ashamed; therefore, let us take a pleasant sail on the bosom of Lake Erie, now that it is neither shaken by the tempests of heaven, nor "thunder-stricken" by those of battle, leaving each land to bear in mind Bacon's famous aphorism that

"Providence for war is the best prevention of it."

You will naturally have a shrewd supposition that we are bent on a voyage of observation, whose limit extends at least to Niagara Falls; and your supposition is, beyond any question, a certainty. We have, however, something to say to you before we arrive at that acme of the sublime and the beautiful.

We are of opinion the source of that mighty

cataract on the Niagara river, is almost as interesting to inquire into, as it is to gaze upon the wonder itself; and in that belief, we must take you up into those other inland reservoirs, whose contributions help to bring about this marvellous freak of nature.

It is almost unnecessary to apprize the general reader of the character or extent of the great lake district of America. We, of course, refer to the five principal ones constituting that tract of country, all leading to the one awful concentration. Lake Superior, the principal one, is concluded to be the largest body of fresh water on the surface of the habitable globe, though not the largest lake in the United States; inasmuch as a very considerable portion of it washes the shores of Canada, and consequently is subject to the sovereignty of Great Britain. It is no fiction to say that, although its navigation is entirely inland, yet its waters are as stormy, and quite as dangerous, as those of the Atlantic—an assertion easily enough to be believed, when it is borne in mind that the lake is upwards of 380 miles long, that its breadth exceeds 128 miles, its circumference 1500, and its depth 900 feet. One island alone on its bosom, Isle Royal, is 100 miles long and thirty-eight miles broad, and thirty

odd rivers are its tributaries. We would direct especial attention to the fact of the surface of this extraordinary sheet of water being 640 feet above the level of tide-water, a fact on which we purpose to rest one main point of our observation.

Lake Michigan, the second of the five, but, as we observed, the largest American lake, being exclusively in that territory, is 330 miles in length, and somewhere about sixty miles wide, the same depth as its *Superior*, and claiming a contribution of water from the St. Joseph, the two Calamicks, the Kalamazoo, Grand River, Maskegon, Pent Water, White, Père Marquette, Sandy, Carp, Ottawa, and several other rivers, especially the Menomonee and Fox, and this lake is 600 feet above tide-water.

Lake Huron is the third in the great chain issuing from Canada West, and proceeding through the United States; and though of less pretension in length and breadth (being but 260 miles from the Straits of Mackinac to the head of the St. Clair River), yet its profundity is greater than either of the preceding two, it being fully 1000 feet deep. The dwellers on its shores pride themselves on this grand fact of pre-eminence; and on an intimation of their opinions thereon to the inhabitants of the

Upper Lake, the following reply is said to have been forwarded:

"In matter of depth you, perhaps, are superior,
But in all other points you are vastly inferior;
And thus Lake *Superior*, you may be sure on,
Is *very* superior to that one which *you're on*."*

This lake, following the scale of the evident decrease in descent, is 580 miles above the level of tide-water; it is the recipient of the other two; and the three uniting in the small river of St. Clair, pass through it into the comparatively insignificant lake of St. Clair; from whence the whole four glide through Detroit River, into Lake Erie.

This latter one, the fourth great lake, is the point of attraction from which we started on this watery tour, and to which we now return on our onward course to the grand scene of action. The waters of the four lakes unite at the eastern end of Lake Erie by the outlet of Niagara River, and rolling on for twenty miles, they form the Rapids; and two miles beyond them, they—stop for a moment's argument. This lake is 550 feet above the level of tide-water; and after the volume of water which these four contribute to the wonders of the Falls, the whole body passes into Lake Ontario, which is

* Printer's Devil—*Huron*.

but 216 feet above the level of tide-water. We wish, therefore, to direct attention to their phenomenon in the descent of water from Lake Superior to the Falls, in one continuous line, thus:

Lake Superior is 640 feet above tide-water.
„ Michigan „ 600 „ „ „ (40 feet less.)
„ Huron „ 580 „ „ „ (60 „ „)
„ Erie „ 550 „ „ „ (90 „ „)
And (having passed the Falls)
„ Ontario is but 216 feet above tide-water (424 „ „)

The difference in the height of the surface above tide-water between Lake Superior and Lake Ontario (the Alpha and Omega), will thus seem to be 424 feet, there being between each of the respective bodies the precise descent we have marked; that between the two last alone appearing to be a gradual fall of 334 feet. You therefore can (taking into account the declivity in the second, third, and fourth lakes, as well as that in the rivers they roll through, and in the rapids they create), form a tolerably clear account of the precipice on which we have to speak!

Niagara Falls! Why we have read of them, since we could spell, and heard of them since we could comprehend. Thousands and tens of thou-

sands have flocked to see them, and the Atlantic has been crossed for no other purpose. The first appearance of this demonstration of Almighty power is unquestionably disappointing; whether it be that your mind has been over-wrought by the marvellous descriptions it has from time to time revelled in the recital of, or whether that mind be utterly incapable, for the moment, of confronting the aspect of such sublimity, we cannot pretend to determine; but leave it, and return to it—linger, and leave it, and return to it again, and you will find

> "Its grandeur overwhelms thee not,
> And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind
> Expanded by the genius of the spot
> Has grown colossal."

View it in every possible direction; stand over it, sail under it, look down upon it, look up to it; be alone—no one should disturb you in the solemnity of the hour, or break the silence of that awful scene when you prostrate yourself in worship of Almighty God. The fall of waters! Oh! they are rolling for ever and for ever, like the tide of human thought, called into existence before thought was engendered, and will be existent when the torrent of thought, with its puny tempests or its sternest

intensity, shall be altogether hushed. This is the spot for self-study; the place of all others for man to determine his own importance, or rather his own insignificance—to gaze, to wonder, and then to be humiliated. What can be said of Niagara Falls which has not been said a thousand times, and unquestionably a thousand times more effectively? Yet to say nothing, would argue insensibility or ignorance. To adjudge them in all their immensity, you should explore every crevice connected with them; place yourself in every position where you may be impressed with the sublimity of the scene, before you pronounce a final opinion.

The Rapids, which may be considered *le commencement de la fin*, struck us with as much awe and wonder as even the abyss itself into which they eventually roll; and when you have partially recovered from the effect they produce upon your system, prepare yourself for an extra sensation of the marvellous and the horrible, by a descent into "the cave of the winds," directly behind the Central Fall, where that sheet of water before you, with a gigantic projecting rock above you, presents a spectacle not elsewhere to be gazed upon. The ceaseless roar of the cataract, and the conflict of winds bounding from one part of the rock to the

other, as if struggling to escape from the confines of their prison, hold your very brain in a state of desperate suspense. We could not help feeling, while looking upon the torrent, and listening to the howling sounds echoing through this fearful recess, drenched by the spray, and scarcely able to retain footing, and with a conviction that the slightest slip would wind up one's worldly accounts, the force of the sarcasm which Sheridan applied to his son (of course everything in the shape of a joke is given to Sheridan), who on the father expostulating with him about going up in a balloon, observed that it was something to *say* you had been up in one. "Then why *don't* you say so, without going?" was the rejoinder. It is all very well to say you have been in "the cave of the winds;" but after having been there, the question is whether you would not have preferred the *saying* to the *doing!*

When you return, and arrive at the edge of the precipice, being on a line with it, you do not obtain a good view of the American Fall; but you can remedy this by going to the lowest extremity of Goat Island. However, there can be no question of the only perfect site for looking at the whole panorama being the Canadian side, and the shortest way to get there is by descending (*facile*

est descensus, in this instance) a stairway, if you are afraid of riding, or by virtue of a railway, if you are not, the car of which is pulled up and down an inclined plane by a wheel at the bottom of that plane, turned by water. It is impossible not to be reminded of that domestic plan of drawing water by two buckets in a well; and certain it is that, in the event of a sudden jerk pitching you head foremost, you would reach your journey's end long before the carriage arrived there to take up again your scattered remains. If your object be merely to hurry across the ferry, there is a boat ready to do duty for you; but if you like to get on board the 'Queen of the Mist,' a small steamer, which will take you as near to the Falls as safety will warrant, make a rush to the captain, and implore of him the same quantity of oil-skin clothing to render you impervious to the torrent of foam which streams over the deck, which you were habited in when you visited the winds in their disquieted home.

The landing on the Canadian side, where at a distance of nearly 4000 miles from home, you set foot on a territory ruled over by your own sovereign lady, the Queen, creates an almost indescribable feeling; that is, it did in us. Wild though the scene be, and as unlike anything English as it

well can be, still the vast space between England and America, and even the mighty Atlantic in which that space is embodied, seem reduced to the narrow passage of the Niagara river, little more than the third of a mile; literally only a small slip of water dividing these two mighty dominions. On ascending the upland by a broad winding road, the whole prospect bursts upon your eye in its fullness of majesty and boundlessness of beauty. The Rapids, as far as vision can reach, gallopading from rock to rock, scattering around a perfect halo of coloured vapour, in the rapidity of their flight. Then the boiling torrent, the American Fall! The smaller one, the Central! The double Iris, spanning the abyss—

"On the verge
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death bed, and unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn,"—

with Goat Island, Bath Island, and Luna Island intersecting the foaming stream; and finally, to your right, the glory and marvel of the whole, the Horse-shoe Fall. All this sublime embodiment

is seen to the best advantage from the extensive crag of Table Rock, hanging over the river at a height almost as great as the precipice itself you are gazing upon from its summit, and after satiating your mind with contemplating this surpassing sight, dress yourself for the third time in oil-skin apparel, to avoid saturating your body, and go down the shaft beneath the said Table Rock, whence, by the assistance of a guide, you will speedily find yourself behind the whole expanse of this gigantic element, bounding and flashing down into a gulf of more than 850 feet in depth.* Get away from it as soon as you can, and thank your God that you *have* got away; and while your sable conductor is pealing off your drenched garments, imbibe any quantity of brandy you can lay your hands upon.

The final view to take of this development of horrible beauty should be from a suspension-bridge thrown over the river, at a distance of about two miles from the scene you will have just left; and, returning home, you will at once be convinced that you are fit for nothing, but to remember, as far as may be possible, the magnificence, the sublimity, the terror and the fearful truth of the scene that

* Some say, unfathomable!

has been laid out before you. It is in such immutable displays as these that the true worship of the Creator becomes manifest, where, as it has been beautifully expressed, a thought of the centuries through which "the voice of God, as the sound of many waters," here has thundered its eternal peal, leaves mere man his only task—to wonder and adore.

The anecdotiana connected with the place, some arising out of calculation, others from hearsay, some from fiction, some from fact, are points upon which every visitor must draw his own conclusions. If you are told that seven hundred thousand tons of water are carried over the Niagara precipice every minute, and, finding that amounts to forty-two million tons an hour, you begin to doubt, always remember that you are not bound to believe it. If you overhear a person say that the Falls can be heard thirty miles off, or sometimes as far as Toronto, which is more than forty miles off, you are at liberty to question his veracity, unless you happen to recollect the circumstance of the sentinel at Windsor, who was accused of being asleep on his post at twelve o'clock at night, and who was acquitted, because he swore to his having heard the clock of St. Paul's, London, (twenty-one miles

off!) strike thirteen instead of twelve, which turned out to be the *fact!* For our own part, we can only say that, whether the wind had set in in a wrong direction, or whether the railway carriages made the greater noise of the two—points we cannot decide—but we caught nothing of the thunder said to outvie the cannon's roar, until we got within half a mile of its rolling. That ships have been sent down, and, like the luckless 'Caroline,' have been heard no more of; that birds have drooped upon the wing when approaching too near the verge of the torrent, just as if they had been shot; that fish of all kinds attempting, like Sappho, to take the fatal leap, have been confounded with the elements to which they belong, are matters, we think we may say, beyond dispute; and also that other lovers, besides the poetess, we have alluded to, have here, after that lady's example in Leucadia, put a suicidal termination to their blighted affections, may be credited; but the safest way in all such cases is to hear a great deal, and believe a small quantity of it.

Buffalo, the starting point from which you reach Niagara, is another of those American cities which *were* forests, and *are* streets. When we say there is one here two miles long, it is only necessary

to add that it does not contain houses enough to front one-fourth part of such distance, and that the intersticcs are dotted with a church or two, a stray livery stable, a huge hole where an hotel is to be built, and a pile of ruins where one has just been pulled down. Buffalo is, notwithstanding, a very important place, because, heading as it were, Lake Erie, it may be looked upon as the high road between the west and the east—a turnpike at which an immense quantity of toll is annually taken. You have direct communication from this city withall parts of the Union: with New York direct, a distance of nearly five hundred miles, in the short space of fifteen hours, by what they term "lightning expresses—" to the focus of New England, turning off at Albany, a greater distance, in very little more time; while, to the westward, it has a lake navigation exceeding 1450 miles—to say nothing of its interminable communications with innumerable places, by virtue of the Erie canal, to which wondrous construction it mainly owes its great prosperity.

Buffalo can boast of a Young Man's Literary Association, equal to any of its size in all America, and amongst its citizens are some gentlemen of considerable scholastic eminence; while in its

several journals may be found writers as distinguished as any attached to the periodical press of the country; and a great feature in the institution of which we have just made mention, is one of the very best lecture-rooms we were ever in, where may be heard in the winter months, at respective periods, the brilliant essays of Whipple, the sparkling flashes of Starr King, the learned solemnities of Emerson, and the generalities of other sons of genius and learning. This association, in its well-assorted library, its organization, and in the main principles upon which it is conducted, has all the solidity, with much less of the pretension, we have found in other establishments assuming to hold a higher character.

Buffalo, being the gathering point for visitors to the Niagara Falls, may be considered more of a fashionable watering place than any other commercial city of America can aspire to be; and as getting to it presents a choice of difficulties, the traveller must make his own selection. In using this term, we allude to those trifling obstructions which voyaging anywhere must necessarily encounter, of course more in this go-ahead country than in any other, and the chances therefore lie between a burst out on the lake and a pitch out

on the road—one of which, a steam-boat speed of twenty miles an hour, the other, a railway pace of "lightning," of sixty-five miles an hour, are not altogether unlikely to bring about. The "odds" against a safe arrival at Niagara Falls, *viâ* Buffalo, have been thus calculated:

If you travel by land, ere you fix your abode there,
Depends on what "falls" you may meet in your road there;
If by water, it then depends whether you're blown up,
Or half of your inside by sickness is thrown out."

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

00038292

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018